JANUARY 24, 1983 $1.50

TIME

THE DEATH PENALTY

The chair is bolted to the floor near the back of a 12-ft. by 18-ft. room. You sit on a seat of cracked rubber secured by rows of copper tacks. Your ankles are strapped into half-moon-shaped foot cuffs lined with canvas. A 2-in.-wide greasy leather belt with 28 buckle holes and worn grooves where it has been pulled very tight many times is secured around your waist just above the hips. A cool metal cone encircles your head. You are now only moments away from death . . .

Ten reasons not to buy a Rabbit GTI.

1. It goes too fast.
0-50 in 7.2 seconds. Top speed is 107 MPH.

2. It stops too fast.
If it goes fast it better be able to stop fast.

3. It doesn't come with automatic.
You have to shift five times to get to top track speed through a close ratio sport gearbox.

4. The ride is stiff--cornering is taut.
There's a totally new suspension package with added stabilizer bars, sport shocks and tighter coil springs. It was designed by German engineers—so what do you expect?

5. The wheels are too big.
They're 14" x 6" alloys with wide, low profile Pirelli performance tires.

6. Your wife won't want to drive it.

7. Your son or daughter will.

8. It doesn't have a hood decal.
No flying dragons or fire-breathing snakes.
Just a red GTI grille badge and a lot of blackout trim.

9. It doesn't fit your image.
It's subtle. Like a wolf in sheep's clothing.

10. The price won't impress your friends.
It's less than $8000.*

*$7990. Price includes 12-month, unlimited mileage limited warranty. Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Transp., tax, title, dealer delivery, add'l. See dealer for details. Seatbelts save lives.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen.

JANUARY 24, 1983 Vol. 121 No. 4

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

How well, or badly, the wheels of justice grind has long intrigued Staff Writer Kurt Andersen, who wrote this week's cover story on capital punishment. The son and grandson of lawyers, Andersen inherited an interest that he cultivated at Harvard by studying the history of rebellion. "Somehow," he says, "I am drawn to issues of crime and punishment. I seem to have a propensity for writing on death, disaster and dementia."

Indeed, within a month of joining TIME in 1981, Andersen found himself writing about the execution of Steven Judy, who had killed a woman and her three children. Subsequent assignments included stories on John Hinckley, the would-be assassin of President Reagan, and last month's first execution by injection.

HUGH PATRICK BROWN

Andersen reflects upon the death penalty

Andersen's most recent cover story was on prisons (TIME, Sept. 13). In preparation, he visited five jails around the country and absorbed "a palpable sense of the daily, interminable monotony of living in prison, with the constant risk of being killed by fellow inmates." His assumptions about those he met were frequently challenged by the hard facts: "I would talk to some very sweet, kind-looking woman," he recalls, "and afterward would learn from the warden that she had killed every member of her family." He still exchanges letters with some prisoners. For this week's cover, Andersen probed the profound issues surrounding the ultimate punishment for a prisoner: execution. "The death penalty," Andersen concludes, "dramatizes the classic conflict between high-minded reason and visceral emotions."

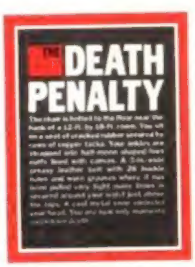
New York Correspondent James Wilde also visited a prison for TIME's death-penalty coverage, the Green Haven maximum-security institution in Stormville, N.Y. His goal: to sit in the nation's most famous electric chair, brought there in 1975 from Sing Sing. For half an hour, Wilde occupied the chair, imagining what a prisoner thinks and feels during the final minutes of his life.

What was his strongest impression? "It is such a simple instrument of death," Wilde recalls. "It was more comfortable than I had expected, but very eerie and very chilling nonetheless." Wilde's memorable account of what it is like to be strapped into an electric chair appears on the cover and serves as an introduction to Andersen's story.

John a. Meyer

Index

Cover: Design by Tom Bentkowski and John F. White



28
Cover: The country's death rows are swollen with inmates, and the executioner may claim about a dozen this year. Who is condemned to die? Should America kill its killers? Passions run high. Answers are not easy. *See* NATION.

16
Nation: Reagan tries to blunt charges that his Administration is in disarray on arms control. ▶ Battling a tide of red ink. ▶ A backstage fight over Social Security. ▶ G.O.P.'s Baker considers leaving the Senate in '84.

40
World: Israel and Lebanon agree to an agenda. ▶ Britain's Thatcher courts controversy by visiting the Falklands. ▶ A Nicaraguan defector describes torture and repression. ▶ An interview with Japan's new Prime Minister.

11
American Scene
At home on the volcanic range, Hawaiian cowboys fight to preserve a way of life that is threatened by rising costs.

58
Economy & Business
Big Steel struggles through a winter of woes. ▶ Boeing's new aircraft look like winners. ▶ Default in Detroit.

64
Education
Grading U.S. graduate schools. ▶ For aspiring profs, the humanities Ph.D. has become a degree of uncertainty.

68
Press
Economics is now hot news on TV, but the networks' quest for emotional stories prompts White House charges of bias.

74
Art
Four Manhattan shows display new work by Robert Rauschenberg—some of the best of his distinguished career.

80
Show Business
Forbidden Broadway is one of New York's biggest hits, a revue that pokes irreverent fun at the real Great White Way.

84
Music
In a new film of *Parsifal* and a televised *Ring* cycle, two adventurous directors have some lively ideas about Wagner.

86
Books
Ironweed is the third volume in William Kennedy's fine saga. ▶ *Hospital* discloses the hard, hidden lives of M.D.s.

91
Computers
A poet's pun-filled primer, with some old-style illustrations, leads the list of hot-selling guides to the new hardware.

92
Sport
Two Super Bowl coaches are "burned out" and "drained." Their problems include player greed, jealousy and drugs.

94
Essay
Do only fools bother to obey the rules nowadays? So it often seems amid the offenses of millions of American scofflaws.

4 Letters
67 Medicine
70 Milestones
77 Living
81 People
93 Cinema

TIME (ISSN 0040-781X) is published weekly at the subscription price of $41 per year, by Time Inc., 3435 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. J. Richard Munro, President; Thayer Bigelow, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 121 No. 4 © 1983 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. TIME and the Red Border Design are protected through trademark registration in the United States and in the foreign countries where TIME magazine circulates. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to TIME, Time & Life Building, 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611.

What the blind men didn't know

Six blind men examined an elephant. "It's like a wall," said the first, touching the animal's side. "Like a snake," said the second, touching its trunk. "A spear!" said a third, touching a tusk. "A tree!" "A fan!" "A rope!" said the others, as they touched the elephant's leg, its ear, its tail....

America has been trying to get a feel for the energy problem for nearly a decade now. As recently as mid-1973, vacationing parents were piling the kids into big station wagons that gobbled gasoline costing less than 40¢ a gallon. Since then, the nation has experienced a succession of highly confusing events:

- First, the oil embargo struck in late 1973 and continued into 1974.
- The world price of crude oil quadrupled in the space of a few months.
- Then, several years of adequate oil supplies and softer markets.
- Then, a further doubling of world oil prices in the wake of the 1978 Iranian revolution.
- And now, a so-called oil glut, even though both Iran and Iraq, another major oil exporter, are at war.

It seems like a century of energy history compressed into less than 10 years.

What happens next?

One view is that the present soft crude oil market will be around for several years, with prices either stable or dropping. Not a precipitous drop, yet plenty of oil to go around and prices that reflect it.

But not everyone agrees with that view. Witness the 21-nation International Energy Agency's 1982 warning that a major new oil crisis might erupt in the mid-to-late 1980s, dealing "a devastating blow" to the major industrialized countries. By the end of the century, the IEA predicts the world might well be between 9 and 21 million barrels a day short of the oil it will need.

So who's right? We don't know. But it is crucial as we proceed into the decade not to err as the blind men did—thinking they understood when they lacked comprehensive clues. We must remember that there is much about energy that we don't know so we can be reasonably prepared for widely different scenarios that may actually emerge. For example, we don't know:

- The extent to which new non-OPEC reserves will be available when we want them. Right now, most of this non-OPEC oil is being produced at near-maximum rates. The industrialized countries need to keep discovering new reserves of their own, particularly in such major producing areas as Alaska, the North Sea, and Canada. Since Mobil joined with two other companies to make the highest bid in the latest Alaska lease sale—together putting up over $227 million for a single tract in the Beaufort Sea—it's clear we think this can be done. But we don't kid ourselves that we'll be producing much oil from that area in the next few years, even if discoveries turn out to be substantial.
- The extent to which the Soviet bloc may become a net importer of oil, thus reducing the present surplus on world markets. Given Russia's technical inefficiency and especially the difficulties in producing and delivering Siberian oil, it could happen.
- The degree to which OPEC may choose to restrict production.
- The possibility that political events, such as an expanded Middle East war, could seriously affect worldwide crude oil availability.
- The degree to which consumers will again increase their use of oil as the current worldwide recession ends.

We need, in such unpredictable circumstances, to see the energy elephant for what it really is: stable much of the time but capable of rampages. Thus, even in this relatively calm period, it is necessary to continue the efforts initiated in crisis to develop new domestic oil and gas supplies, develop alternative energy technologies, stockpile crude oil against the possibility of shortages, and continue to practice reasonable fuel conservation. Anything less would be going into the future blind.

Mobil®

© 1983 Mobil Corporation

TIME

Founders: BRITON HADDEN 1898-1929 HENRY R. LUCE 1898-1967

Editor-in-Chief: Henry Anatole Grunwald
President: J. Richard Munro
Chairman of the Board: Ralph P. Davidson
Executive Vice President: Clifford J. Grum
Editorial Director: Ralph Graves
Group Vice President, Magazines: Kelso F. Sutton

MANAGING EDITOR: Ray Cave
EXECUTIVE EDITORS: Edward L. Jamieson, Jason McManus
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS: Richard Duncan, John Elson, Ronald Kriss
INTERNATIONAL EDITOR: Karsten Prager
SENIOR EDITORS: James D. Atwater, Martha M. Duffy, William F. Ewald, José M. Ferrer III, Stefan Kanfer, Donald Morrison, Henry Muller, Thomas Plate, Christopher Porterfield, Stephen Smith, George M. Taber
ART DIRECTOR: Rudolph Hoglund
CHIEF OF RESEARCH: Leah Shanks Gordon
OPERATIONS DIRECTOR: Gérard C. Lelièvre
PICTURE EDITOR: Arnold H. Drapkin
SENIOR WRITERS: George J. Church, Gerald Clarke, Michael Demarest, Otto Friedrich, Frederic Golden, Paul Gray, Robert Hughes, T.E. Kalem, Ed Magnuson, Lance Morrow, Roger Rosenblatt, R.Z. Sheppard, William E. Smith, Frank Trippett
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Patricia Blake, Christopher Byron, Richard Corliss, Spencer Davidson, John S. DeMott, Dorothy Haystead, William A. Henry III, Russ Hoyle, Walter Isaacson, Marguerite Johnson, James Kelly, John Leo, John Nielsen, Richard N. Ostling, Frederick Painton, J.D. Reed, George Russell, Marylois Purdy Vega
STAFF WRITERS: Charles P. Alexander, Kurt Andersen, Kenneth W. Banta, Bennett H. Beach, Tom Callahan, E. Graydon Carter, Janice Castro, Hunter R. Clark, Maureen Dowd, Guy D. Garcia, John Greenwald, John Kohan, Ellie McGrath, Sara C. Medina, Jay D. Palmer, Richard Stengel, Alexander L. Taylor III, Susan Tifft, Anastasia Toufexis, Claudia Wallis, Michael Walsh
CONTRIBUTORS: Judy Bachrach, A.T. Baker, Jay Cocks, Thomas Griffith, Gregory Jaynes, Melvin Maddocks, Jane O'Reilly, Kenneth M. Pierce, Richard Schickel, John Skow, Wolf Von Eckardt
REPORTER-RESEARCHERS: Ursula Nadasdy de Gallo, Sue Raffety, Betty Satterwhite Sutter (Department Heads); Audrey Ball, Peggy T. Berman, Nancy McD. Chase, Oscar Chiang, Eileen Chiu, Elaine Dutka, Georgia Harbison, Anne Hopkins, Nancy Newman, Susan M. Reed, Victoria Sales, Zona Sparks, Susanne Washburn, Genevieve A. Wilson-Smith, Rosemarie Tauris Zadikov (Senior Staff); Peter Ainslie, Bernard Baumohl, Richard Bruns, Robert I. Burger, Rosemary Byrnes, Valenice Castronovo, Helen Sen Doyle, Rosamond Draper, Mary Earle, Philip Fallick, Kathryn Jackson Fallon, Cassie T. Furgurson, Nelida Gonzalez-Alfonso, Robert T. Grieves, Michael P. Harris, Geraldine Kirshenbaum, Stephen Koepp, Melissa Ludtke Lincoln, JoAnn Lum, Naushad S. Mehta, Jamie Murphy, Adrianne Jucius Navon, Jeanne-Marie North, Brigid O'Hara-Forster, Judith B. Prowda, Barry Rehfeld, Elizabeth Rudulph, Alain L. Sanders, Marion H. Sanders, William Tynan, Sidney Urquhart, Jane Van Tassel, Linda Young
CORRESPONDENTS: Richard Duncan (Chief); R. Edward Jackson, B. William Mader, Peter Stoler (Deputies) **Washington Contributing Editor:** Hugh Sidey **Diplomatic Correspondent:** Strobe Talbott
Senior Correspondents: Ruth Mehrtens Galvin, William Rademaekers, Sandy Smith, Frederick Ungeheuer
Washington: Robert Ajemian, Barrett Seaman, Laurence I. Barrett, David Beckwith, Gisela Bolte, Jay Branegan, Douglas Brew, Anne Constable, Hays Gorey, Jerry Hannifin, David S. Jackson, Neil MacNeil, Johanna McGeary, Ross H. Munro, Bruce W. Nelan, Christopher Redman, Jeanne Saddler, Evan Thomas, Gregory H. Wierzynski **Chicago:** Christopher Ogden, J. Madeleine Nash, Patricia Delaney, Lee Griggs, Don Winbush **Los Angeles:** Benjamin W. Cate, Steven Holmes, Joseph J. Kane, Alessandra Stanley, Denise Worrell **New York:** John F. Stacks, Jonathan Beaty, Dorothy Ferenbaugh, Marcia Gauger, Janice C. Simpson, Bruce van Voorst, Jack E. White, James Wilde, Adam Zagorin **Atlanta:** Joseph N. Boyce, B.J. Phillips, John E. Yang **Boston:** Barry Hillenbrand, Joelle Attinger, James Bell **Detroit:** Paul A. Witteman, Barbara B. Dolan **San Francisco:** William R. Doerner, Michael Moritz **Denver:** Richard Woodbury **Houston:** Sam Allis
Europe: Lawrence Malkin **London:** Bonnie Angelo, Mary Cronin, Arthur White **Paris:** Jordan Bonfante, William Blaylock, Thomas A. Sancton **Bonn:** Roland Flamini, Gary Lee, John Moody **Eastern Europe:** Richard Hornik **Rome:** Wilton Wynn, Barry Kalb **Jerusalem:** Harry Kelly, David Halevy **Middle East:** William Stewart **Cairo:** Robert C. Wurmstedt **Beirut:** Roberto Suro **Moscow:** Erik Amfitheatrof **Hong Kong:** Sandra Burton, Bing W. Wong **Bangkok:** David DeVoss **Peking:** David Aikman **Nairobi:** John Borrell **Johannesburg:** Marsh Clark **New Delhi:** Dean Brelis **Tokyo:** Edwin M. Reingold, S. Chang **Melbourne:** John Dunn **Canada:** John M. Scott, Ed Ogle **Rio de Janeiro:** Gavin Scott **Mexico City:** James Willwerth **Caribbean:** William McWhirter, Bernard Diederich
News Desk: Suzanne Davis, Tam Martinides Gray, Susan Lyod, David Richardson, Blanche Holley, Ann Drury Wellford, Jean R. White, Arturo Yáñez **Administration:** Emily Friedrich, Linda D. Vartoogian
ART: Nigel Holmes, Irene Ramp (Deputy Directors); Arturo Cazeneuve, Leonard S. Levine, Anthony J. Libardi, William Spencer (Assistant Directors); Lily Hou (Designer); Rosemary L. Frank, Charlotte J. Quiggle (Covers); Nickolas Kalamaras **Layout:** Burjor Nargolwala (Chief); John P. Dowd, John F. Geist (Deputies); Joseph Aslaender, Steve Conley, David Richer, Carol Saner, Nancy Smith-Alam, Robert B. Stevens, Anne Stovell, Mary Themo **Photographers:** Eddie Adams, Walter Bennett, Sahm Doherty, Rudi Frey, Arthur Grace, Dirck Halstead, Peter Jordan, David Hume Kennerly, Neil Leifer, Ben Martin, Mark Meyer, Ralph Morse, Stephen Northup, Bill Pierce, David Rubinger, Ted Thai, Diana Walker, John Zimmerman **Maps and Charts:** Paul J. Pugliese, Renée Klein, Joseph Arnon, E. Noel McCoy, Nino Telak, Deborah L. Wells
PHOTOGRAPHY: Michele Stephenson (Deputy); Demetra Kosters, Helen Eisenberg (Administration) **Researchers:** Evelyn Merrin, Richard L. Boeth, Anne Callahan, Martha L. Haymaker, Paula Hornak, Peter J. Kellner, Rose Keyser, Susan Lombardo, Eva Nutt, Julia Richer, Carol Saner, Nancy Smith-Alam, Robert B. Stevens, Anne Stovell, Mary Themo **Photographers:** Eddie Adams, Walter Bennett, Sahm Doherty, Rudi Frey, Arthur Grace, Dirck Halstead, Peter Jordan, David Hume Kennerly, Neil Leifer, Ben Martin, Mark Meyer, Ralph Morse, Stephen Northup, Bill Pierce, David Rubinger, Ted Thai, Diana Walker, John Zimmerman
MAKEUP: Charles P. Jackson (Chief); Eugene F. Coyle (International); Leonard Schulman, John M. Cavanagh (Deputies); Peter J. McGullam
OPERATIONS: Sue Aitkin (Deputy Director); Susan L. Blair (Copy Chief); Stephen F. Demeter (Systems Manager); Eleanor Edgar, Judith Anne Paul, Joseph J. Scafidi, Lee R. Sparks (Deputies); Trang Ba Chuong, Gary Deaton, L. Rufino-Armstrong, Shirley Zimmerman (Supervisors); Dolores Alexander, Karen Andrews, Frances Bander, Minda Bikman, Robert Braine, Madeline Butler, Joan Cleary, Kenneth Collura, Manuel Delgado, Leo Deuel, Lucia Hamet, Evelyn Hannon, Garry Hearne, Theresa Kelliher, Claire Knopf, Agustin Lamboy, Jeannine Laverty, Linda Lehrhaupt, Marcia L. Love, Katherine Mihok, Emily Mitchell, James D. Mountjoy, Bill O'Connor, Alma Routsong, Megan Rutherford, Marcia Schlehmitz, Walter J. Tate, Alan Washburn, Amelia Weiss
LETTERS: Joan D. Walsh (Chief); Isabel F. Kouri (Deputy)
EDITORIAL SERVICES: Christiana Walford (Director); Herbert G. Orth, Benjamin Lightman, Alex Stack, Elizabeth G. Young

PUBLISHER: John A. Meyers
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: Richard W. Angle Jr.
Promotion Director: Robert D. Sweeney
Circulation Director: Eric G. Thorkilsen
Business Manager: Arthur G. Sachs
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER-ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR: Richard B. Thomas
U.S. Advertising Sales Director: George W. McClellan
Associate U.S. Adv. Sales Director: Charles D. Hogan

"A $100 REWARD FOR NON-SMOKERS? HOW DO I GET THAT?"

Breaking a bad habit deserves a reward if you ask me, your New York Life Agent.

So if you've given up smoking cigarettes—or never started in the first place—New York Life will give you a special discount. It's available on all our new whole life and term policies.

For a man aged 35, for example, we'll deduct about $100 a year from your premiums on a $100,000 whole life policy. Or, if you prefer, we'll give you about $7,000 more protection at no additional cost.

Even with a $100,000 term policy, you'll save about $50 on your first year's premium.

If you look after your health and don't smoke cigarettes, you'll want to check our special "cigarette break" on life insurance.

Ask me, your New York Life Agent.

"ASK ME."

New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010. In Canada: 1240-444 St. Mary Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 3T1. Life, Group and Health Insurance, Annuities, Pension Plans.

Letters

Man of the Year

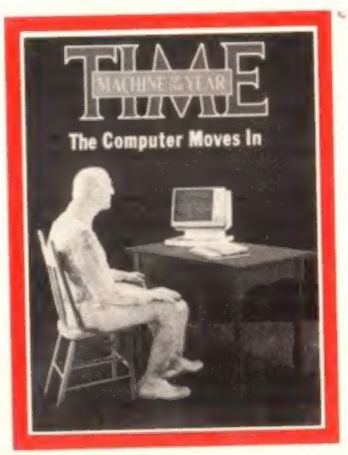
To the Editors:

I was shocked that TIME chose the computer as its Man of the Year [Jan. 3]. But I failed to come up with someone or something better. Nothing else has so permanently affected the world in 1982. A wise choice.

John M. Scott
Edna, Texas

Your analysis of the relationship between man and his electronic creation was enthusiastic, broad and sensitive.

David N. Thor
Elma, N.Y.



For the first time, I agree with your choice for Man of the Year. Computers are here to stay for the betterment of life.

Al Riederer
Bensalem, Pa.

It is appropriate that a machine should replace the Man of the Year in 1982, especially when one considers the colossal absurdity of the times in which we live.

Ned Gross Jr.
Sarasota, Fla.

The clarity of your article should help those who are new to the world of computers and are fascinated by their mystique to better understand how these machines function and affect our lives.

Dewey R. Bennett
Charlotte, N.C.

I am dismayed that the computer alone is Man of the Year. The title should be shared equally with unemployed Americans. The computer is the big reason why so many Americans are jobless.

Janice Moglen-Dietrich
Reston, Va.

The computer is a marvelous machine, but it will never replace man. Did the computer shuttle between London and Buenos Aires during the Falklands crisis? Did the computer sacrifice its life that others might be rescued from the icy water in Washington, D.C.?

Susan T. Vermillion
Lauderhill, Fla.

According to your reasoning, you might as easily have chosen the sun.

John P. McCarthy
Washington, D.C.

Machine of the Year! A preposterous but, I guess, an inevitable notion.

Scott Samuel Hart
New Orleans

Computers! Bah! But you have made me see the print-out on the wall. I will have to learn to use the contraptions.

Brad Wilson
New York City

When machines receive awards, do other machines clap?

Steve Mason
Ithaca, N.Y.

Couldn't you have waited until 1984?

David C. Jung
Atherton, Calif.

If TIME had to pick a Machine of the Year, the choice should have been the Jarvik artificial heart. For the first time, man and machine have been fused at the most critical juncture, literally at the heart of human existence.

John H. Taylor
New York City

Congratulations on your choice of the computer. You have selected my livelihood, my friend and, according to my wife, my constant companion.

Raymond DeMers
Pittsford, N.Y.

I never dreamed that TIME's Man of the Year would be living in my house, my TRS-80. You made a great choice.

Irving Kullback
West Long Branch, N.J.

Well, well, well, at last it happened. The Man of the Year becomes the Machine of the Year. At least the computer is not full of hatred and revenge like the Ayatullah Khomeini. I would be in great difficulty without its help.

Noubar Babikian
North Bergen, N.J.

I have just traded five years as a social worker for a computer-science degree. I never imagined this field would be so challenging, exciting and people oriented. If society is just beginning to discover what the computer can accomplish in the future, then we are riding on the crest of a revolution. Therein lies the thrill of belonging to this generation.

Janice R. Garlick
Vista, Calif.

I fear computers will start World War III by mistake. They now make errors on income tax, bank statements and utility bills. These machines have no conscience.

Derek Williams
Yarmouth Port, Mass.

The human mind is more creative than any computer. Machines can be bought and sold, the human mind cannot.

Christian C. DeBaun
Allston, Mass.

Your selection of a computer is a copout. It takes a person to run a computer.

Earnest Hoberecht
Watonga, Okla.

Computers don't make mistakes, people do. You did when you made a computer the Man of the Year.

Larry Johnston
Timonium, Md.

You missed the mark. It should have been Barney Clark with his mechanical heart. He is breaking new ground for all of us.

Jerry Tomanelli
Jamaica, N.Y.

You blew it.

Joseph A. Lacey
Redding, Calif.

An abomination.

Andrew Rubin
Los Angeles

Your choice was well thought out and stimulating. It will make people think.

Jym R. Ganahl
Columbus

Since computers seem to accomplish anything, they should be installed in every home. We could then be plugged into Washington and vote on all issues, thus eliminating Congress.

Susan Furness
Canton, Ohio

As a wife who sits alone each night while her husband spends his evenings with his computer, I say it would be more appropriate to nominate the machine as the Other Woman of the Year.

Charlotte Lanzit
Cincinnati

Your choice does a great injustice to the wheel, which took man out of the cave. The computer may put him back in.

Tony Destito Jr.
Grand Coulee, Wash.

TIME pictured computers in a shopping center, office, farm, classroom and home. However, you failed to show the room where new orders, renewals, payments and cancellations are fouled up.

Joseph R. Duffy
Jersey City

1983 FORD LTD

Introducing the new Ford LTD.

From the smooth ride, to the new driver-designed seating position, the quiet new LTD has one target: your comfort.

The logical placement of instruments. The handling. The feel of the seats. Every inch of the 1983 LTD has been human engineered for a uniquely comfortable driving experience.

Reshaped.

The aerodynamic hood. The cant of the rear window. Smoothness everywhere means LTD needs only 6.7 horsepower to push it through the wind at 50 mph.

Refined.

With a streamlined deep-well trunk in back and luxurious reclining front seats inside, you will find form and function, space and comfort. Optional electronics include: digital instrumentation • new electronic station seeking radio • Tripminder® computer.

The LTD Brougham standard cloth interior. Contoured reclining front seats with fold-down armrests and convenient coin tray.

Totally Redesigned.

Technology for 1983 is state-of-the-art: smooth-riding gas-filled shocks, optional 3.8 liter V-6 with automatic overdrive, or available for order, a propane-powered 4-cylinder engine.

And all of this advanced technology adds up to a totally pleasurable driving experience. Experience it for yourself in the totally new Ford LTD.

Every inch an LTD.

Get it together—Buckle up.

HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD...LATELY?

Ford

FORD DIVISION

SOUTH AFRICA

A world in one country.
Expect the unexpected. Abundant varieties of fauna, flora and peoples. A rich land, unspoiled and beautiful.
For an unforgettable vacation experience, consult your travel agent or ask for your free color brochure, 'South Africa – Gateway to a Continent.'

South African Tourist Corporation,
610 Fifth Avenue,
New York,
N.Y. 10020.
Tel. (212) 245-3720.
Telex 649535.
Name_____
Address_____

Where summer is four seasons long.

satour

TBT 12483

9585/T

Letters

You have only encouraged 'em—the juvenile administrators who attempt to solve management problems with technological toys rather than study, analysis and wisdom.

Sol D. Pickard
Huntington Woods, Mich.

Your cover relegates man to a papier-mâché dummy and glorifies a machine. No wonder E.T. wanted to go home.

Joseph P. Hoelscher
Elyria, Ohio

The Man of the Year is now the Machine of the Year! Why not? Man has not done so well. It is time for a change.

Barbara C. Kuehm
Houston

The Man of the Year has no soul.

Shakti Saran
Allston, Mass.

It is great to have the Man of the Year in residence! Minnie, my TRS-80 Model III, is busting her bytes with pride. But Winnie, my IBM Selectric, and Maxie, my Daisy Wheel Printer, are jealous.

Mary Ann Marger
St. Petersburg, Fla.

First we have machines taking over jobs. Now one of them is taking over Man of the Year. Was this your idea, or did the computer tell you to do this?

Judy Pohlman
Milwaukee

Your cover picture shows a man who resembles one of those people glued to the TV playing video games. In the future, folks will come to look like that: plastic-covered, dull and witless.

Helen K. Ruth
Lansdale, Pa.

Medical studies have shown that people who work with these processors suffer physical and emotional distress, causing ulcers, colitis, asthma, broken marriages and nervous breakdowns. The computer may be the greatest invention of modern times. Yet I wonder if it is not the devil in disguise.

James A. Koehler
Computer Technical Services Technician
Buffalo

I am intrigued by your choice. However, the computer is only a useful tool, not a panacea. It will not eliminate pollution, poverty or disease. Only man can accomplish these tasks. We must turn out literate, caring people to run these artificially intelligent machines.

Michael Samuel Aurelius
Munster, Ind.

TIME called the IBM Personal Computer "the computer of the year," yet it missed the boat in making only a casual mention of Philip D. Estridge, general manager of IBM's special business unit for personal computers. He and his team are among the leading entrepreneurs in our industry. Your readers would have been better served if you had covered Estridge rather than me.

John R. Opel
Chief Executive Officer, IBM
Armonk, N.Y.

You have been closed up in your offices too long. Go to a ball game. No computer ever hit a home run. Go to a hospital and see life start. Take a walk in the park. No machine can compare to the smile of a pretty girl or the laugh of a child.

John P. Cooney
Western Springs, Ill.

I applaud your choice of the personal computer. But should it not be Machine of the Century?

Scott E. Kildahl Jr.
Boise, Idaho

TIME has made a profound and accurate statement on the condition of our information revolution. We are rapidly approaching a crossroads, where man will have to choose between humanistic and technical values, thus becoming either the lord or the prisoner of his own creation. If man opts for the latter, TIME's choice for Machine of the Year in 1990 may well be man.

Joan M. Torkildson
Golden Valley, Minn.

One for the Road

If people are old enough to work, marry, raise children, pay taxes and be drafted, they are old enough to buy a drink [Jan. 3]. The basic problem is drunken driving, not drinking. Those who are encouraged by our lax laws to drive while intoxicated will do so regardless of the legal drinking age. Why restrict the freedom of an entire group because a few irresponsible young people abuse alcohol?

Carl O. Olson
Fredonia, N.Y.

Legislators say that raising the drinking age will save lives. Using that logic, they should not stop at 19 or 21 years. Why not raise it to 30 and save more lives, or outlaw drinking altogether?

Mia Sohn
Baton Rouge, La.

It is naive to expect that a prohibition on teen-age drinking can be enforced. It would be much more practical to enforce a higher driving age.

Andrew Roosa
Wayne, Pa.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

The best how-to book in the business.

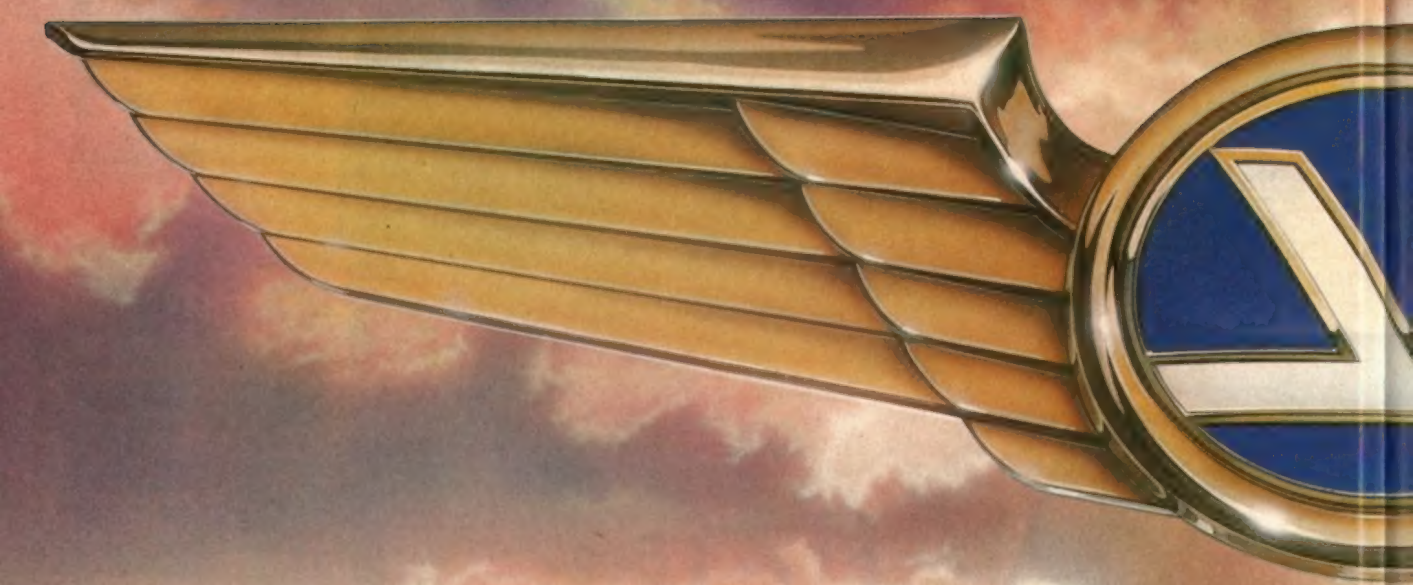
How to find a buyer. How to find a seller. Every working day business people find out how-to in the Bell System Yellow Pages. It's the #1 How-to-Run-a-Successful-Business book.*

Now in many metropolitan areas there's a companion how-to-book: the new Business to Business Bell System Yellow Pages. Its features: all the businesses other businesses need.

Get the Yellow Pages talking. **Let your fingers do the walking.**

*Burke Market Research Survey of 5,000 businesses, April, 1980

Earning them has



For the fourth year in a row, more people have flown with Eastern than any other airline in the free world.

Why?

Maybe it's because we have one of the most advanced fleets of aircraft in the world (including our new Boeing 757).

Or because we fly to 128 cities in 22 countries in the Western Hemisphere.

Or because we offer a broad range of passenger services—from One-Time Check-In℠, to our Frequent

© 1983 Eastern Air Lines, Inc.

made us what we are.

Traveler Bonus Program.

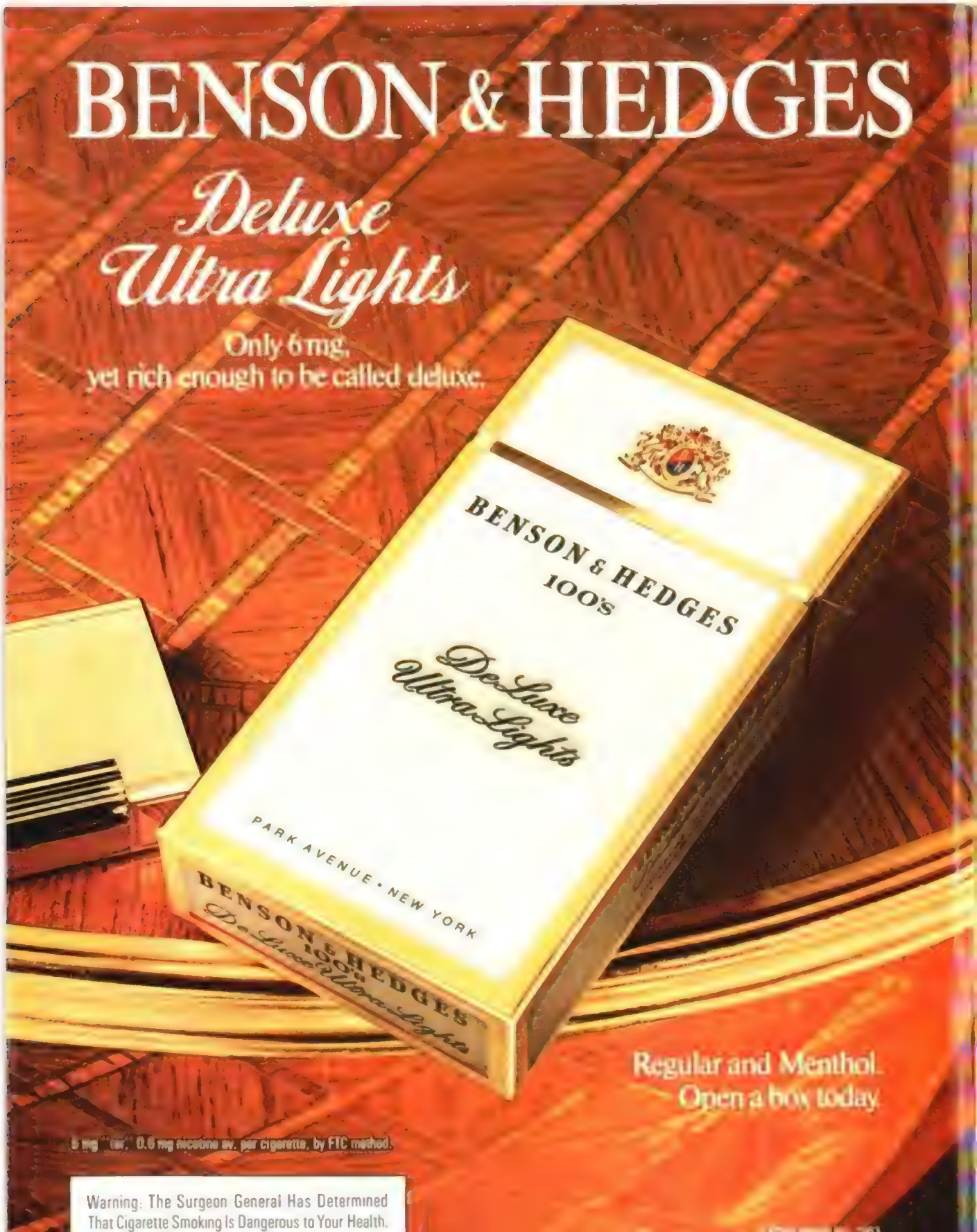
But we feel that the most important reason for our success is our people.

The 39,000 dedicated people of Eastern.

By earning their wings, they've made us what we are: America's favorite way to fly.

EASTERN

America's favorite way to fly.


BENSON & HEDGES
Deluxe Ultra Lights
Only 6 mg.
yet rich enough to be called deluxe.
BENSON & HEDGES
100's
DeLuxe
Ultra Lights
PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK
Regular and Menthol.
Open a box today.
6 mg "tar", 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

In Hawaii: At Home on the Range

A rooster crows as the sun climbs over Haleakala crater, lighting the slopes of Maui where Kaui Purdy, 79, watches the day begin on the Ulupalakua Ranch. His grandson Rick, 21, short and burly, wearing a baseball cap turned backward, kick-starts his dirt bike and spurts off toward the high meadow to bring down the horses. Kaui's son George, 55, waits by the corral with Kaui's brother Dan, 67, and the other cowboys. Just down the road, making far more noise than the roosters and myna birds, Kaui's great-grandchildren Myron and Byron, identical twins age twelve, cavort with a football, waiting for the school bus.

Beneath his battered straw hat, Kaui wears a wise smile. His bony hands lie in his lap, cracked and weathered as old saddle leather. "I cowboy 48 years," he says proudly in pidgin. "Hard life. People think ride horse easy. Not easy. Hard. You don't know how to handle, you better watch out, boy, especially you handle the wild animal." He nods to himself. "Danger life, cowboy."

The distant thud of horses' hoofs travels down through groves of eucalyptus. The horses burst into view, cantering in dappled sunlight. Rick guns his motorbike beside them. Brandishing his hat and grinning broadly, he shoos the animals toward the open corral, where the cowboys drive them in with waving arms and guttural cries of "Hit-yah!" "Yah!" "Get in there!" The gate swings shut, and the seven cowboys of Ulupalakua pick out their mounts for the day, eventually turning the others back to the meadow.

Cowboys in Hawaii sound as unlikely as surfers in Abilene, but in fact islanders have been breaking horses and punching cows since 1832, some 40 years before the first big cattle drives to Dodge City. More than a thousand men still make their home on the volcanic range. They work on the islands' 400 cattle ranches, including the 265,000-acre Parker Ranch, among the largest in the U.S. Like their counterparts on the mainland, Maui's cowboys are fiercely devoted to a way of life that is threatened by economic pressures, such as the rising cost of fuel and equipment, and unpredictable beef prices.

Cattle arrived in the islands in 1792, courtesy of British Navigator George Vancouver, who was trying to restore good relations with Hawaiian Chieftain Kamehameha 15 years after Captain James Cook lost his life in a dispute with the islanders over their theft of a cutter. Kamehameha showed his gratitude for the two small cargoes of cattle by making it taboo to slaughter the animals.

As years passed, the cattle population grew exponentially, deforesting large tracts of land and occasionally menacing the citizenry. In 1832 King Kamehameha III decided it was time to enter the beef, tallow and hide markets. There was one problem: his subjects did not know how to ride horses, much less round up steers. So the King imported three Spanish-Mexican cowboys from Southern California. The trio became known as *paniolos*, the Hawaiian equivalent of *Españoles*, and taught the Hawaiians the rudiments of cowboy work. The Hawaiians added their own flamboyant touches, such as using flower leis as hatbands.

Kaui Purdy is the son of Ikua Purdy, the most illustrious cowboy in Hawaiian history. In 1908, while employed by the Parker Ranch, Ikua journeyed to Cheyenne, Wyo., and won the world championship in steer roping, a feat he later repeated in Pendleton, Ore. Ikua is still revered by Hawaiian cowboys, particularly on the Ulupalakua Ranch, where several of the older hands rode with him late in his career. It is said that the famed satirist and trick roper, Will Rogers, made a special visit to the ranch just to meet him.

"Hard man, my daddy," says Kaui. "He was like a clock—tick, tick, tick. When you work, you don't drag along. You drag along, he yell at you, boy. He right too."

Kaui remembers the days when Hawaiian cowboys had to be amphibious, lashing the cattle to their saddle horns and driving them straight into the Pacific surf. The cattle were then tied to the gunwales of longboats and towed to a steamship farther offshore. There crewmen plucked the bobbing animals from the ocean and took them to a Honolulu slaughterhouse. These days cattle from Maui are trucked to the slaughterhouse, and most cowboys wear baseball caps instead of Stetsons. But the day-to-day life of the cowboy is remarkably unchanged, requiring the same skills, stamina and outsize spirit. "With cattle you got to have cowboy," says Kaui. "You no can handle cow without horse, eh?"

The owner of Ulupalakua is C. Pardee Erdman, 51, a Princeton graduate and former agricultural geologist, who bought the 30,000-acre ranch in 1963 for $3.5 million. His stunningly beautiful spread reaches from sea level to 6,500 ft., covering scrubland, grassland, rain forest and alpine meadow. The ranch is a cornucopia of vegetation and wildlife. The changeable landscape embraces thorny lantana bush, tough keawe (mesquite), the familiar prickly-pear cactus, graceful eucalyptus, rugged ohia-lehua trees and a rainbow of flowers. Pheasants and doves provide good hunting for the cowboys, as do the scrappy mountain goats in the high country to the south. It rains for a little while almost every day somewhere on the Ulupalakua, but the temperature is mild year round. Says Erdman: "My cowboys melt at over 80° and get frostbite at anything under 60°. If you were here in winter at 6:30 in the morning when it's 50°, from looking at the cowboys you'd think you were in Montana with a blue norther blowing in."

Ranch Owner C. Pardee Erdman with one of his hands: "My cowboys melt at over 80°"

But life is far from perfect in this island paradise. The economics of cattle raising are getting tighter every day. Maui ranchers have to import virtually all their materials from the mainland or elsewhere

MAYBE YOUR NEXT FLIGHT SHOULD BE ON A TRAIN.

No, we haven't lost our minds. Nor have we succeeded in building a train that can actually fly. At least not in the air.

But what we at Amtrak have done, we believe, is no less remarkable. In the last 12 years, we've built a new, nationwide passenger rail system. Literally, from the ground up. A system that today represents a viable alternative for people who fly. For business or pleasure.

How can we say that?

Amtrak is your ticket to over 475 different cities.

Did you know that Amtrak can take you to over 475 different places? That's far more than United, TWA, American and Delta put together.

We've improved our on-time record nearly 40%. And in the last 6½ years we've rebuilt our entire fleet, adding some of the newest and most technologically advanced equipment in the world.

When it comes to sheer comfort, we believe nothing comes close to the train. For instance, our coach seats are wider than the seats most airlines use. They give you so much legroom you'll think you're in first class. On the train, there are no seatbelts. You can get up and stretch your legs. Or take a walk into the dining car and enjoy a delicious meal, whenever you like.

Enough room to comfortably read the paper.

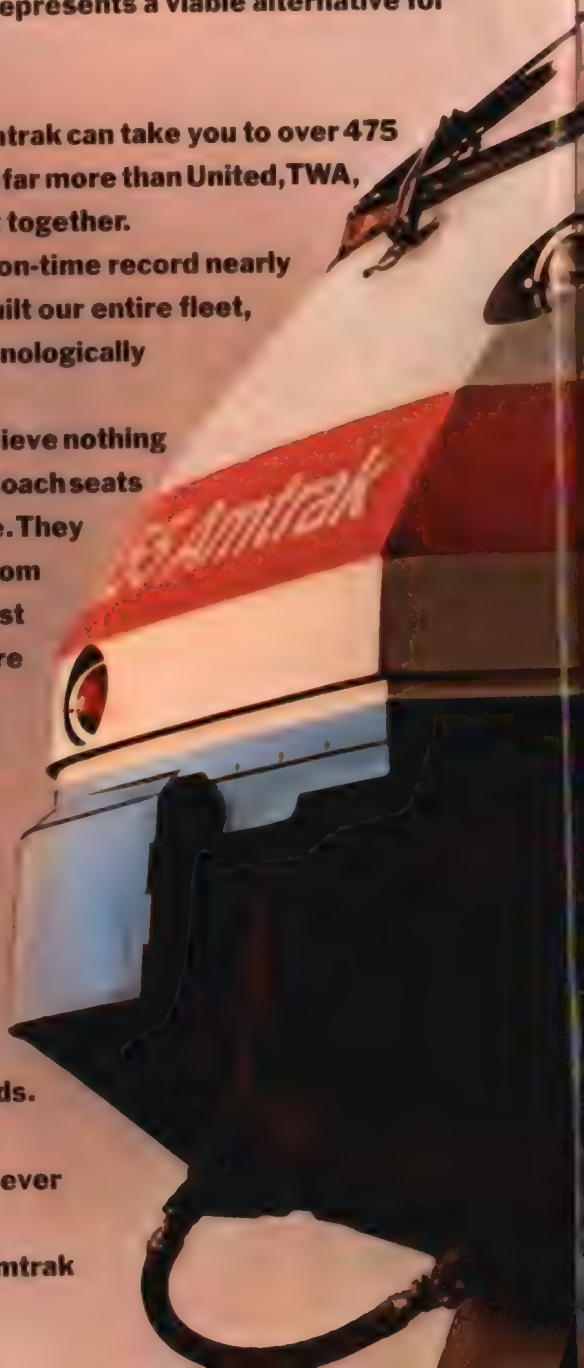
On long trips, when time is essential, the plane is often more practical.

Still, on most trips, there are plenty of good reasons to consider the train.

So the next time you're going somewhere, get your head out of the clouds. Do what 19 million riders a year do.

Take off with Amtrak. And fly, without ever leaving the ground.

For information or reservations call Amtrak or your travel agent.



The train: One of five Turboliners now operating between New York City and Albany.

ALL
ABOARD
AMTRAK

Now the Sixth in the Remington Bronze Series...

"THE·WICKED·PONY"

A collector's series for those who admire the sculpture of Frederic Remington

Issued in cooperation with the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming, in an edition of 1,000, the replica is hand finished, foundry marked, numbered and dated. Three-fourths the size of the original, the replica is approximately 17½ inches high with American Walnut base.

Five years ago, Museum Collections embarked upon a program to create fine replicas of Frederic Remington's western bronzes, in strictly limited editions of 1,000.

The Value Of These Limited Edition Replica Bronzes Has Already Appreciated

No one could have predicted, when our first limited edition bronze was issued in 1978, that it would bring up to 400 percent of its original price in the secondary market.

"The Wicked Pony" Was The Third Of The Twenty-three Remington Bronzes

After the success of *The Bronco Buster*, Remington began in earnest to create his gallery of western sculpture. *The Wicked Pony* was created when Remington was just 37, and already recognized as the leading artist-chronicler of the American West.

Each Bronze In The Collection Is Numbered, Dated, And Certified

The Wicked Pony replica carries with it a Certificate of Ownership signed by the Director of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center.

Reserve Your Bronze Now For Delivery After The Next Casting

Each bronze in the edition is individually poured, using the lost wax process.

You Can Order This Bronze With Absolute Confidence...Because We Will Refund The Issue Price, In Full, Any Time Within One Year Of Purchase

This guarantee is unequivocal... simply return the bronze any time within one year of purchase, and you'll receive an immediate refund of the issue price of $1925. Non refundable shipping and handling charge: $25.

museum collections

To Order: Call Toll Free 800-243-4402 or write Frederick H. Schulenburg, Director Museum Collections, Dept. R62, 140 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT 06830 for brochure. You may pay by check, money order or major credit card. Optional five month payment plan available.

The TIME Subscriber Service Department is now open for business.

Because you are a valued customer, we at TIME are committed to serving you in every way. And that includes taking care of all inquiries and problems efficiently and quickly.

Address changes, misspelled names, missed issues—they *can* happen. Either because we've made an error, or perhaps because you've moved. When they do, there is one sure way to get them corrected:

Write to the TIME Subscription Service Department
541 North Fairbanks Ct.
Chicago, Illinois 60611
and send your label in.

A trained staff is at your disposal, and one of our representatives will personally investigate and remedy any problem that stands between you and complete enjoyment of TIME.

Incidentally, it takes us approximately 3 weeks to receive, process and act on your correspondence.

And thanks!

© 1981 Time Inc.

American Scene

at premium prices, but their beef markups are limited by competition from California producers. Seventy cattle ranches have gone out of business since 1972, and many others are struggling.

To help meet his expenses, Erdman is branching out into other businesses. He has started the only winery in the islands, which is just beginning to bottle its first champagne. He recently began raising sheep for meat, a move his cowboys deplore, and he also runs a small helicopter service. In 1977 he sold a 1,000-acre parcel of his ranch on Maui's west coast to Seibu Hawaii, Inc., a Japanese real estate developer, for $7.5 million. Seibu has built a golf course on the land and plans to put up a luxury hotel. The sale provoked sharp protest from longtime residents of the area. "You do what you have to do," Erdman says. "I don't think the future of

Ulupalakua cowboys capturing a stray bull

this land is in large-scale cattle raising."

But Erdman and other island ranchers are determined to keep going as long as they can. A few years ago, a local real estate broker representing an unnamed client offered Erdman $25 million in cash for Ulupalakua. At first Erdman was ecstatic, but when he got back home and looked out over the ranch, he asked himself, "What can I do with the money?" He called the broker back and said no.

Kaui Purdy knows how Erdman feels. He has never been to the mainland, and does not intend to go. "All my boys tell me go." He shakes his head. "Neh. I stay home." Home for Kaui is here on the ranch where his father lies buried on a bluff overlooking the Pacific—born Christmas Eve, 1873, died the Fourth of July, 1945. Home is where his entire family has worked and will continue to work. Those two great-grandchildren, Myron and Byron, have been riding since they could walk. "They're rascals," Kaui cackles. "Well, that's O.K. Let 'em be cowboys." —*By Jeff Meiveln*

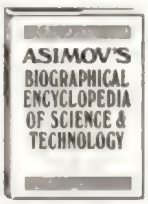
NOW YOU CAN GET THE BEST SCIENCE BOOKS AT BOOK CLUB SAVINGS.

Take any 3 books for $1 each and save up to $86.85

You simply agree to buy three more books within the next two years.

208 Taking the Quantum Leap: The New Physics for Nonscientists
Fred Alan Wolf
Winner of the 1982 American Book Award for a Science Paperback
(Pub price $9.50)

115 Betrayers of the Truth: Fraud and Deceit in the Halls of Science. William Broad and Nicholas Wade
(Pub price $14.95)



230 Asimov's Biographical Encyclopedia of Science & Technology (Second Revised Edition)
Isaac Asimov
(Pub price $24.95)

101 Mysteries of the Past Lionel Casson, Robert Claiborne, Brian Fagan and Walter Karp
Editor: Joseph J Thorndike, Jr
(Pub price $34.95)

245 Scientific Temperaments: Three Lives in Contemporary Science Philip J. Hilts
(Pub price $15.95)

233 Galaxies
Written and with photographs selected by Timothy Ferris
Illustrations by Sarah Landry
(Softcover)
(Pub price $16.95)

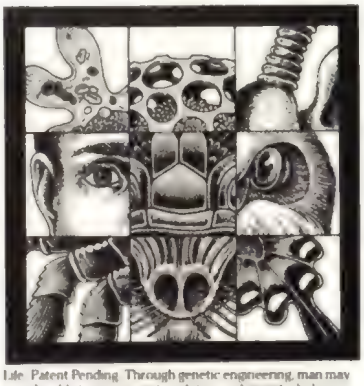
116 The Amateur Astronomer's Handbook (Third Revised Edition)
James Muirden
(Pub price $16.95)

196 The Mismeasure of Man
Stephen Jay Gould
Winner of the 1982 National Book Critics Circle Award for General Nonfiction
(Pub price $14.95)

200 Cosmic Dawn: The Origins of Matter and Life
Eric Chaisson
(Pub price $14.95)

217 Elementary BASIC: As Chronicled by John H. Watson Edited with Commentaries by Henry Ledgard and Andrew Singer
(Softcover)
(Pub price $12.95)

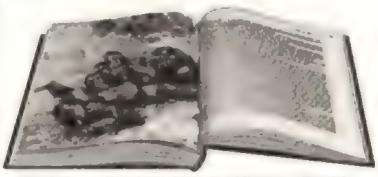
102 A Child Is Born (Revised Edition)
Photographs by Lennart Nilsson
Text by Mirjam Furuhjelm, M.D., Axel Ingelman-Sundberg, M.D., and Claes Wirsén, M.D.
(Pub price $16.95)



Life. Patent Pending. Through genetic engineering, man may soon be able to circumvent evolution and invent whole new life forms. *Photograph by Mark Fisher from "Nova: Adventures in Science" © 1983 by WGBH Educational Foundation*

239 Nova: Adventures in Science
WGBH Boston
(Softcover)
(Pub price $14.95)

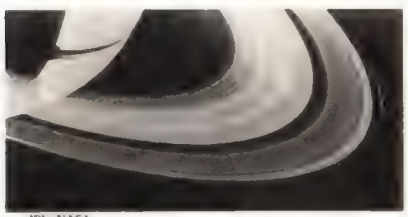
158 Timewarps
John Gribbin. A fascinating discussion of time—its history in human thought, current scientific knowledge and the possibilities of such things as time travel, parallel universes and reincarnation
(Pub price $8.95)



199 Life on Earth: A Natural History. David Attenborough. (Pub price $22.50)

173 The Grand Tour: A Traveler's Guide to the Solar System. Ron Miller and William K Hartmann
(Pub price $19.95)

221 Grammatical Man: Information, Entropy, Language and Life. Jeremy Campbell
(Pub price $15.95)



JPL/NASA

241 365 Starry Nights: An Introduction to Astronomy for Every Night of the Year
Chet Raymo
(Softcover)
(Pub price $12.95)

220 Thinking Better
David Lewis and James Greene
(Pub price $14.95)

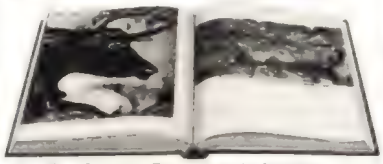
243 The Youngest Science: Notes of a Medicine-Watcher
Lewis Thomas
(Pub price $14.75)

236 Micro Man: Computers and the Evolution of Consciousness
Dr. Gordon Pask with Susan Curran
(Pub price $14.75)

235 The Tangled Wing: Biological Constraints on the Human Spirit
Melvin Konner
(Pub price $19.95)

111 Mathematical Circus
Martin Gardner
(Pub price $9.95)

100 Einstein's Universe
Nigel Calder
(Pub price $10)



244 The Creative Explosion: An Inquiry into the Origins of Art and Religion. John E. Pfeiffer
(Pub price $29.95)

As someone who likes to keep up with the world, you've had your curiosity challenged, your imagination fired by the wonders of modern science. And now, if you'd like to explore them a little more deeply, you've come to the right place. Because here, on this page, you've found the very best books about science for the educated layperson. And you've found them at book club savings.

With Book-of-the-Month Club/SCIENCE.

Here are books that make the discoveries come alive with clarity and wit, with excitement and authority.

Books you can choose from, knowing you'll never find one so complicated that only a scientist could understand it. Or so oversimplified that it loses all substance.

At Book-of-the-Month Club/SCIENCE we read all the best new science books that come out. And we select only the ones that combine great science *and* fine writing. In fact, our selections frequently go on to win major literary awards.

So here's your opportunity to explore the sciences freely. From the mysteries of space and time to the subtle workings of your brain. From desert to ocean, from evolution to energy.

And with the finest kind of book club savings: We invite you to start by choosing any three books for $1 each—a savings of up to $86.85 off the publishers' prices.

Facts about Membership. You receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club/SCIENCE News* 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a Selection plus scores of Alternates. Most books are offered at special Club discounts. All books are equal in quality to the publishers' originals; they are not condensed versions or cheaply made reprints. If you want the Selection do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the date specified. *Return Privilege*: If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. *Cancellations*: Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought 3 additional books

Book-of-the-Month Club/SCIENCE BS 188-1-1
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club/SCIENCE and send me the 3 books I've listed below, billing me $1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy 3 more books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Indicate by number the 3 books you want | | |

Mr
Mrs. 3-01
Miss (Please print plainly)
Address Apt.
City
State Zip

Prices shown are U.S. prices
Outside the U.S., prices are generally higher

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
SCIENCE
A Division of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

TIME JANUARY 24, 1983

Uproar over Arms Control

But, the President insists, the Administration is not in disarray

The timing was, at best, unfortunate. For weeks the Soviet Union had waged a clever campaign to convince America's nervous NATO allies that the U.S. was stubbornly opposed to any real progress in the Geneva talks on limiting intermediate-range nuclear missiles in Europe. By contrast, Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov grandly revealed that he was willing to make generous-sounding "concessions." There were bitter divisions in the Reagan Administration over how to respond. The confusion was compounded last week when the President fired his arms control chief, Eugene Rostow, 69, and replaced him with Kenneth Adelman, 36, an arms control neophyte with pronounced conservative views.

The shift at the top of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (ACDA) sent the wrong signal at the wrong time. Rostow, perhaps too publicly for his own good, had argued for a more flexible U.S. approach to the arms talks. His sacking was seen in European capitals as evidence that Reagan either was not serious about arms reduction or, almost as worrisome, had no idea how to respond to the Kremlin peace offensive. "The Administration has played right into Andropov's hands," said a French foreign affairs specialist. Indeed, the Soviets were quick to capitalize on their propaganda windfall. Rostow's dismissal, reported TASS, the official Soviet news agency, "can be viewed abroad as another evidence of utter confusion in the Reagan Administration's approach to the question of restricting the arms race."

By late last week Reagan was so alarmed at the impression that his Administration had lost its sense of direction on arms control that he called a sudden press conference specifically to deny that this was so. After terming arms control the "most important undertaking of our generation," he added: "Our allies should not be . . . concerned about whether we're lacking in determination or whether we are, indeed, in disarray. We're not."

The dustup over weapons policy came just as Reagan was trying to dispel a similar impression of disarray on important domestic issues. He spent much of the week grappling with ways to reduce the deficit-swollen federal budget and nudging a blue-ribbon commission toward a compromise on the politically explosive question of restoring the solvency of the Social Security system (*see following sto-*

Pershing II missile in Texas test

was heightened by the resignation of Richard Schweiker as Secretary of Health and Human Services, and by word that Tennessee Republican Senator Howard Baker, the Senate majority leader and Reagan's point man on the Hill, may not run again in 1984—except possibly for President, in the event Reagan decides not to seek re-election.

The shake-up at ACDA will inevitably set back the already faltering U.S. effort to come up with a coherent and credible negotiating posture at the Intermediate-range Nuclear Forces talks, which resume Jan. 27 in Geneva. The Soviet aim there is to prevent the U.S. from deploying Pershing II and ground-launched cruise missiles in Europe later this year. A strong peace movement on the Continent, supported by some U.S. advocates of a bilateral freeze on nuclear weapons, also opposes such deployment. In November 1981 Reagan proposed his "zero option," under which the U.S. would forgo this positioning of missiles that could strike the Soviet Union if the Kremlin would agree to dismantle all 350 of its SS-20 missiles, many of which are aimed at targets in Western Europe.

The Administration has clung to this bargaining position, even though it is widely viewed by arms experts as inherently unacceptable to the Soviet Union. The proposal is unreasonable, they say, not only because the U.S.S.R. would have to dismantle missiles already deployed while the U.S. makes only paper reductions, but also because French and British missiles would not be affected. France is not part of the NATO military alliance and maintains an independent arsenal of 98 intermediate-range missiles, most of them trained on the Soviet Union; Britain, though a member of the alliance, also has its own force of 64 missiles.

Rostow, a conservative Democrat, former State Department official and longtime professor at Yale University Law School, came under fire from the White House last summer when he and Paul Nitze, the INF negotiator whom Rostow supervised, recommended that the U.S. pursue an informal proposal that Nitze had discussed with Yuli Kvitsinsky, the Soviet INF negotiator at Geneva. As one Administration official recalls, it offered "the glimmer of a damned good outcome." William Clark, Reagan's National Security Adviser, criticized both Rostow and Nitze for not staying in closer

contact with the White House. Nitze responded with a question, "How can you negotiate with a guy if you can't talk to him?" After the incident, contends one American official, "there was a noticeable hardening of the Soviet position."

Rostow had other problems with the White House. It undercut his attempt to appoint the man he wanted as his deputy, Robert Grey, a career State Department official, choosing to give in to the challenge of a few conservative Republican Senators, including North Carolina's Jesse Helms. Reagan, in fact, finally dropped Grey's name from consideration. White House aides leaked word that this was really a ploy to get Rostow angry enough to quit. They maintained that Rostow treated the President with professorial condescension, was too prickly to deal with and offered his opinions on matters beyond his official duties. They were especially irritated by Rostow's objections to parts of the Administration's Middle East policy, including the sale of sophisticated U.S. aircraft to Arab nations. Rostow was talked by aides out of quitting over the Grey nomination with the argument that "you shouldn't resign on personnel matters; you resign on issues."

Rostow's personal fate was hardly a matter of great national concern. But then Andropov shrewdly stepped up pressure on the U.S. to abandon its zero-option position. He first indicated that he might be willing to move as many as a hundred SS-20 missiles east of the Ural Mountains into Asia, leaving only about 160 in the western region of the U.S.S.R., roughly equal to the number of French and British missiles. This was unacceptable to the U.S., since the two allies' missiles do not come under American control. Moreover, the Soviet offer was not as generous as it sounded; each SS-20 has three warheads to only one on the French and British missiles. Another snare: the SS-20 is mobile, and in a crisis could be returned to its original position and targeted on Europe.

Andropov next hinted to Hans-Jochen Vogel, the West German Social Democratic Party's candidate for Chancellor, that he might be willing to dismantle an unspecified number of the SS-20s. Vogel last week said that Andropov also told him that numbers of warheads, rather than just numbers of missiles, could be considered in seeking an overall arms agreement in the European theater.

All of those Andropov proposals presumably will be on the table in Geneva. Last week Rostow asked for an appointment with Secretary of State George Shultz, who is above the semiautonomous arms control agency in the federal bureaucracy, to discuss possible U.S. responses to the Soviets. Instead, Shultz took the occasion to solemnly inform Rostow that the White House had lost confidence in him and wanted his resignation. The stunned Rostow, who is on crutches from a hip operation, went back to his office and told two aides, "I've been sacked." He wrote a brief resignation letter to the President.

Rostow's dismissal was engineered by Clark, who advised Reagan earlier in the week that the professor should be replaced, mainly because he was too difficult to deal with. "It was a personality problem," contends one arms control specialist. "Rostow had a whole lot of enemies and a paucity of friends." Said Reagan to Clark: "Fine, let's do it." The firing was delayed only long enough to find a replacement. Ironically, Adelman, who had served as Deputy Representative at the United Nations under U.S. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, is a friend of Rostow's. Both had served on the Committee on the Present Danger, a private group that has lobbied for greater U.S. military strength.

The Administration moved quickly to try to counter the notion that there was now a vacuum in decision making on arms control. While Adelman *(see box)* awaits a Senate confirmation process that may be rough ("The hearings will be a theater for a full debate on U.S. arms control policy," predicts an Administration official), James L. George, an obscure assistant director of the ACDA, ostensibly will take charge. Selection of the inexperienced Adelman seemed to suggest that the agency's work was being downgraded so that Shultz could assume a broader role in arms policy. The danger, of course, was that the Soviets could use Adelman's nomination as proof that the U.S. does not take the arms talks seri-

Reagan at a hastily called press conference: "We'll consider every serious proposal"

ously. Shultz dramatized his increased involvement by appearing unexpectedly in a State Department briefing room to declare that "we have the situation firmly under control." He announced that his own deputy, Kenneth Dam, will take over "day-to-day policy guidance" of ACDA. "If it is ultimately viewed in Europe that Shultz has won a big battle over [Defense Secretary Caspar] Weinberger," says one Administration official, "that will be a big plus for us." Agrees a high West German official: "Shultz is the only person who can pull the American act together."

The White House may have as much trouble reassuring moderates at home. Part of their nervousness stems from Shultz's unfamiliarity with the nuclear debate. "The Secretary is just learning, the professionals at ACDA are gone, and there is no expertise at all at the White House," laments one State Department official. "But we do have very knowledgeable experts at the Pentagon who also happen to be intransigent and inflexible." As another State Department official noted ruefully: "They won."

Reagan's real intentions at Geneva remain concealed from public view. "He's very much involved, and he's the boss," said Shultz last week. But it is unclear whether the President truly wants to negotiate an agreement on missiles in Europe or is merely maneuvering to achieve what the Soviet leaders are determined to prevent: the deployment of those new missiles in Europe. But why should the Administration make a sham of the negotiating process? By repeatedly proclaiming that it is interested in serious bargaining while at the same time refusing to budge from its unrealistic zero-option idea, the U.S. is letting the Soviets score unchallenged and important propaganda points in Europe. The U.S. faces a Hobson's choice of accepting a compromise on Soviet terms or abandoning the bargaining pretext and trying to deploy the Pershing IIs and cruise missiles, assuming that deployment remains politically possible in West Germany.

Rostow after his dismissal

The Administration has needlessly let itself become boxed in. So long as the Soviet Union can appear willing to compromise, while the U.S. is made to look unbending in the face of any arms control agreement, the Soviets can achieve their cynical negotiating goals. America's NATO allies do not sit at the table in Geneva, but they do exercise a practical veto over the outcome. West Germany, in particular, is involved in an emotional debate over nuclear arms. While the Soviet negotiations could stall, NATO leaders would find it hard to risk the political heat of accepting the American missiles. "What the Americans need is more skill in presenting their case," one diplomat in Bonn observed bluntly last week. "Let's face it, we're not in a security argument, we're in a political debate."

At his suddenly called Friday press conference, Reagan described the personnel shifts at the arms control agency as "a few management changes so that we'll have a streamlined team in place through which we can reach decisions promptly and get results in the Geneva talks." Declared the President: "Let there be no doubt, we are ready, we'll consider every serious proposal and we have the determination to succeed."

But would Reagan explore alternatives to his zero-option proposal, a reporter inquired. The President, reasonably enough, replied that he could not discuss such options in public because then "you've tied your hands with regard to attaining anything." The trouble with the answer, however, was that Reagan's rival in the Kremlin has been talking quite openly about negotiating positions—and tying Reagan up in knots. Preposterous as it seems to Americans, Andropov is managing to portray the Soviet Union as the superpower most concerned about controlling nuclear weapons. *—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Strobe Talbott and Gregory Wierzynski/Washington*

Leery of the Soviets

The job: chief of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, one of the most sensitive and intellectually demanding in the Administration. The man chosen to fill it: Kenneth Adelman, for the past 17 months a relatively obscure deputy to U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick. The reaction to the appointment: utter surprise. Says an Administration official: "It's mind-boggling."

A pipe-smoking man with a passion for Shakespeare, Adelman is a relatively pragmatic Republican who shares President Reagan's abiding mistrust of the Soviet Union. Adelman is convinced, says a former associate, that the U.S. "must negotiate from strength." One Western diplomat calls his speeches at the U.N. "some of the most ferocious language heard around here since the cold war."

Adelman grew up in Chicago, the son of an attorney, and graduated from Grinnell College in Iowa. He went on to get a master's degree and Ph.D. from Georgetown University under the tutelage of then Professor Jeane Kirkpatrick. His Ph.D. thesis was based on a three-year stint in Zaïre, where his wife was a public health specialist for the Agency for International Development. In 1976 and '77 Adelman worked as a special assistant to then Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, his political mentor. Adelman served on Reagan's transition team, then returned to his post as a strategic analyst at SRI International, a private think tank.

When a job opened up at the U.N. in the summer of 1981, Kirkpatrick hired her former student. But his relations with Kirkpatrick had become strained, U.N. insiders say, and he found himself with little to do except serve on the disarmament committee. Kirkpatrick was reportedly irritated by Adelman's brash writings, including an article in *Harper's* that compared the "royal incompetence" of Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere with Shakespeare's Richard II. Members of the U.S. mission talk about "the Ken problem," his tendency to promote simple solutions to complex issues. "He bubbles over with ideas," says a colleague, "and many of them are bad."

DIANA WALKER

Kenneth Adelman

The New Right claimed Adelman's nomination as a victory. Senator Jesse Helms, who fought Eugene Rostow's moves toward flexibility, pronounced himself "very encouraged." But White House aides say that Adelman will take a moderate stance. Suggests one Administration insider: "Adelman can do three things Rostow couldn't. He will be able to get along with the Defense Department, the State Department and the White House."

Down with the Deficits

Reagan begins to ease his stance on taxes and arms cuts

If Hollywood were to make a movie of the budget drama now being enacted inside the White House, it might well be titled *Reagan Faces Reality*. Reluctantly, imperfectly and very belatedly, to be sure. Nonetheless, the key decisions taken last week in an eleventh-hour overhaul of the budget that goes to Congress on Jan. 31 seem likely to meet a modest but all-important goal: enabling Ronald Reagan to present a set of deficit projections for fiscal 1984 and later years that will serve as a starting point for a serious effort to stem the tide of red ink before it drowns prospects for a lasting economic recovery.

To accomplish even that much, the President had to back away from some of his most cherished beliefs about military spending and taxes. He denied stoutly that he was doing any such thing and, in fact, seemed to be largely unaware of the economic and political stakes. Nettled by charges in the press that his Administration was "in disarray" and losing its direction, Reagan charged at his Friday meeting with newsmen that the disarray was in the minds of reporters who were printing tentative budget proposals as hard-and-fast decisions. He added, "I do not believe that, philosophically, I have changed at all."

But it was difficult to read any other meaning into last week's three major decisions. They were:

1) To reduce planned military spending by $8 billion in fiscal 1984, lowering it to $239 billion. About half the cut would result from a decline in inflation, especially an expected continuing drop in the cost of buying fuel for ships, tanks and planes. The rest would come from cancellation of a 7.6% pay increase for 2.1 million soldiers, sailors and airmen that had been scheduled for Oct. 1 and miscellaneous "program changes," probably including such items as less steaming time for Navy vessels and postponements in building of military housing.

The military cuts pleased no one. Congressmen and Senators stormed that the reductions would be both too small (military outlays would still rise by more than 14% above the current fiscal year) and wrongly focused. Hawks and doves joined in the worry that scrapping the pay increase would endanger the ability of the military forces to persuade skilled people to re-enlist. They contended that the Administration might do better to cancel or delay some expensive weapons-buying programs. Even the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who were not consulted on the reductions, took that line. Air Force Chief of Staff General Charles Gabriel grumbled to reporters that the Chiefs would prefer to buy fewer weapons rather than cancel the pay boost.

The decision marked a sharp turn in White House thinking. Though Reagan had always insisted that military spending must be exempt from budgetary restraints, he is now proposing a reduction for the sole purpose of shrinking the deficit. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, who fought against the cuts and lost, made that reasoning explicit. Ashen-faced and biting off his words, Weinberger declared, "If it were not for the deficit, we would not have any suggestion that we not carry out the full program."

2) To propose a freeze on many types of nonmilitary spending. The President is almost sure to recommend holding unchanged the salaries of 2 million federal civilian employees, who were expecting a 4% raise next October. In addition, he is likely to propose delaying for at least six months, and possibly for as long as a year, cost of living increases that would otherwise be triggered automatically in a wide range of federal "entitlement" programs. Some samples, besides Social Security, might be pensions for veterans, federal civilian employees and railroad workers. While this proposal is fully compatible with the Reagan philosophy, it constitutes an admission that the President cannot narrow the deficit sufficiently by more reductions for such targeted social programs as food stamps and welfare, but must take more drastic action.

3) To ask Congress to enact huge standby tax increases to go into effect in 1986 if, and only if, deficits by then still seemed likely to exceed $100 billion a year or so. Current thinking is to propose new taxes calculated to take in approximately $100 billion over a three-year period. One would be a $7-per-bbl. tax on imported oil; a much more direct levy would be an income-tax surcharge of perhaps 8%. That is, every taxpayer would add up his or her bill under the rate schedules now written into law, then pay another 2% or 3%.

This proposal marks the sharpest break of all from Reaganite philosophy. The President does not see it that way; in his mind, he would only be proposing tax increases that would probably never take effect. But one of his bedrock principles has been that taxes must be steadily reduced as a proportion of national income. Now some of his subordinates are openly declaring that goal to be not only unattainable but undesirable. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan went so far last week as to insist that tax collections must increase from the current 18% of gross national product to 20% by 1986 if deficits are ever to be tamed.

Even with all these plans, the deficit would remain frighteningly large. The military-spending reductions and partial freeze on civilian programs, in combination with social-spending cuts that Reagan still hopes to wring out of Congress, would whack about $40 billion out of expenditures in the next fiscal year. But that

Illustration for TIME by Pat Oliphant

would still mean spending roughly $175 billion more than the Government could hope to collect in taxes. That deficit would be barely below the $180 billion to $185 billion now expected in fiscal 1983.

Hardly anyone in Washington entertains the illusion that Congress will be satisfied with so minor a reduction. The legislators are certain to ax far more than $8 billion from military outlays and to demand that arms purchases share in the slashes. Almost everyone on Capitol Hill seems to have a hit list of costly weapons that could be dumped without injuring national security.

Congress also is sure to insist on a quicker and surer shoring up of the revenue base than standby tax increases. There is strong sentiment among the Democrats, who control the House, to reduce, delay or even scrap the third stage of the tax cuts that Reagan pushed through Congress in 1981: a 10% drop in income tax rates that takes effect this July 1. And even some of Reagan's staunchest allies in the Republican-controlled Senate want to repeal the "indexing" provision of the 1981 tax law. Under indexing, tax brackets will be tied to the rate of inflation: beginning in October 1984, no taxpayer will be pushed into a higher bracket unless his income rises faster than prices do.

Reagan and Weinberger confer in the Oval Office on potential military spending cuts

No orders, even at the eleventh hour, but perhaps a hairbreadth escape from calamity.

Whatever its shortcomings, the outlook is a vast improvement over the chaos that threatened if Reagan had persisted in his original plan to send Congress a budget that contained no reductions in military spending, no changes in tax plans and estimates of spiraling deficits far into the future. Such a budget, says one House Republican, "would self-destruct in an hour." Congress would have rejected it out of hand and proceeded to write its own budget. Interminable wrangling would have further frightened the financial markets, probably causing interest rates to go up again, further delaying any recovery from the debilitating recession. Reagan would have forfeited all chance of exercising strong leadership through the second half of his term.

The problem for the White House staff, which foresaw that course of events, was to make the President see it. The staff put on a brilliantly orchestrated performance that nudged Reagan into changing his mind while still insisting that he was holding to his basic philosophy.

The first break came shortly after Reagan returned from a New Year's vacation in California. The chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, Martin Feldstein, greeted the President with a gloomy economic forecast. In its first two years, the Reagan Administration had made what turned out to be wildly optimistic predictions of economic growth. This time Feldstein was determined to err on the side of caution. He predicted a rise of a puny 1.4% in total national output between the end of 1982 and the fourth quarter of this year, an even more anemic recovery from recession than most private economists had anticipated

Feldstein and Budget Director David Stockman had carefully worked out the consequences in advance. They were shocking: a deficit of $215 billion or more in fiscal 1984, increasing to $288 billion in 1988. Reagan earlier had taken a not-to-worry attitude toward deficits, believing firmly that a robust economic recovery would shrink them. But when he heard the $288 billion figure, one aide recalls, he replied by saying, "We can't go to Congress with that."

The second step began two weeks ago, when Reagan loyalists in the newly elected Congress called on the President. White House Legislative Aide Kenneth Duberstein had learned their views in advance and worked out a coordinated presentation. Basically, the Representatives and Senators told Reagan that he must propose a reduction in military spending and some kind of tax changes in order to present a budget that Congress would even consider seriously. Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, Reagan's closest friend on Capitol Hill, made the deepest impression on the President. Laxalt advocated a standby tax increase and some kind of spending hold-down that, he warned Reagan, would have to include reductions in planned military outlays.

The G.O.P. legislators' advice reinforced what Reagan was hearing from his staff and Cabinet. Advocates such as White House Chief of Staff James Baker and Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver, who had earlier proposed deficit-reducing steps and been rebuffed by the President, sat back and let others do the talking. Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese for the first time argued strongly for slower increases in military spending. Secretary of State George Shultz, a newcomer to budget councils, whose advice as a professional economist Reagan highly respects, artfully mused about ways in which military outlays could be reduced if only Weinberger agreed that they would not damage national security.

Weinberger indeed was the key: if he continued to hold out for the full scheduled increase in military spending, the whole package, including a partial civilian-spending freeze and standby tax increases, would have fallen apart. Reagan, who maintained an essentially passive attitude through the whole affair, never directly ordered Weinberger to look for savings in defense outlays. But the Secretary of Defense saw how Reagan's consensus was shaping up, and volunteered to look for some savings. He reported back with some last week, but continued to argue for a military pay raise of at least 4%.

By then, however, Reagan had already decided on a pay freeze for nonuniformed federal employees. He told Weinberger, "Look, we can't go up there and cut everybody else's increases without cutting military pay." Even at that last moment, the President gave no orders. Instead, as silence fell over the group, Stockman penciled the prospective savings from a military pay freeze into a draft budget document and, said one White House aide, "that was the end of it."

Well, not quite. There is still some fear among Reagan's staff that the President will have second thoughts this week, the final deadline for decision if the budget message is to be printed on schedule. But the majority opinion within the White House is that the Administration has pulled off a hairbreadth escape from calamity. Says one aide: "We are in the game. Now we have a package that sets the agenda." Maybe, and if so, just barely —*By George J. Church. Reported by Douglas Brew and John F. Stacks/Washington*

Why go through the three-estimate shuffle when you can do the Allstate one-step?

When you have a fender bender, a lot of insurance companies give you a song and dance and send you out for three estimates. By the time you round them up and shuffle back in, you know why they asked *you* to do it.

But with Allstate as your partner, the old one-two-three becomes a simple one-step.

All you do is go to one of our drive-in claim centers.* We can give you a computerized estimate and settlement on the spot. Fast and fair.

So choose a partner that can take you away from the three-estimate shuffle. With Allstate, claim service is as simple as...one.

Allstate
You're in good hands.

*Where laws and regulations allow. Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, Illinois

Close Call for Social Security

A bipartisan commission hammers out compromise measures

For the bipartisan National Commission on Social Security Reform, the race to meet its Jan. 15 deadline for agreement on proposals to save the ailing Social Security system was a photo finish. "You may be collecting your Social Security before we finish this commission, but I assure you it will be there when the time comes," quipped Democratic Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York as he entered Blair House, the capital's official guest residence for visiting statesmen, where the eleventh-hour negotiations took place. Administration officials, led by White House Chief of Staff James Baker, conferred on and off with various combinations of commission members throughout the panel's last official day of existence. The group finally reached a compromise agreement that satisfied a majority of the commission's 15 members and had the blessings of the President and Thomas P. O'Neill, Speaker of the Democratic-controlled House, several hours short of midnight. Said a tired but pleased Alan Greenspan, a Republican economist and chairman of the commission: "All of us swallowed hard."

The negotiations had become deadlocked over the proper mix of tax increases (generally favored by Democrats) and benefit cuts (generally favored by Republicans). The final days of deliberation had all the hallmarks of shuttle diplomacy. A coterie of four prominent commission members, Republican Senator Robert Dole of Kansas, Moynihan, Republican Congressman Barber Conable of New York and former Social Security Commissioner Robert Ball, huddled repeatedly with Baker, Budget Director David Stockman and other Administration officials to hammer out a package of compromises. Half a block away, at the commission's offices, five conservative members, headed by Republican Senator William Armstrong of Colorado, chairman of the Senate Social Security Subcommittee, held sessions aimed at countering the emerging accord, which, they charged, relied too heavily on new taxes and too little on spending cuts. Greenspan, who had assumed the role of mediator in the panel's past imbroglios, scurried between the two camps, urging concessions. Armstrong, Republican Congressman Bill Archer of Texas and Democratic former Congressman Joe Waggoner of Louisiana were the only members to oppose the final agreement. "Increased taxes account for 75% of the deficit reductions," fumed Armstrong.

The reform package put together by the commission working group and Administration officials would produce $169 billion in revenue, enough to keep the system solvent through the 1980s. A key provision would accelerate hikes in the 6.7% payroll tax, to 7% in 1984; to 7.15% in 1986; 7.5% in 1988; and 7.65% in 1990. This is expected to raise an additional $40 billion in revenue from 1983 to 1989. Late in the negotiations, however, a major snag developed over a companion provision that would give workers an offsetting income tax credit for these extra payments in 1984. "The tax-credit idea is about the poorest part of this proposal," said Senator Armstrong, who denounced it as deficit deepening.

JEFF TAYLOR

Moynihan, left, Dole and Commission Chairman Greenspan, inset

Deliberations with all the hallmarks of shuttle diplomacy.

President Reagan, who as recently as three weeks ago refused to indicate his specific preferences for Social Security reforms, sent the panel a long-awaited, though faint, signal that helped win Republican support for the tax speedup. In a speech to the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco, Chief of Staff Baker said that the President, despite his "abhorrence" of tax increases, "might consider some acceleration" of the already scheduled payroll tax hikes in exchange for a slowdown in benefits. The statement freed congressional Republicans on the commission, who up till then had been in an impossible position: if they recommended tax increases denounced by Reagan, they would have had to defy the President or later repudiate in Congress their own commission proposal.

Other compromise recommendations include a provision to bring all new federal employees into the system starting in 1984; nonprofit organizations, which now may elect not to participate in Social Security, will also be covered. The new contributors are expected to generate $20 billion in revenue. Also starting in 1984, half of Social Security benefits will be treated as taxable income for all individuals whose annual incomes exceed $20,000 or couples above $25,000, a move expected to raise $30 billion. Self-employed people, who now pay into Social Security at a rate of 9.35%, only three-fourths the total assessed for employer and employee combined, will pay the full rate. This will net $18 billion. The self-employed, however, will get an income tax credit. On the benefits side, the commission agreed to delay until Jan. 1, 1984, the cost of living increase scheduled for July 1, 1983, a change that will save the system about $40 billion.

Over the next 75 years, according to commission estimates, Social Security faces a deficit of $1.6 trillion, a byproduct of the "baby boom" generation's reaching its retirement years. One long-term recommendation included in the compromise package would slowly increase the bonus for delaying retirement over a 20-year period, starting in 1990.

The commission's recommendations are expected to be incorporated into the President's fiscal 1984 budget and his State of the Union address, both scheduled for late January. Legislative debate, which begins Feb. 1 in the House Ways and Means Committee, promises to be fierce. The report, says an aide to House Speaker O'Neill, "is not the end of the game by any means. Any scheme will be hotly debated and tested." Federal employee unions have already launched a campaign against the inclusion of Government workers in the Social Security system, which is less generous than their own retirement system. Business and labor lobbies are expected to try to overturn the advanced increases in payroll taxes, contending that employers and workers are already overburdened with taxes. Senior citizens groups may protest the slowdown of benefit increases. Whatever the pressures on Congress, something must be done to salvage the system before July 1, when it is scheduled to go bankrupt in the absence of remedial legislation. —*By Susan Tifft.*

Reported by Hays Gorey/Washington

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Kings: 2 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report December 1981.
When you know what counts.
Kent III
KENT III
ULTRA LOW TAR
Satisfying Taste
2 mg
Experience taste you can count on in an ultra low tar.

95 calories
never tasted
so
imported.
IMPORTED
AMSTEL
light
Van Munching & Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.
Exclusive importers of Amstel Light

Health Leave

Schweiker quits the Cabinet

When he was appointed two years ago by President-elect Reagan to lead the Department of Health and Human Services, Richard Schweiker, 56, wanted to be remembered as the Cabinet member who put preventive medicine at the top of the nation's health agenda. He will probably be better known, however, as the man who attempted to trim federal welfare rolls and overhaul Medicare and formally presented the Administration's plan to reduce Social Security benefits, a proposal that went down in a flurry of controversy.

Last week Schweiker announced that he was resigning his $80,100-a-year post to become president of the American Council of Life Insurance, a lobbying group that represents 572 of the nation's life insurance companies. He will be succeeded at the agency (1983 budget: $276 billion) by Margaret Heckler, 51, a moderate Republican who served eight terms as Representative from Massachusetts until her defeat last November. Schweiker, whose new salary is reported to be in the low six figures, startled the White House with his sudden departure. Said a presidential aide: "It came as a surprise even to Dick. The council offer came out of the blue."

Schweiker served for 20 years as a Congressman and Senator from Pennsylvania and was Reagan's vice-presidential running mate in 1976. A staunch advocate of basic medical research, he successfully defended the National Institutes of Health and the Public Health Service against cuts proposed by the Office of Management and Budget.

Schweiker

Heckler

Heckler, a scrappy, hard-nosed politician, will be the second woman to join the Cabinet, after Elizabeth Dole, who begins her job as Transportation Secretary next month. Heckler's past criticisms of the President's economic program and her support of the Equal Rights Amendment have led some hard-core conservatives to doubt her ideological purity. Heckler is expected to play an important role in selling Congress on solutions to such volatile issues as abortion and Social Security. But she has questioned the effectiveness of an HHS proposal requiring that parents be notified when minors receive contraceptives from federal family-planning clinics. Meanwhile, she is making no secret about where her loyalties lie. Said Heckler: "I will be the President's Secretary of Health and Human Services, and implementing his goals will be my priority." ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Persuading the President

Peterson: tapping frustrations of millions

One of the members of Congress who goes down to the White House regularly to see the President has been fascinated these past few days, watching the struggle between the two men who live inside the durable body of Ronald Reagan. There is the after-dinner rouser with his cue-card homilies, still struggling to assert himself in a profligate world. Then there is this other fellow, who, when he at last stirs himself, can recognize reality: like 12 million unemployed and a possible $200 billion deficit.

Right now, this Congressman sees a President who is a little stunned by the rush of events and almost ready to heed his advisers and friends. Ronald Reagan may rescue his presidency by a deft and pragmatic turn. But it is going to be a close thing at the very best.

All the catcalls from big Democrats, the lofty sniffs by editorial writers and the fulminations of academics during the past two years have been quite normal and not lethal. The familiar fusillade is from the individual and institutionalized opposition. As long as Reagan's broad center held the faith, he could exercise power and did. But something changed in the past few weeks. Patience ran out in the middle. A lot of people who live out there on their wits and energy began to take matters into their hands. It is a phenomenon as old as the Republic and one of its greatest strengths.

"Government is not the system," says the wise and amiable G.O.P. Congressman from New York Barber Conable. "We keep forgetting that in Washington. Government can help. But for the most part Government is behind the curve. It responds to the people." The people now are moving away from Reagan in blocs, weakening his base of power. If there is no change soon, his presidency will be largely ceremonial for the next two years.

Peter G. Peterson, chairman of New York's Lehman Bros. Kuhn Loeb and a former Secretary of Commerce, is not exactly one of those plain people, despite his Nebraska heritage. But when he formed a coalition urging both the President and Congress to face this economic crisis with a realistic program to reduce the huge deficits, he tapped the frustrations of millions of small and big businessmen, bankers, teachers, accountants, lawyers and editors. Peterson, who never really intended it that way, has taken a sizable chunk of presidential authority through an impulse that was inspired last spring by the native American realization that "something needs to be done."

What has always saved this country, and will again in some fashion, is that sort of natural concern and the freedom to indulge it. Ronald Reagan's presidency can come along or not, but the rest of the country is moving. In the Senate, which is crucial to Reagan's success, the same kind of thing has happened. Republican Senators, under the guidance of Majority Leader Howard Baker, are going to go on trying to persuade the President that he must search for new revenue from the middle and upper classes and seek savings in defense and entitlement programs. If he does not, Senators like Kansas' Robert Dole will take over the job that their constituencies are telling them should be done. A thousand other small actions in state government and city councils echo this refrain.

The President's plummeting standing with top businessmen (down 31% in a year), farmers, women and a lot of others, is a kind of message to Reagan to drop the tedious technical arguments about what is and what is not Reaganism. Since when was a $200 billion deficit more of a Reagan program than a delay in a tax cut? That makes no sense, as Peterson suggested, and things that make no sense are not things that Americans like.

Johnson, Nixon and Carter were all outrun by events and brushed aside within the past 20 years. Each time, the decline began when friends and supporters in the center found their appeals ignored and went off on their own because something needed to be done.

Lost Leader

Howard Baker to step down

SAY IT AIN'T SO, HOWARD, wired Senator Robert Dole of Kansas to his Republican colleague from Tennessee, Majority Leader Howard Baker. Last week Baker refused either to confirm or to deny reports that he did not plan to run for reelection to the Senate in 1984. "I am in the process of trying to decide what my future will be," he said Saturday at the inaugural festivities for Tennessee Governor Lamar Alexander.

In Washington it is not an everyday occurrence to see a man at the height of power consider relinquishing it. Pundits and politicians immediately assumed that Baker was beginning a run for the White House, if not in '84, then certainly in '88. But Baker's real reasons, like the man himself, may be more complicated.

Baker, 57, was elected to the Senate in 1966, after one unsuccessful campaign and a profitable career as a lawyer. His fairness and humor made him a national figure during the 1973 televised Watergate hearings. After a halfhearted try for the presidential nomination in 1980, Baker concluded, "You have to be unemployed to run for President," a remark that helped fuel speculation last week.

Admired and liked by Senators on both sides of the aisle, Baker has managed to be Reagan's man in the Senate without diminishing his own stature. Moreover, no one expects Baker's effectiveness as Senate mediator to be lessened if he becomes a lame duck. As his best friend in the Senate, Richard Lugar (Republican, Indiana) says, "There are people who need his patience, his ability to listen to all the guff, through all the tedium." But a Baker departure would affect his role as White House lieutenant. "The President's going to have to do his own selling," says a Republican Senator. "We'll be less inclined to put our careers on the line for the Gipper."

News of Baker's possible retirement sent a quiver through ambitious Republicans. Among those mentioned to succeed Baker as G.O.P. Senate leader in 1985: Dole, Lugar, Pete Domenici (New Mexico) and Senate Whip Ted Stevens (Alaska). In Tennessee the most likely contenders for Baker's Senate seat are Congressman Albert Gore Jr. and Governor Alexander.

Baker denied last week that he was trying to push President Reagan into a disclosure of his intentions for 1984. Said the Senator: "One thing I would make clear is that it does not in any way represent a challenge or a signal or a message to President Reagan." According to his aides, Baker's presidential plans are firmly dated 1988—unless, of course, President Reagan decides not to run for reelection in 1984. If that happens, other G.O.P. presidential aspirants, such as Vice President George Bush, Congressman Jack Kemp of New York and Senator Dole, wait in the wings. As one White House aide worried out loud, "I see an urgency in the President's making his intentions known. I think he needs to give a clear signal. Dole, Baker and Kemp right now aren't sure what's going on, but they aren't going to allow the year to drag on and give Bush the leg up."

Baker's uncertainty was not sudden, but was apparent as long ago as 1978. "Howard likes to wax nostalgic about the idea of the citizen-legislator," says Senator Lugar, referring to Baker's vision of

Tennessee Senator in a relaxed mood

Only the unemployed can run for President.

responsible representatives in constant touch with the grass roots, who would do their duty and then step aside. Less romantically, Baker, a rich man when he came to the Senate, wants to replenish his personal coffers. His wife of 31 years, Joy, was successfully operated on last year for lung cancer. A pragmatic, contradictory, intensely private man, who once promised, "I'll be a political President, but I will try to ennoble politics," Baker may also have simply found the pressures of last December's lameduck session (which he strongly advised Reagan against) too much for a reasonable man to bear.

Whatever Baker's motives, he has focused attention on the Administration's vulnerability. There are omens like the Gallup polls that show Reagan as far less popular at mid-term than other recent Presidents. "Baker believes this is going to be a very tough year for the President and that he will lose his leadership edge," says a White House aide, who adds, "There's a real smell in this town that Reagan is not going to run." The President himself, despite the image of vultures circling the Oval Office, remains characteristically easygoing about the fuss. But in Washington, Baker's unexpected public musing about leaving the Senate has been taken as a signal that the jockeying for position in 1984 has already begun in the back rooms of the Republican Party. ■

Easing Burdens

A grab bag of farm plans

With farm bankruptcies at the highest level since the Great Depression, and crop prices and agricultural incomes at a ten-year low, the nation's farmers are fighting to survive. In Dallas last week, President Reagan announced a grab bag of new federal plans to ease their burden. Speaking to some 5,000 members of the American Farm Bureau Federation, the country's largest farm organization, he said, "Because these are unusual and critical times ... we don't have to stand around chewing our cud. To the American farmer, let me say, help is on the way."

During his 20-minute speech, Reagan outlined that aid. One program, scheduled to begin this spring, is payment in kind (PIK), which will give Government-owned grain and cotton to farmers who agree to idle more than 20% of their acreage. Farmers can then sell the giveaway grain or use it as feed. The Administration hopes that the move will reduce enormous surpluses and save from $3 billion to $5 billion in grain storage and loans over the next two years.

Another Reagan project will require the Government to honor farm-export contracts if deliveries are scheduled within 270 days of an announced Government embargo. Farmers thus can avoid the kind of damages they suffered when the Carter Administration banned grain sales to the Soviet Union in 1980 after that country invaded Afghanistan. Reagan also said that he plans a $250 million increase in export credits to help U.S. farmers compete for Third World markets.

The plans received mixed reviews. Texas Agriculture Commissioner Jim Hightower said farmers need "a long-term program that restricts production and raises commodity prices." Herbert Allen, a Monmouth, Ill., hog farmer, said the programs showed that "the President is dedicated to help us." But Wade Carson, 44, a Southern Illinois grain farmer, spoke for many when he said, "Even with PIK and the other programs, some of us aren't going to make it.". ■

Murder Charge

Arrest of a California feminist

Speeding down the Los Angeles freeway one morning last week to drop off a friend at Burbank airport, Ginny Foat was in high spirits. Her life was brimming with plans. President of the California chapter of the National Organization for Women and a respected figure in feminist and Democratic politics, Foat intended to go as a delegate to the Democratic state convention later in the week, attend law school next fall and, perhaps, pursue a political career. But her future was abruptly derailed by her past at the airport parking lot. Two policemen arrested Foat for the brutal murder of an Argentine businessman in New Orleans 17 years ago. Said she wearily: "I thought we'd been all through that."

It is the second time that Foat, born Virginia Galuzzo in Brooklyn 42 years ago, has been arrested for murder. Her case became an instant *cause célèbre* last week among irate feminists, who say police are harassing Foat because of her politics but offer no evidence to support their charge. In 1965, according to Louisiana police, Foat lured Buenos Aires Visitor Moises Chayo out of a Canal Street cocktail lounge where she worked as a waitress and drove him to a deserted road outside the city. Police allege that Foat and her then husband, John Sidote, a bouncer at the lounge who had been hiding in the trunk, bludgeoned Chayo to death with a tire iron and robbed him of $1,400.

The case went unsolved until 1977, when Sidote suddenly confessed to the Chayo murder as well as to a similar 1965 slaying of a San Francisco hotel executive in the Lake Tahoe, Nev., area. Sidote implicated Foat, from whom he was divorced in the late 1960s, in both crimes. Remarried and living in a Los Angeles suburb, Foat was arrested for the first time on May 25, 1977, for the Nevada murder. At the trial in Carson City, however, Sidote abruptly refused to testify against Foat, and the judge released her for lack of evidence. Louisiana police promptly rebooked her as a suspect in the New Orleans slaying. But, in one of the case's many twists, no formal indictment was sought, and Foat was released on a writ of habeas corpus. She returned to Los Angeles, where she ran a catering business. Years passed, and the two cases seemed closed. All along Foat had denied any involvement. She told NOW associates that Sidote, the second of her four husbands, was a violent man who, she claimed, frequently beat her up as they drifted across the country.

News of Foat's arrest stunned California's feminist and Democratic circles. Last year she ran a close but unsuccessful race for vice president of NOW's national organization, and associates carefully scrutinized her past. Said Midge Costanza, former aide to President Jimmy Carter: "We believe her to be completely innocent. They have regurgitated this whole mess for political reasons." California NOW issued a statement of support for Foat, and is raising funds for her defense. At her arraignment in Los Angeles last week, Judge Michael Tynan refused to set bail and initiated extradition proceedings. Her attorney, Robert Tuller, said Foat would fight extradition and plead innocent. He questioned the timing of the arrest, saying that police in Louisiana and Los Angeles have known Foat's identity all along. Police deny that claim. Said Detective Warren Egger of the Los Angeles fugitive section: "Until ten days ago, we didn't know Galuzzo and Foat were the same person. In this business, it is not uncommon to have the wanted person living right under your nose." ■

A glum Foat goes to court in Los Angeles
"I thought we'd been through all that."

Holy Terror

Eight die in a Memphis battle

When two Memphis policemen answered a routine call about a shoplifting suspect at a house in a working-class black neighborhood last week, they had no idea that seven members of a fanatical religious cult were waiting for them inside. Led by Lindberg Sanders, 49, a self-styled "black Jesus," the Bible-reading cultists considered police to be agents of the devil. Some 30 hours after the police visit, eight people lay dead, including a patrolman who had been held hostage and then beaten to death.

The trouble began Tuesday afternoon when officers visited the house at 2239 Shannon in response to a phone tip about a shoplifter. They failed to find the suspect. But later, they were called back to the brick and frame dwelling to answer a complaint from one of the cult members about the police's handling of the investigation. As two officers entered the house, the occupants jumped them, and shots were exchanged. One officer put out a call for help, which was answered by two more policemen. When all four officers were inside the house, a short gun battle took place. Three policemen escaped, but Patrolman Robert Hester, 34, a ten-year veteran of the force, was captured and held hostage.

At first, police reinforcements thought they could talk Hester's captors out. The officers barricaded the area, surrounded the cult headquarters and evacuated nearby buildings. Police established contact with Sanders over Hester's police radio. Nearly incoherent, Sanders repeatedly threatened to "blow [Hester's] head off." By midnight the batteries in the police radio had run down, and contact was maintained through a bullhorn and occasionally the telephone.

As the siege dragged on through the night, police reported that Sanders, an unemployed construction worker and father of four, believed that the world was scheduled to end early last week, and he had become deranged when it did not. It was also disclosed that Sanders had been treated for "a major psychotic disorder" at a psychiatric hospital and had stopped receiving treatment last month. He and his fellow religionists, one of whom was Sanders' 26-year-old son, refused to eat pork or drink water. Sanders had decorated the back of the house on Shannon with pink half moons and big yellow stars. On a tree in the yard hung a sign: WANTED FOR MURDER. MR. HOG. KNOWN ALIASES: PORK, SWINE, HOG, PIG.

By Wednesday morning, Sanders had permitted Officer Hester to shout from a window that he was all right. Police, meanwhile, began monitoring sounds in the house with boom microphones. Later that night they also moved a TACT force (a local SWAT team) into the area. Early Thursday morning, police at the listening devices heard Sanders say, "My daddy's dead, my brother's dead, and the devil's dead." Assuming that the "devil" meant Hester, police stormed the house with tear gas and gunfire. Within minutes the firefight was over. Hester's battered body was found just inside the door, with his arms handcuffed behind his back. Outside the house, several officers wept. One complained that police had waited too long to attack, saying, "They let him die. That's the bottom line." Said Police Spokesman Bob Graham: "I don't believe anybody who dealt with this could say that we didn't do everything possible to end it peacefully." ■

AP

Hester

COVER STORY

An Eye for an Eye

Death Row (pop. 1,137) may soon lose a lot more residents to the executioner

The chair is bolted to the floor near the back of a 12-ft. by 18-ft. room. You sit on a seat of cracked rubber secured by rows of copper tacks. Your ankles are strapped into half-moon-shaped foot cuffs lined with canvas. A 2-in.-wide greasy leather belt with 28 buckle holes and worn grooves where it has been pulled very tight many times is secured around your waist just above the hips. A cool metal cone encircles your head. You are now only moments away from death.

But you still have a few seconds left. Time becomes stretched to the outermost limits. To your right you see the mahogany floor divider that separates four brown church-type pews from the rest of the room. They look odd in this beige Zen-like chamber. There is another door at the back through which the witnesses arrive and sit in the pews. You stare up at two groups of fluorescent lights on the ceiling. They are on. The paint on the ceiling is peeling.

You fit in neat and snug. Behind the chair's back leg on your right is a cable wrapped in gray tape. It will sluice the electrical current to three other wires: two going to each of your feet, and the third to the cone on top of your head. The room is very quiet. During your brief walk here, you looked over your shoulder and saw early morning light creeping over the Berkshire Hills. Then into this silent tomb.

The air vent above your head in the ceiling begins to hum. This means the executioner has turned on the fan to suck up the smell of burning flesh. There is little time left. On your right you can see the waist-high, one-way mirror in the wall. Behind the mirror is the executioner, standing before a gray marble control panel with gauges, switches and a foot-long lever of wood and metal at hip level.

The executioner will pull this lever four times. Each time 2,000 volts will course through your body, making your eyeballs first bulge, then burst, and then broiling your brains . . .

That big old mahogany armchair is practically antique, but it still works. First used in 1890, it is the world's oldest and most prodigious electric chair: 695 convicted men and women died in its grip, nearly one a month for the better part of a century. For most of those years it was housed at Sing Sing, contributing to that place's hellhole notoriety. Now it squats on the fourth floor of Green Haven prison in New York.

But the state has killed no one since the summer of 1963, when Eddie Lee Mays was electrocuted at Sing Sing. And for some time to come, this prototypical electric chair with the flip nickname ("Old Sparky") seems likely to remain nothing more than a grim curiosity. The state's new Governor, Mario Cuomo, promises to veto any capital-punishment statute the New York legislature passes, just as his predecessor did every chance he got.

But New York is not typical of these angry times. The country's decade-long moratorium on capital punishment ended in 1977 when Gary Gilmore dared Utah to shoot him and, six years ago this week, Utah obliged. Five men have been executed since. One shared Gilmore's flashy passion for martyrdom: Jesse Bishop, who gunned down a newlywed during a casino holdup, practically volunteered for Nevada's gas chamber. Three were electrocuted: John Spenkelink in Florida, for killing a ne'er-do-well like himself; Steven Judy in Indiana, for strangling a motorist he waylaid and drowning her three children, ages two to five; and Frank Coppola in Virginia, for bludgeoning to death his robbery victim. Last month in Texas, Charlie Brooks Jr., the only black among the six, achieved a milestone when he became the first American ever executed by means of a drug overdose.

Other states seem anxious to get in step. Two weeks after Brooks was executed, Massachusetts became the 38th state with a death penalty on the books, and Oregon seems likely to become the 39th, 20 years after capital punishment was abolished there by popular vote.*

The national death-row population today is 1,137. That is 200 more than a year ago, twice as many as in 1979, and larger, moreover, than ever before. Florida alone has 189 death-row prisoners, Texas has 153, Georgia and California 118 each. The inmates include about a dozen teen-agers, 13 women (five of them in Georgia) and six soldiers. Half of the condemned are white.

The long-building public sentiment to get tough with violent criminals, to kill the killers, seems on the verge of putting the nation's 15 electric chairs, nine gas chambers, several gallows and *ad hoc* firing squads back to regular work. In addition, five states have a new and peculiarly American technique for killing, lethal anesthesia injections, which could increase public acceptance of executions. Experts on capital punishment, both pro and con, agree that as many as ten to 15 inmates could be put to death this year, a total not reached since the early 1960s. "People on death rows are simply running out of appeals," says the Rev. Joe Ingle, a prison activist and death-penalty opponent. "I fear we are heading toward a slaughter."

For years, the capital-punishment debate has been sporadic and mainly intramural—professor *vs.* professor, lawyer *vs.* lawyer—as executions took place only once or twice annually at most. Says Florida's Governor Robert Graham, who signed Spenkelink's death warrant in 1979: "We haven't enforced the death penalty much, so we've been able to avoid all the responsibilities that go with that experience."

But now an old array of tough questions—practical, legal, moral, even metaphysical—is being examined. Is the death penalty an effective, much less a necessary, deterrent to murder? Is it fair? That is, does it fall equally on the wealthy white surgeon represented by Edward Bennett Williams and the indigent black with court-appointed (and possibly perfunctory) counsel? Most fundamental, is it civilized to take a life in the name of justice?

Fear, pure and simple, is behind the new advocacy of the death penalty. Between 1960 and 1973, the U.S. homicide rate doubled, from 4.7 murders per 100,000 people to 9.4. The rate has leveled off considerably and stands at 9.8 per 100,000 today. (Other countries' rates are, by U.S. standards, amazingly low: England, 1.1, and Japan, 1.0, are typical.) No more precipitous increases are expected this century: criminologists believe that the murder spree of the '60s and early '70s was mostly the doing of World War II baby-boom children passing through their crime-prone years of adolescence and young adulthood. As it happened, the number of young people and cheap, readily available handguns burgeoned at the same time. Handguns are used in 50% of U.S. murders.

But a U.S. public that has felt terrorized by murderers and thugs is unreceptive to promises that the worst may be over and understandably finds the current level of violent crime intolerable. According to a Gallup poll last fall, 72% of Americans now favor capital punishment, up from just 42% in 1966. "People are frightened and upset about crime in the streets," says William Bailey, a Cleveland State University sociologist. "Nothing seems to be done to solve the problem, so the feeling grows that if we

*Other states now without a death penalty: Alaska, Hawaii, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Rhode Island, West Virginia and Wisconsin

New York's electric chair: the world's first, "Old Sparky" executed its inaugural convict in 1890 and 694 others over 73 years, a record

Photographs for TIME by Eddie Adams

"I Didn't Like Nobody"

On the night of June 3, 1973, a Chevrolet Caprice, driven by a woman, was forced off Interstate 57 in southern Cook County, Ill., by a car carrying four men. One of them pointed a 12-gauge pump shotgun at her, ordered her to strip and then to climb through a barbed-wire fence at the side of the road. As she begged for her life, her assailant thrust the shotgun barrel into her vagina and fired. After watching her agonies for several minutes, he finished her off with a blast to the throat. Less than an hour later, the marauding motorists stopped another car and told the man and woman inside it to get out and lie down on the shoulder of the road. The couple pleaded for mercy, saying that they were engaged to be married in six months. The man with the shotgun said, "Kiss your last kiss," then shot both of them in the back, killing them. The total take from three murders and two robberies: $54, two watches, an engagement ring and a wedding band.

The man ultimately convicted of the "I-57 murders" now sits confined in the Menard Condemned Unit, the official name for death row in the Illinois prison system. Yet Henry Brisbon Jr., 28, does not face execution for those three killings nearly ten years ago. Illinois' death penalty was invalidated in 1972 and was not restored until 1977, the year that Brisbon was finally brought to trial. At that time, the judge sentenced him to a term of 1,000 to 3,000 years in prison. It took Brisbon less than one year to kill again, this time stabbing a fellow inmate at Stateville Correctional Center with the sharpened handle of a soup ladle. At the trial for this murder, Will County State's Attorney Edward Petka described Brisbon as "a very, very terrible human being, a walking testimonial for the death penalty." The jury agreed.

Brisbon's eleven months on death row have been quiet, compared with his Stateville years, when he took part in 15 attacks on inmates and guards, instigated at least one prison riot, trashed a courtroom during a trial and hit a warden with a broom handle. "I'm no bad dude," he says, "just an antisocial individual." The third of 13 children, Brisbon thinks that his upbringing by a strict black Muslim father made him different: "I was taught to be a racist and not like whites. As I grew up, I decided I didn't like nobody."

Brisbon has 90 well-supervised minutes each day outside his small (7 ft. 7 in. by 5 ft. 10 in.) cell. He works out with weights, keeping his 155 lbs. (on a 5-ft. 9-in. frame) in shape. He complains about his confinement: "Can't take two steps in this cage. It's inhuman. And that dull-ass color blue on the walls in no way brightens my life." He has devised a novel idea about judicial reform: "All this talk about victims' rights and restitution gets me. What about my family? I'm a victim of a crooked criminal system. Isn't my family entitled to something?" The shadow of the death penalty does not faze him: "I don't see that happening to me. What would killing me solve? Isn't that just another murder? If I got to die, it's going to be of natural causes." The state of Illinois thinks otherwise. Says Michael Ficaro, who prosecuted the I-57 case: "On the day he dies in the chair at Stateville, I plan to be there to see that it's done. Nobody I've heard of deserves the death penalty more than Henry Brisbon."

can't cure murderers, something we *can* do is kill them." Jim Jablonski, 44, a Chicago steelworker, speaks for a lot of furious citizens. "Murderers got to pay," he says. For him the next sentence follows self-evidently: "I say, fry the bastards."

Execution by injection may be too new to have its tough-guy slang like "fry." But last month outside the prison at Huntsville, Texas, the sentiment was the same. As Charlie Brooks waited to be injected, a crowd of 300 gathered to celebrate. Some of the pro-execution revelers, mostly college students, carried placards; KILL 'EM IN VEIN, said one. "Most of the people I know are for capital punishment," declared Paula Huffman, 21, a Sam Houston State University senior at the deathwatch. "And so am I. Definitely." Nevertheless, when the moment arrived, just after midnight, she and the rest of her shivering, smiling chums suddenly turned quiet and grave.

Historically, American executions were public, the last in Kentucky in 1936. Hanging was standard for 200 years, through the 1800s. More primitive means—burnings in particular—were extreme rarities even in the 17th century. Up until 1900, nearly all executions were carried out by local jurisdictions; lynchings were as frequent as legal hangings. But by the start of the Depression, state authorities had mostly taken over the grim chore.

At that time, the U.S. was hardly less murderous than it is today. In 1933 there were 9.7 homicides per 100,000 Americans, which is just shy of the 1981 figure. The murder rate began a steady decline in 1934, but judges and juries meted out death sentences at a ferocious clip for the rest of the '30s. As many as 200 people a year were legally executed, more than ever before or since in the U.S. During the '30s, and even through the '50s, executions were so routine that they merited at most a paragraph or two in out-of-town newspapers.

Not just murderers were put to death. Rapists were executed every year in the U.S. until 1965.* After 1930, there were 455 men executed for rape, most of them in the South and 89% of them black, a majority grotesquely out of proportion to black sexual offenses. Black murderers too were executed much more frequently than white killers, a pattern that prevailed through the 1960s.

*There is still one man condemned to die for a crime other than murder. Lucious Andrews, 31, sentenced in Florida in 1981 for the "sexual battery of a child."

Maryland's gas chamber: 14 people wait

After World War II, executions became less popular. The reduction was steady: 82 by 1950, 49 in 1959 and finally just two in 1967, one of whom was Aaron Mitchell, a California murderer denied clemency by then Governor Ronald Reagan. The nation's chairs, gallows and gas chambers were temporarily retired partly because judicial standards became more scrupulous—often after legal battles waged by the NAACP Legal Defense Fund (L.D.F.) and the American Civil Liberties Union—and, more ineffably, as an extension of two centuries of penal reform (*see box*). But most important, during the decade and a half after the war, the U.S. homicide rate stayed fairly constant and unalarming, never rising above 6.4 per 100,000 (in 1946). Year after year, there were roughly 8,000 killings (a third of the 1981 total), seemingly as predictable and steady as deaths from accidental drownings (5,000 a year) or falls (19,000). Americans felt unthreatened. They could afford the emotional luxury of indulging their instincts for reason. During 1964 and 1965, three states (Oregon, Iowa and West Virginia) abolished capital punishment, and Vermont narrowed its applicability mainly to those who murdered policemen or prison guards.

But in most places the retreat from capital punishment was not a formal, statutory change. At any one time no more than a third of the states have been without a death-penalty provision. It seems that Americans want it both ways, retaining the right to exterminate miscreants, as well as having the option not to exercise that awful power. It is easy and sometimes appealing to talk tough and demand mercilessness in the abstract. But to *really* "fry the bastards"? How many? Which ones? "What a person says on a public opinion poll," observes Thomas Reppetto, president of the Citizens Crime Commission of New York City, "and what they'll say on a jury, might well be two different things."

The ambivalence seemed apparent in last November's elections, when capital punishment was a potent political issue but not a decisive one. Like New York, Massachusetts this month inaugurated a Governor opposed to the death penalty. But just three weeks earlier, the legislature in Boston had once again legalized executions. Even increasingly hard-line voters in California chose an attorney general who disapproves of capital punishment

The uneasiness with capital punishment has led this nation

Utah's rifle range: the chair in which Gary Gilmore died in 1977

"I Don't Think I'm Guilty"

Texas law-enforcement officials and Claude Wilkerson, 28, agree on one point: when the murder for which he was later tried, convicted and sentenced to death took place, Wilkerson was locked up in Houston's Harris County jail. Beyond that incontrovertible fact stretches a tangle of contradictions. Two of Wilkerson's confederates have been tried for the same murder and now face execution. A fourth man, who admitted being present at the scene of the crime, is serving a life sentence, a leniency granted for his cooperation with investigators. Says Wilkerson from his cell on Texas' death row in Huntsville: "I don't think I'm guilty of capital murder, and I don't think the court proved I was."

Wilkerson's road to extraordinary trouble began with an ordinary childhood. The son of a pipefitter, he moved with no particular distinction through his education. He recalls, with irony: "In a high school science class we took a straw poll on the subject of capital punishment. I voted in favor of it." Wilkerson dropped out of Mesa College in Colorado after one year, married, divorced and knocked about in a couple of ill-fated business schemes. He then went to work for Houston Businessman Don Fantich, who local police suspected was an operator in the penumbra of the underworld.

On Jan. 23, 1978, Fantich disappeared, along with a woman who ran a jewelry store, which Fantich owned, and an apparently innocent bystander, Dr. William Fitzpatrick. Police picked up Wilkerson for questioning. While he was in custody, all three missing persons were shot and buried about 100 miles west of Houston. From testimony pieced together from a variety of sources, police found the bodies and deduced that the victims were part of an extortion and kidnaping scheme that Wilkerson had masterminded. While Wilkerson owned up to the plot, he denied any involvement in the murders. Prosecutor Don Stricklin scoffs at this: "He could have told us earlier and saved those people's lives."

Wilkerson's first trial ended in a hung jury, but the second resulted in his conviction. [For reasons of strategy, prosecutors limited charges to the murder of the doctor.] Says Sherman Ross, now a judge, who represented Wilkerson both times: "The district attorney's office good-old-boyed him into a death penalty." For his part, Wilkerson tries to make the best of life on death row: "It takes a great deal of personal effort to not become hard within yourself and hate the free world."

A pudgy soft-spoken man, he has used his abundant time to polish his skill in drawing. Late last year a friend in New York City asked Wilkerson to send samples to be sold at a party. The prisoner netted $200 and has since sold some other artwork. He uses a typewriter in his cell for a widespread correspondence with, among others, some leaders in the American Indian movement. A grandmother of his was a Catawba Indian, and Wilkerson has grown intensely interested in this heritage and its culture. He has taken an Indian name, Ches-ne-o-na-eh, which translates as "the man who kills the wolves." Wilkerson suggests another meaning that this name could convey: "a beautiful being in a scarred world."

"I Want to Die"

"I've put life in one hand and death in the other and weighed the two. To me, death is my only route to freedom." Doris Ann Foster speaks from a small cell at the end of a third-floor hallway at the Maryland Correctional Institution for Women in Jessup, a small town midway between Baltimore and Washington. A heavy door marked "Maximum Security" isolates her not just from the outside world but from other prisoners as well. She is on death row and could become the first woman ever to be executed by the state of Maryland.

Foster says she is ready: "I have thought it out very carefully. I know what I am doing." She has sent a letter to the Maryland Court of Appeals and the U.S. Supreme Court requesting them to pay no attention to the efforts of her public defender lawyers, who have been trying to get her sentence reduced to life, with parole then a possibility after 12½ years. She does not know whether the courts will heed her request, but she dreads the prospect of a long, drawn-out appeal: "If the court says you're guilty and you're going to die, why spend all this money to fight it? Let them carry it out. They will be satisfied, and I will have peace."

Foster previously served four years in other states for robbery and passing bad checks, so she knows about prison. Continuing on death row strikes her as intolerable: "This is ruining my body and eventually would ruin my mind. I could see what I'd be like after ten years here. I don't want to be hostile. I don't want to lose my peace. I have no desire to continue on in such an inhumane existence."

Her acceptance of punishment does not exactly constitute an admission of guilt. Although she was convicted last year of stabbing a 71-year-old woman motel keeper to death with a screwdriver during a holdup, Foster now says, "I couldn't have done it. And if I did, I would not do it with a screwdriver, not to some old lady." This declaration sounds less than ringing. Moreover, it was testimony from her husband Tommy, who had checked into the motel with her, that helped convict Doris Ann. Yet she seems to bear him no grudge. He is in a different Maryland prison, where he is serving a lighter sentence for theft and obstruction of justice, and she corresponds with him regularly. She has 35 other pen pals, including some Indians on death rows elsewhere.

A thin, wide-eyed woman with long, lustrous dark hair, Foster claims to be three-quarters Cherokee (she also says she is 27; Maryland lists her as 38). The walls of her cell are decorated with bold, dark drawings of Indian faces. Books on Indian lore are piled together with other texts on Buddhism, martial arts and the occult. She is allowed half an hour out of her cell each morning for a shower and an hour of exercise later in the day, but she has felt increasingly estranged from other inmates and no longer takes a recreation period. She receives no visitors because she says her surroundings would depress relatives and friends.

She is aware of the notoriety gained by other prisoners who have asked to die, and wants no part of it: "I'm not a Gary Gilmore. I don't want anyone to write a book about me. I want to die or be free. I have a dream to go West with my people. If I got out, that's what I would do." She does not expect that to happen. Instead, she hopes to arrange for the presence of an Indian medicine man at her execution.

of tinkerers to an odd inventiveness. Elsewhere in the world where executions are still regularly carried out—among industrialized nations, only Japan, South Africa and the Soviet Union—the bullet and the noose are used exclusively. Yet in the U.S., only half a dozen states call for old-fashioned firing squads or hangings. The electric chair killed quickly and, it was thought, painlessly. It seemed, in any case, up to date, civilized. (This progressive image is somewhat at odds with the testimony of Willie Francis, 17, who survived a sublethal shock by Louisiana's portable apparatus in 1946. Francis said the experience was in all "plumb miserable." His mouth tasted "like cold peanut butter," and he saw "little blue and pink and green speckles." Added Francis: "I felt a burning in my head and my left leg, and I jumped against the straps." A year later, back in the chair, he was successfully executed.)

The electric chair caught on slowly in the U.S. and not at all abroad. During the 1920s and '30s, the cyanide-gas chamber became state-of-the-American-art. It too was popular only in the U.S. Now there are lethal injections, which are seen as still more "humane." This latest technical refinement, which the European press finds chilling and fascinating, seems sure to remain strictly a U.S. practice. Sums up Notre Dame Theology Professor Stanley Hauerwas: "This search for a humane way of killing is a bunch of sentimental secular humanism. Why do you want it to be humane? To reassure yourself?"

The dilemma of whether to kill the killers comes up in only a small fraction of all U.S. homicides. The criteria for capital murder vary from state to state and even, inevitably, from case to case. In general, there must be "aggravating circumstances." These can be as specific as the murder of a fireman or one by an inmate serving a life sentence; as common as a homicide committed along with a lesser felony, like burglary; and as vague as Florida's law citing "especially heinous, atrocious or cruel" killings. It is estimated that about 10% of U.S. homicides currently qualify, or some 2,000 murders last year. Those killings are the ones the threat of capital punishment is meant to prevent.

The idea of deterrence can be quickly reduced to very personal rudiments: *If I know I will be punished so severely, I will not commit the crime.* The logic is undeniable. Yet in the thickets of real life and real crime, deterrence, while central to practically all punishment, is often very uncertain, and its effect on prospective murderers is especially unclear. Unfortunately, public discussion usually consists of flat-out pronouncements. Capital punishment, says Conservative Commentator William F. Buckley, "is a strong, plausible deterrent." No, declares New York Governor Cuomo, "there has never been any evidence that the death penalty deters." Neither is altogether wrong, but the stick-figure oversimplifications on both sides do a disservice to a complicated question.

The scholarly evidence is not quite as unequivocal as some abolitionists claim. But it does not make much of a case for deterrence. The most persuasive research compared the homicide rates of states that did and did not prescribe the death penalty. For instance, Michigan, which abolished capital punishment in 1847, was found to have had a homicide rate identical to adjacent states, Ohio and Indiana, that were executing. Similarly, Minnesota and Rhode Island, states with no death penalty, had proportionately as many killings as their respective neighbors, Iowa and Massachusetts, which had capital punishment. In 1939 South Dakota adopted and used the death penalty, and its homicide rate fell 20% over the next decade; North Dakota got along without capital punishment for the same ten years, and homicides dropped 40%.

Similar before-and-after studies in Canada, England and other countries likewise found nothing to suggest that capital punishment had deterred murderers any better than the prospect of long prison terms. And in Britain during the 1950s, a typical "lifer" actually served only about seven years, compared with a much tougher average U.S. "life" term today of 20 years. A comprehensive study in the U.S., by the National Academy of Sciences in 1978, also found that the death penalty had not proved its worth as a deterrent.

Were it not for the work of Economist Isaac Ehrlich, the deterrence debate would be entirely one-sided. Using econometric

THIS CHEVROLET IS SO VERSATILE IT'S PART WAGON, PART SCHOOL BUS, PART SNOWMOBILE, PART SPORTY CAR.

No import sedan gives you the room and versatility of Chevrolet's front-wheel-drive, five-passenger Citation Hatchback.

There are 95 cubic feet of space inside a Citation. More than a Honda Accord, a VW Jetta, a Nissan Stanza DLX or Toyota Cressida. Yet Citation gives you small-car mileage* along with its mid-size room: 42 Est. Hwy., 27 EPA Est. MPG.*

Chevy Citation is an agile car with a decidedly sporty feel. An electronically fuel-injected 2.5 Liter 4-cylinder engine is standard. Chevy's legendary F41 Sport Suspension is available on all Citation models as is—for the first time—the high-output 2.8 Liter V6. And, whichever way you go Citation, you get front-wheel-drive traction to help make winter a whole lot easier to pull through.

Chevrolet's versatile Citation. Any wonder it's outsold all other front-wheel-drives over the past three years combined? Come drive it. If you haven't seen your Chevrolet dealer, you're not ready to buy a new car.

Let's get it together . . . buckle up.

GM

Citation 4-Door Hatchback: It does many things many cars can't.

*Use estimated MPG for comparisons. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Some Chevrolets are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.

USA-1 IS TAKING CHARGE

Chevrolet

CITATION · CELEBRITY · CAVALIER · CHEVETTE · CAMARO · MALIBU · MONTE CARLO · CAPRICE · CORVETTE

"In today's economy, the people who have been hit the hardest have been helped the least."

Introducing the Sears Financial Network.

For close to a century, Sears has been synonymous with providing the people of America with what they need, when they need it.

And with the formation of the Sears Financial Network, the tradition lives on. Simply put, the Sears Financial Network was created to make top flight financial services available to the people who need them most. You.

• Dean Witter for investments
• Coldwell Banker for real estate
• Allstate for insurance
• Allstate Savings for savings and loans

These companies are the Sears Financial Network. And they bring their excellent reputations and years of experience to a very important task.

Providing you with the kind of straight talk and simple answers you need to help you do your best in today's economy.

Combined, the companies of the Sears Financial Network have over 3,000 offices throughout the country, so the help won't be hard to find. You're invited to visit any of them and put the people there to work for you.

After all, they're the people Sears trusts to get the job done.

And so can you.

The Sears Financial Network.

Trust us to make it work for you.

SEARS FINANCIAL NETWORK

Allstate
Dean Witter Reynolds, Inc
Coldwell Banker
Allstate Savings*

*Available in California. © Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1983 Allstate Insurance Companies Home Office: Northbrook, Illinois

modeling techniques to build a "supply-and-demand" theory of murder, Ehrlich argued in a 1975 paper that capital punishment prevents more murders than do prison sentences. Because of the 3,411 executions carried out from 1933 to 1967, Ehrlich speculates, enough potential murderers were discouraged so that some 27,000 victims' lives were saved.

That stunning conclusion drew immediate attacks. Critics, and they are legion, cite a variety of defects: Ehrlich did not compare the effectiveness of the death penalty with that of particular prison terms; his formula does not work if the years between 1965 and 1969 are omitted; and in accounting for the increase in homicides during the '60s, he neglects the possible influences of racial unrest, the Viet Nam War, a loosening of moral standards and increased handgun ownership.

To work at all, deterrence requires murderers to reckon at least roughly the probable costs of their actions. But if a killer is drunk or high on drugs, that kind of rational assessment might be impossible. Passions are often at play that make a cost-benefit analysis unlikely. Most killers are probably not lucid thinkers at their best. Henry Brisbon Jr. *(see box)* may be legally sane, but he is by ordinary standards demented enough to make a mess of any theory of deterrence. Says New York University Law Professor Anthony Amsterdam: "People who ask themselves those questions—'Am I scared of the death penalty? Would I not be deterred?'—and think rationally, do not commit murder for many, many reasons other than the death penalty."

Former Prosecutor Bernard Carey, until 1980 state's attorney for Cook County, favors capital punishment, sparingly used. Yet he says, "I don't think it's much of a deterrent because the kinds of people who commit these crimes aren't going to be deterred by the electric chair." Some might be encouraged. "For every person for whom the death penalty is a deterrent," says Stanford Psychiatry Professor Donald Lunde, "there's at least one for whom it is an incentive." Such murderers, says Amsterdam, "are attracted by the Jimmy Cagney image of 'live fast, die young and have a beautiful corpse.' "

The arguments for capital punishment are usually visceral or anecdotal. Ernest van den Haag, professor of jurisprudence and public policy at Fordham University, says flatly, "Nobody fears prison as much as death." Florida's Governor Graham, who has signed 45 death warrants, cites the case of a restaurant robbery seen by a customer. "Afterward," recounts Graham, "he was the only witness. So the two guys took him out to the Everglades and shot him in the back of the head. If they had felt that being convicted for robbery and first-degree murder was sufficiently different, they might have had second thoughts."

In a sense, death's deterrent power has never really been given a chance in the U.S. Even during the comparative execution frenzy of the 1930s, hardly one in 50 murderers was put to death, a scant 2%. Reppetto estimates that if 25% of convicted killers were executed, 100 a week or more, there might be a deterring effect. But it is unthinkable, he agrees, that the U.S. will begin dispatching its villains on such a wholesale basis. Even at a rate of 100 executions annually, an implausibly high figure given today's judicial guarantees, a killer's chances of getting caught, convicted and executed would for him still be comfortably low: 250 to 1.

Even if executions were on television, there is no guarantee that prospective ax murderers would pay heed. As Camus noted in his 1957 essay against capital punishment: "When pickpockets were punished by hanging in England, other thieves exercised their talents in the crowds surrounding the scaffold where their fellow was being hanged."

But U.S. society is not unprotected just because it lacks weekly or daily executions. "The issue is not whether we slay murderers or free them," notes University of Michigan Law Professor Richard Lempert. "It is whether we send them to their death or to prison for life." Prison is a far more manageable weapon than death, and the U.S. is not at all hesitant to put criminals behind bars: the population there has doubled since 1970, to 400,000. "One trouble with the death penalty," says Henry Schwarzschild, an A.C.L.U. official, "is that it makes 25 years seem like a light sentence."

Opponents of capital punishment feel that prison terms

"I Can't Stop Crying"

At Dunbar High School in Fort Myers, Fla., he was a triple threat: in football, an all-state wide receiver; in basketball, an all-conference playmaking guard; in track and field, a state champion in the 440-yd. run. An honors student, he went on to Edison Community College in Fort Myers but dropped out after 1½ years to enlist in the Army. He was given a medical discharge after 17 months because of attacks of grand mal epilepsy. He married, fathered a son and went back to college, this time in California. His marriage soured, and he returned to Fort Myers, where he sank into alcoholism and despair. Sometime between Oct. 13 and 15, 1973, a woman named Margaret Mears, 68, was raped and beaten to death.

Doug McCray, now 32, had been on a drinking binge and could not account for his whereabouts at the time of the crime when police arrested him for murder six weeks later. The FBI had matched his palm print with one found in Mears' apartment. Nearly ten years later, McCray says he still does not know whether he is guilty. He has passed two polygraph tests, which prosecutors would not permit in evidence at his trial. An eyewitness who placed McCray in the woman's neighborhood at the time of the slaying later recanted, saying police had coached and coerced him. The physical evidences of rape could not be linked to McCray.

Nevertheless, he now awaits his fate on death row in Florida State Prison at Raiford. McCray looks back in anger: "I feel victimized by the Florida Supreme Court, which waited 5½ years to rule on my case, which granted me a new trial and then abruptly took it away. [A 4-3 decision last March in McCray's favor was reversed six months later when one justice changed his vote without explanation.] I feel victimized by my clemency lawyer, who never even bothered to read the transcript of my trial. I feel victimized by a lawyer who took my mother's few dollars and never came to see me for almost eight years."

Outside observers, including New York *Times* Columnist Anthony Lewis, have rallied to McCray's defense. When a St. Petersburg attorney phoned him and volunteered to help, McCray remembers, "I started to cry. I can't stop crying in this place. It meant so much to me, after all the other things that happened, that this man cared."

McCray lives in a 6-ft. by 9-ft. cell. He and the other 194 inmates on Florida's death row each have a small black-and-white TV. He uses the light from the set to read constantly. "I've read thousands of books. Prison can be as rewarding as college if you actually have a desire to improve your mind." Yet his thoughts always wheel back to the central mystery that has brought him to this place. "The state says it's convenient for me to say I don't remember. But if it were convenient, I could have plea-bargained or made up some alibi. My girlfriend and one of my brothers say I was with them all that night. I wish I knew, even if it meant knowing that I'd done it. Who would want to live after committing such a terrible crime?" Since last fall, McCray has grown progressively more despondent. He now says he will not seek another stay of execution. "I'm tired. I hurt. I just wish to lie in peace. I will allow the state to do what it may.

"I am tired."

without parole would deter as many potential murderers as the death penalty. Says Amsterdam: "The *degree* of punishment is not necessarily a deterrent even to someone who thinks rationally. What deters people from crime is the *likelihood* of getting caught and undergoing punishment." Reppetto agrees: "I always favor something that will get tough with a lot of offenders instead of getting very tough with just a handful."

Two diehard proponents of the death penalty, deterrence hardly matters anyway. Declares Buckley: "If it could be absolutely determined that there was no deterrent factor, I'd still be in favor of capital punishment." Taking the lives of murderers has a zero-sum symmetry that is simple and satisfying enough to feel like human instinct: the worst possible crime deserves no less than the worst possible punishment. "An eye for an eye," says Illinois Farmer Jim Hensley. "That's what it has to be. People can't be allowed to get away with killing." Counters Amsterdam: "The answer can hardly be found in a literal application of the eye-for-an-eye formula. We do not burn down arsonists' houses." The scriptures do preach mercy as well as retribution. Last Saturday, in fact, Pope John Paul II sweepingly recommended "clemency, or pardon, for those condemned to death."

The Moral Majority's Rev. Jerry Falwell relies more peculiarly on Christian authority. He claims that Jesus Christ favored the death penalty. On the Cross, Falwell says, He could have spoken up: "If ever there was a platform for our Lord to condemn capital punishment, that was it. He did not."

But was Jesus ever vengeful? Ordinary people are. "Execution is primarily a vengeance mechanism," says Notre Dame's Hauerwas, a pacifist, "but that is not necessarily a bad thing. Vengeance is a way society gestures to itself that justice has force against injustice." A main point of criminal laws, after all, is to make private feuds unnecessary. "No society should put the burden on me to seek personal retribution," says New York University's Herbert I. London, a social historian. "The state has an obligation not to make me a killer."

During troubled times in the ancient Greek colonies, poor men would volunteer to be scapegoats. Each was housed and well fed by the authorities, and then, after a year of comfortable

Revenge Is the Mother of Invention

Socrates was lucky. Found guilty of heresy and "corruption of the young," he was condemned to drink a cup of hemlock, a relatively honorable and painless death. By the standards of history, his execution in 399 B.C. was singularly humane.

Not until the Enlightenment, 200 years ago, did societies seriously question the states' right to kill. Until then, the only dilemma had been to find the most ingenious and cruel methods of execution. Boiling, burning, choking, beheading, dismembering, impaling, crucifying, stoning, strangling, burying alive—all were in vogue at various times. The Crucifixion of Jesus Christ was, for its day, only a routine execution.

In ancient China, an occasional penalty was "death by the thousand cuts," the slow slicing away of bits of the body. A 19th century French traveler described an excruciating method in India during the rule of the rajahs: "The culprit, bound hand and foot, is fastened by a long cord, passed round his waist, to the elephant's hind leg. The latter is urged into a rapid trot through the streets of the city, and every step gives the cord a violent jerk, which makes the body of the condemned wretch bound on the pavement . . . Then his head is placed upon a stone, and the elephant executioner crushes it beneath his enormous foot."

What kinds of crime incurred such punishments? Murder and treason have almost always ensured death. Under the Mosaic law, capital offenses ranged from gathering sticks on the Sabbath and adultery to the sacrifice of children to the god Molech. A medieval German code decreed: "Should a coiner [counterfeiter] be caught in the act, then let him be stewed in the pan or a cauldron."

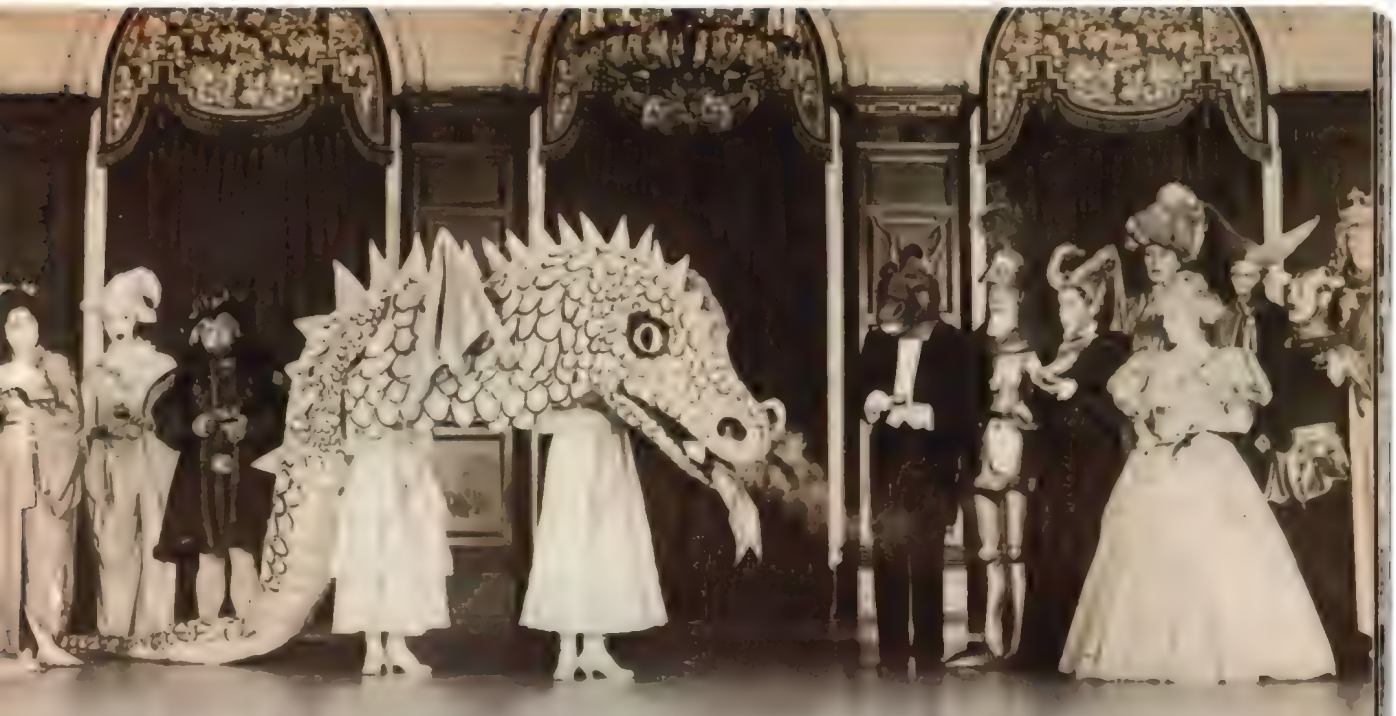
Execution by elephant in 19th century India

England's response to the bewildering social evils caused by the Industrial Revolution was unique even in a world long used to such officially sanctioned slaughters as the Spanish Inquisition, when tens of thousands of convicted heretics were burned. The English meted out the death penalty for more than 200 offenses, including stealing turnips, associating with gypsies, cutting down a tree or picking pockets. "Hanging days" were public holidays, and in 1807 a crowd of 40,000 became so frenzied at an execution that nearly a hundred were trampled to death. Frequently both victims and executioner were drunk, and occasionally the job was botched, with the condemned man being hanged two or even three times. Afterward the crowds surged toward the corpse, because it and the scaffold were believed to have curative powers.

Death sentences were often arbitrarily applied. The social standing, sex, citizenship or religion of the victims usually determined the degree of horror they would suffer. Death alone was rarely considered a sufficient penalty unless it was preceded by terror, torture and humiliation, preferably in public. One of history's most spectacular executions was that of Damiens, the unsuccessful assassin of Louis XV, in Paris in 1757. His flesh was torn with red-hot pincers, his right hand was burned with sulfur, his wounds were drenched with molten lead, his body was drawn and quartered by four horses, his parts were set afire and his ashes scattered to the winds. The execution was accomplished before a large crowd.

"The more public the punishments are, the greater the effect they will produce upon the reformation of others," declared Seneca in ancient Rome. Over the centuries, many societies came to believe otherwise. The rituals of execution, rooted perhaps in a primitive need for sacrifice, catharsis and revenge, seemed less to cast out the evils of humanity than to feed its blood lust. By the late 18th century, a reform movement had taken hold in Europe, aided by the invention of such "humane" devices as the hanging machine and the guillotine.

Today the death penalty has been abolished in Canada, at least officially in much of Latin America, and in most of Western Europe. In Eastern Europe only Albania has abandoned capital punishment, and it remains in force throughout Asia and the Islamic world. Last year, the world leader in announced executions was Iran, with more than 600.



In 1902, the Bedford Grove Costume Ball was the perfect place for a woman to sneak a cigarette.

You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS *Lights*

Fashions: Jon Haggins

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

confinement, taken outside the city and stoned to death. In the view of some death-penalty abolitionists, contemporary executions are not really so different. Each execution is mere "spectacle," according to the A.C.L.U.'s Schwarzschild, "a dramatic, violent homicide under law." Says he: "A society that believes that the killing of a human being is a solution to any problem is deeply uncivilized." Executing murderers does not demonstrate resolute regard for the sanctity of victims' lives. "The marginally demented guy," says Schwarzschild, sees an execution as a prescription, not a threat. "He thinks, 'If the state has a quarrel with Gary Gilmore, it kills him. Then if I have a quarrel with someone, I'll kill *him*.' We say we think human life is sacred. And then to prove that, we kill somebody. That's crazy."

Capital punishment, says L.D.F. Lawyer Joel Berger "attempts to vindicate one murder by committing a second murder. And the second murder is more reprehensible because it is officially sanctioned and done with great ceremony in the name of us all." Not simply just as bad, but worse: this may be the central emotional truth for those who most passionately disapprove of executions. The cretinous killer or the seething psychopath is a loose cannon. But the well-orchestrated modern execution, careful, and thoroughly considered, is horrible because of its meticulous sanity. Executions are worse, in the abolitionists' moral scheme, because the government is always in control; it knows better, but kills anyway.

Proponents see the distinction between murder and state-sanctioned executions in a different light. "One is legal, the other is not," Van den Haag says. "If I take you and put you in a room against your will, it is called kidnaping. If I put on a uniform and put you in a room against your will, it's called arrest."

What was once perhaps the most potent argument against capital punishment arises less often these days. Yet there is a good chance that an innocent man was hanged in England in the 1950s. And in the U.S. today, as death rows swell and the pace of executions quickens, the risks of such a mistake grow. "You know there are going to be some," warns Michael Millman, a California state public defender. Abolitionist Sanford Kadish, a leading authority on criminal law, is less worried. Says he: "The chances are exceedingly remote."

Washington's gallows: only four states still prescribe hanging

Kadish puts his trust in the exhaustive system of judicial review that is now required in capital cases. Today no death-row inmate will be executed until his case has been brought to the attention of his state's highest court, a federal district court, a federal circuit court of appeals and the U.S. Supreme Court. The process is properly slow. In California it takes an average of three years after conviction for a capital case to work its way through the state court system alone. The improbably named James Free, 27, is on death row in Illinois for a double murder. Confesses Free: "I'll use every appeals route I can dream up. That will buy time, maybe five or ten more years."

In 1953, by contrast, a pair of Missouri kidnapers were executed only eleven weeks after their crime. A quarter of the people executed during the 1960s had no appeals at all, and two-thirds of their cases were never reviewed by any federal court.

The historic decision came in 1972, after five years without an execution, and just as fierce public majorities were forming in support of capital punishment. In *Furman* vs. *Georgia*, the Supreme Court nullified all 40 death-penalty statutes and the sentences of 629 death-row inmates, declaring that judges and juries had intolerably wide discretion to impose death or not. This lack of standards made the death sentence "freakishly imposed" on "a capriciously selected random handful" of murderers, wrote Justice Potter Stewart. "These death sentences are cruel and unusual in the same way that being struck by lightning is cruel and unusual." Within a few years, 37 state legislatures had passed statutes designed especially to meet the court's objections.

Most of the new laws went too far, mandating death for certain murders regardless of circumstances, and were overturned by the court. But the statutes adopted by Georgia, Florida and Texas were ruled acceptable. Death is a constitutional punishment, the court decided, not cruel or unusual as long as the judge and jury have given due consideration to the murderer's character and the particulars of his crime, the "mitigating factors."* Against these are weighed the aggravating factors that distinguish capital murder from ordinary homicide.

The court's decisions since have essentially been refinements and tidying addenda. Last January in *Eddings* vs. *Oklahoma*, for instance, the Justices ruled that the judge or jury must consider any mitigating factor the convict claims. Yet to many observers, that sounds like a return toward uncontrollable discretion, the very flaw the court prohibited in 1972. Says former L.D.F. Lawyer David Kendall: "We're right back to *Furman*."

Abolitionists hope so, anyway. They are now arguing a subtle paradox. The prudence and selectivity required by the court, they say, means that executions will be carried out only rarely, and thus will remain arbitrary and freakish, a sort of death lottery. There is always caprice along the way to death row. Prosecutors have great leeway in deciding which homicides to try as capital murders. A killer can be persuaded to testify against an accomplice to save his own life. Brooks was convicted and executed; for the same murder his partner must serve only eight more years in prison.

The Supreme Court's refusal last month to stay Brooks' execution does not give abolitionists much hope for a new landmark ruling in their favor. "We've become technicians," says the L.D.F.'s Berger of his small litigious corps. "The great moral issues have been removed from the legal arena."

At the time of *Furman* it was widely recognized that the system was unquestionably stacked against black defendants, especially in the "death belt" of the South. Some of the racism has been wrung out. Yet clear bias remains, much attributable to prosecutorial choices. A recent study of homicide cases in Houston's Harris County is troubling. In cases where a black or Chicano had killed a white, 65% of defendants were tried for capital murder; only 25% of whites who killed a black or Chicano faced the death penalty. "I don't think it's overt racism," says University of Texas Law Professor Ed Sherman. But prosecutors want to win, and they "perceive that a Texas jury is more likely to give the death penalty to a black who killed a white." A similar South Carolina study found an almost identical pattern: local prosecutors over four years sought death sentences in 38% of homicides involving a white victim

*Of the nine on today's Supreme Court, only Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan believe that the death penalty itself is unconstitutional

and black killer, but only 13% when a white had killed a black.

A serious problem is the quality of legal help for murder defendants. The Texas study, conducted by the Governor's judicial council, found that three-quarters of murderers with court-appointed lawyers were sentenced to death, against about a third of those represented by private attorneys. Amsterdam, who has argued eight capital cases before the Supreme Court, contends that "great lawyering at the right time would save virtually everybody who is going to be executed." Scharlette Holdman, director of Florida's Clearinghouse on Criminal Justice, persuades volunteer lawyers to represent death-row inmates. "Every person sentenced to die comes from a case fraught with errors," she says. "If you're adequately represented you don't get death. It's that simple."

Aside from public defenders, there are only about a dozen attorneys working full time on behalf of the condemned. Court-appointed lawyers in most states are not required to stay on a murderer's case after a conviction. "Drunk lawyers, lazy lawyers, incompetent lawyers, no lawyers," says Holdman. "You can have all the correct issues for appeal, but if you don't have a good lawyer to raise them, they don't mean a damn thing." Of 2,000 death sentences imposed during the post-*Furman* decade, about half have been reversed or vacated by the courts.

The careful legal course demanded by the Supreme Court is expensive. Last year the New York State Defenders Association estimated the trial costs for a typical capital-punishment case: a defense bill of $176,000, about $845,000 for the prosecution and court costs of $300,000. The total: $1.5 million, and this before any appeal is filed. Getting a writ before the Supreme Court, just one appellate step, might cost $170,000.

It is often argued, with blithe inhumanity, that there are good fiscal reasons for executing murderers: prison is too costly. It is cheaper to send a student to Stanford for a year than it is to keep a con in nearby San Quentin ($10,000 *vs* $20,000). But imprisoning one inmate for 50 years would require less than $1 million in New York, not bad compared with the costs of the painstaking appeal process.

Everyone seems afraid of imposing bona fide life sentences, however, and for reasons unconnected with expense. Seventeen states have laws providing for life without parole for those convicted of murdering a robbery victim. Abolitionists say such a sentence is excessive. Statistics show that fewer than 1% of freed murderers kill again after their release from prison, in part because of their advanced age. But if capital punishment is abandoned, it may make sense, politically and emotionally, to permit the public some vengeful satisfaction. Life without parole is unimaginably harsh. But it would be a way occasionally to formalize the revulsion at Charles Manson and his ilk. As it is, Manson will be eligible for parole in 1985.

On death rows, the emotional tone is stuck in some weird, high-strung limbo between hope and hopelessness. Inmates' optimism is the manic wishfulness of losing gamblers. Their fatalism is generally not wise but numb, a brute shrug.

In Illinois, death row is up on a bluff in a sandstone prison opened in 1878. The 49 current inmates have a 19th century landscape artist's view—the Mississippi River and miles of rich farmland beyond—except for the bars and razor wire. Menard Correctional Center (pop. 2,600) is the principal industry of Chester, Ill. (pop. 8,000). The inmates, two of whom are scheduled to be electrocuted this spring, are alone in their cells for at least 21 hours a day. When they are in transit, once a day to the law library and once a day to the recreation room, they are handcuffed. Four of them are "honor residents," permitted to roam unchained in the gray hallways. One of these is John Wayne Gacy, 39, the building contractor and amateur clown convicted three years ago of murdering 33 young men and boys.

Death row is about the same size in Alabama, where 55 men await the chair in Holman. Mitchell Rutledge, 23 years old, I.Q. 84, is among them. "You're just sitting there waiting for somebody to come kill you," says Rutledge of his purgatory, "just like a dog out there in the dog pound." But he does not claim innocence. No: he did kill a man two days before Christmas 1980. Rutledge was doped up and drunk with two friends. One pal brought along a gun, and with it they took off on a joyride in the van of a driver they had robbed of $20 and stashed in the back. It was decided that the victim, Gable Holloway, 28, should die. He begged for his life. But Rutledge, like a zombie, took the pistol and fired. He fired again and again, five shots in all.

On death row, Rutledge, who was orphaned as a teen-ager, is visited only by his lawyer. He seems full of remorse. "I can't make nobody feel sympathy for me for what I did," he says. "But I just want to let everybody know that I'm sorry for what I did."

HUNTSVILLE ITEM—GAMMA LIAISON

Texas' needle: last month the first execution by injection

To most people the life of a foolish punk like Rutledge does not count for much. He is defective. His death would not be unbearably sad, but his destruction by the state of Alabama would be: not a large tragedy, not final proof that the U.S. is barbaric, but still better left undone. Executing Rutledge would be a waste, not so much of his diminished humanity, but of society's moral capital. The gunslinging heroes of corny adventure fiction had it right: there are guys not *worth* killing. Let Rutledge sit and stew in his 8-ft. by 5-ft. pen in Alabama. Forget him.

But then blue-eyed, kind-looking Lawrence Bittaker jerks into view, disrupting high-minded composure. Bittaker, 42, is on death row at San Quentin for kidnaping and murdering five teen-age girls. But that is not all. He and a partner raped and sodomized four of them first, for hours and days at a time, sometimes in front of a camera. But that is not all. He tortured some of the girls—pliers on nipples, ice picks in ears—and tape-recorded the screams. But that is not all. The last victim was strangled with a coat hanger, her genitals mutilated and her body tossed on a lawn so that he could watch the horror of its discovery.

If not for the Bittakers (and Judys, Gacys, Mansons, Specks and Starkweathers), the capital-punishment debate might already have been decided in the abolitionists' favor. Bittaker's prosecutor had an apt beyond-the-pale phrase for Bittaker and his partner: "mutants from hell." Can they be human? Without killers in this league, more of America's logic and instinctive sense of mercy could prevail. There might be more electorates like Michigan's and more Governors like New York's who declare that capital punishment is unworthy of a decent society.

Administration of the death penalty perhaps cannot be made fair enough. As a deterrent, it is probably not necessary. But public passions are inflamed by the inevitable monsters. Civil reason is suspended in the face of what looks like evil incarnate. "It's an emotional issue. It's not a rational issue." Says who? Lawrence Bittaker, an emotional man, whose life is very hard to save. ***—By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Lee Griggs/Chicago, B.J. Phillips/Atlanta and Janice C. Simpson/New York***

MIDDLE EAST

A Pinch of Progress

Israel and Lebanon agree at last on what they will talk about

"I wish to inform you that the delegations have reached an agreement on the agenda." With those words, Israeli Foreign Ministry Spokesman Avi Pazner announced the first hint of progress in the 2½-week-old peace talks between Israel and Lebanon. All it meant was that the two sides had at last agreed on what they are willing to talk to each other about. But in a season when diplomatic progress on the problems of the Middle East has been practically nonexistent, it represented a modest advance.

What gave the announcement an added sense of drama was that it coincided with the return to the Middle East of President Reagan's Special Envoy Philip Habib. On leaving Washington earlier in the week, Habib had declared: "There is an urgent need to put the problems of Lebanon behind us so that we can move on to the larger issues of peace in the region." Whether the Reagan Administration's rising impatience over the deadlock contributed to last week's agreement was not clear, but the return of Habib undoubtedly increased the pressure on both the Israelis and the Lebanese. Even as the agenda agreement was being announced, Habib was reported to have told the two sides that they should now work toward a first-stage withdrawal of foreign troops from Lebanon by Feb. 12. The deadline was no doubt optimistic, but it was intended to show that the U.S. would have little patience with further procedural wrangling

Throughout the 2½-week deadlock, Lebanese delegates had maintained that the talks should be aimed at securing a withdrawal of Israeli forces from Lebanon, thus leading to a withdrawal of Syrian and Palestine Liberation Organization troops as well. The Israelis were determined that the talks deal with "normalization" of relations between the two countries, and that they should also discuss arrangements for maintaining security in southern Lebanon, opposite the Israeli border. The government of Lebanese President Amin Gemayel feared that any steps toward diplomatic recognition of Israel would upset Muslim-Christian relations within Lebanon and, worse, anger neighboring Arab states. Lebanon needs Saudi Arabian assistance in repairing the massive damage caused by the war, as well as Syrian cooperation in withdrawing forces from Lebanon. Both the Saudis and the Syrians have expressed their opposition to an agreement between Israel and Lebanon that deals with anything other than the departure of foreign troops.

Special Envoy Philip Habib talks with reporters at the White House before leaving for Jerusalem

In the end, the two sides agreed on a compromise formula that permitted both to claim a measure of victory. Israel dropped its insistence on the word normalization and instead accepted the more neutral phrase "a framework for mutual relations," which would include "liaison, ending of hostile propaganda, the movement of goods, products and persons, and communications." All the main points on the agenda, it was agreed, would be regarded as equally important and would be discussed concurrently "in the light of their interrelationship." Israel would be able to stress "termination of the state of war," while Lebanon could emphasize "complete withdrawals."

The first official Arab reaction to the agreement was predictably negative. In Moscow, where he had spent two days getting acquainted with new Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov, P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat said that the negotiations between Lebanon and Israel were "worse than Camp David." In Nicaragua, where he was attending a meeting of nonaligned countries, Syrian Vice Premier and Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam said that his government would resist any peace terms imposed on Lebanon by Israel. Declared Khaddam: "We affirm our categorical rejection of the Israeli conditions proposed to Lebanon." Syria has already rejected Reagan's Sept. 1 peace initiative, which calls for a future relationship between Jordan and the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip, largely because it makes no mention of the Golan Heights, which Israel seized from Syria in the 1967 war and has since annexed. In addition, Syria's view is influenced by the fact that the Soviet Union is its principal arms supplier. The Soviet Union has begun to rebuild Syria's air force, which lost more than 100 planes in air battles with the Israelis last summer. According to Israeli officials, the Soviets have now installed SA-5 missiles in Syria to protect the country from Israeli air attacks.

The Lebanese were particularly anxious to get on with the peace talks. They feared that continued delays would increase the difficulty of getting the Israelis out of the country, not to mention the Syrians and the P.L.O. They were also con-

Sharon discusses the agenda agreement

Israeli Delegate David Kimche toasts Lebanese Delegate Antoine Fattal, left, and Draper

cerned that the buzz-word normalization on the agenda might have made a Syrian and P.L.O. withdrawal impossible. This in turn caused the Lebanese to wonder whether the Israelis, in trying to impose such a condition, were serious about the negotiations. So they welcomed the compromise agenda proposed by U.S. Envoy Morris Draper, who has attended the Israeli-Lebanese negotiating sessions from the beginning. Lebanese Prime Minister Chafik al Wazzan said he was pleased with the agenda agreement but emphasized that his government still insisted on the unconditional withdrawal of Israeli forces, "which is our right." At the same time, however, the Lebanese government will conduct informal negotiations with Syria and the P.L.O. to work out the arrangements for the removal of their forces from Lebanon as part of the whole troop-withdrawal process.

Despite Draper's acknowledged contribution to the Israeli-Lebanese negotiations, there is little doubt that President Reagan's decision to send Habib back to the Middle East provided a badly needed stimulant. Habib is regarded in the area as the President's top representative and a tough negotiator who can shout and pound on tables as the need arises. In his meeting with Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin last week, Habib delivered a letter from Reagan that, according to Israeli government officials, said the President attaches importance to his meeting with Begin next month and wants it to go ahead as planned.

According to the same sources, Habib apologized for recent press reports disclosing that the White House was thinking of calling off the meeting unless the Israelis and the Lebanese had agreed on an agenda by that time. Israeli Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir telephoned Begin during the Habib meeting to tell him of the agenda agreement, enabling Begin to relay the good news to his American guest.

Habib may also have asked Begin whether the Israeli government would accept a freeze of three months or so in its aggressive program of building new Jewish settlements in the West Bank. In his Sept. 1 speech, Reagan had specifically asked the Israelis to stop building settlements as a gesture that would help the Camp David peace talks start again, preferably with some kind of Jordanian or Palestinian participation. During a visit to Washington last month, King Hussein told Reagan that he could not enter the peace process without some evidence of Israeli restraint in its colonization of the West Bank.

So far, there is no sign that the Israeli government is prepared to accept such a freeze. Nor, for that matter, is the Labor opposition, which last week gave the Histadrut, the party-affiliated labor federation, permission to continue with construction activities in the West Bank. Though the debate was said to have been extremely heated, neither Party Leader Shimon Peres nor his rival, former Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, took part in the discussions.

In the meantime, King Hussein and P.L.O. Chairman Arafat met again in Amman to talk about the possibility of forming a joint delegation for future negotiations over the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. In addition to Jordanian representatives, such a delegation would include West Bank Palestinians approved by but not belonging to the P.L.O. Both men would need strong Arab backing for so bold a plan; Arafat would also need the support of his own organization, whose *de facto* parliament, the Palestine National Council, is scheduled to meet in Algiers on Feb. 14 for its first session since the forced withdrawal of P.L.O. fighters from Beirut last summer.

Even if the Arab states and the P.L.O. support the Hussein-Arafat strategy, there is no indication that the Israelis will go along with it. Last week Defense Minister Ariel Sharon, who remains influential in spite of the controversy surrounding his role in the invasion of Lebanon, declared that Israel would not be prepared to talk either "with the P.L.O. or with the people who speak for it." This, like so many Israeli pronouncements, could only cause further delays in the negotiating process as Israeli bulldozers continue with their frenetic settlement of the West Bank. —*By William E. Smith. Reported by Harry Kelly/Jerusalem and William Stewart/Beirut*

As the occupation continues, Israeli soldiers ride a tank along a snow-covered road in Lebanon

PERSIAN GULF

Multiple Mission

Iraq wins some support

Since Iran's unsuccessful attempt to invade Iraq last summer, the Iran-Iraq conflict has once again become "the forgotten war"—except for citizens of the two countries, who continue to suffer from the bloodletting that began when Iraq invaded Iran in September 1980. Iranian leaders still boast that they will sweep across to Iraq's western frontiers, eventually overthrowing the regime of President Saddam Hussein. But so far, Tehran has managed to capture only a thin sliver of Iraqi border territory as a result of its offensive last summer, at a cost of an estimated 30,000 casualties.

Iraq's Saddam Hussein has been able to withstand his losses with the help of nearly $30 billion in Arab economic aid over the past two years. In anticipation of a renewed Iranian military offensive after the rainy season ends next month, the Iraqi regime has mounted a broad diplomatic effort to improve Baghdad's ties with the West and buttress its position in the Arab world. Last week Iraqi Deputy Prime Minister Tareq Aziz flew to Paris on a multiple mission. He met with Massoud Rajavi, the exiled leader of the Mujahedin-e Khalq, the leftist Iranian guerrilla organization that seeks to overthrow Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini and the Tehran government. Later, Aziz and Rajavi issued a joint communiqué calling for a halt to hostilities and a negotiated settlement.

Although it was highly unusual for Aziz to deal with Rajavi, Tehran had more reason to be concerned about Aziz's meetings in Paris with Egyptian Minister of State for Foreign Affairs Butros Ghali and with French officials. Egypt has provided Iraq with ammunition and spare parts. In response, the Iraqi regime, a hard-line Arab government that once advocated the ostracism of Egypt after it signed a peace treaty with Israel, has become an outspoken proponent of Egypt's return to the Arab fold. After meeting with Ghali, Aziz said that Baghdad was committed to the "total reintegration" of Egypt with the Arab League.

The French, in an effort to preserve a balance of power in the region, have sold Iraq more than $4 billion in arms since the war began. Although no figures on new arms sales were revealed, French officials agreed to triple imports of Iraqi crude oil to help Iraq pay for arms purchases. On his departure, a grateful Aziz warmly thanked his "French friends."

Adding to Khomeini's troubles, police in West Germany arrested the Ayatullah's son-in-law, Sadegh Tabatabai, 39, upon his arrival in Düsseldorf two weeks ago. A "special ambassador," Tabatabai helped negotiate the release of the U.S. hostages in 1981. He was charged with illegal possession of 3.3 lbs. of raw opium. ■

Expelled Reporter Ruth Gruber

POLAND

Squeeze Play

A warning to the press

It all began with a mysterious telephone call to United Press International's Warsaw bureau last Tuesday morning. A man's voice announced that an unexpected shipment of film would be arriving on the 10 a.m. train from Gdansk. But when the U.S. wire service's secretary arrived at the train station to collect the package, she was met by Polish police and whisked off for questioning. Seven hours later, police picked up U.P.I.'s accredited Warsaw correspondent, Ruth Gruber, 33, and a Polish U.P.I. reporter, Bogdan Turek, 46. After being held for 23 hours for possible "activities against the laws of the Polish People's Republic," Gruber was ordered to leave Poland on the ground that she had been "collecting materials of an espionage character." According to Polish authorities, the film shipment, which Gruber never saw, contained photographs of military installations on the Baltic coast. Describing the charges as "completely trumped up," Gruber said, "It is part of the continuing harassment of the Western press."

Although Gruber is the first accredited Western journalist to be expelled since the rise of the Solidarity trade union in the summer of 1980, her case is only the most dramatic instance of a systematic crackdown on foreign reporting from Poland. In December the Foreign Ministry refused to renew the accreditation of BBC Correspondent Kevin Ruane, ostensibly to protest a BBC docudrama on the early days of martial law. Last week the government withdrew the work permits of nine Polish staffers who are employed by Western press agencies as translators, secretaries and bookkeepers. The press agencies are appealing the decision. That the Polish authorities singled out Gruber for harassment came as no surprise to the Western press corps in Warsaw. Since she was assigned there in 1981, she has developed close contacts with Solidarity, ties she maintained even after martial law was declared. Polish authorities, it is believed, were particularly angered by the frequency with which her reports of illegal underground activities were broadcast into Poland by Western radio services like the Voice of America.

The new campaign is a significant development in Poland's treatment of Western journalists, who until recently had enjoyed much greater freedom to operate than those in other Soviet-bloc countries. The offensive against the Western press, says a Warsaw intellectual, is a further example of "the Sovietization of Poland." In a press conference last week, Government Spokesman Jerzy Urban ominously advised Western journalists not to go "beyond certain limits." He warned against any contact with the banned trade-union movement Solidarity or with "members of the opposition." Said Urban: "This kind of journalism does not suit us."

At the same time, the press crackdown reflects a hardening attitude toward Washington. Declared Urban: "The case is also connected with the policy of the United States toward Poland." In a strongly worded response, the State Department said that the charges against Gruber "appear to have been manufactured by the Polish security service" and that the incident reveals Warsaw's intent to cause "further deterioration" of its relations with Washington.

The worsening internal climate inspired pessimism in Rome, where Pope John Paul II for the first time publicly cast doubt on his plans to travel to Poland in June. Praying to Our Lady of Czestochowa, Poland's most revered religious image, the Pope said, "To you I entrust if and how [the visit] will take place." The "if," said Vatican officials, reflected the Pope's concern that the recent developments might force him to cancel his visit.

Meanwhile, the independent union's former leader, Lech Walesa, who was released in November after eleven months of detention, returned last week to the Lenin shipyard in Gdansk, where Solidarity was born. "I am your employee," Walesa told an official, "so I came to work." But shipyard personnel stopped the former electrician at an office just inside the gate and told him he could not be reinstated until he obtained a letter certifying that he was not employed elsewhere. They also asked him to respond to government accusations of irregularities in Solidarity's finances. As police moved into the side streets around the shipyard, Walesa went home to ponder his next move. Said he: "Work is necessary for my health. When I worked, I was vigorous. Now I am tired." ■

BRITAIN

Hail the Conquering Heroine

Thatcher wins another Falklands victory, despite criticism

Like so many of Margaret Thatcher's actions, her surprise visit last week to the Falkland Islands roused strong emotions at home, abroad and, not least, within herself. On one occasion during the five-day mission to that barren South Atlantic archipelago, the Prime Minister was moved to tears as she honored Britain's fighting men, living and dead, whose victory over an Argentine occupying force had lifted Britain's spirits and Thatcher's own political fortunes. Her supporters cheered the 8,000-mile journey, which began shrouded in secrecy until her rugged Hercules transport plane touched down on the new airstrip at Port Stanley, the capital. Thatcher called it her "personal pilgrimage." Her adversaries called it a crass political ploy, calculated to appeal to British nationalism and boost the Prime Minister's standing in time for the election she is expected to call later this year.

The British public was indeed enthralled by the emotional encounter between the 1,800 Falkland Islanders and the woman they regard as a heroine and savior. Most of the country followed her progress on television as the Prime Minister jounced along rutted roads in Civil Commissioner Sir Rex Hunt's maroon London taxi; accepted pink roses and wild cheers from the islanders; stood, head bowed, at the simple white cross marking the grave of Paratrooper Lieut. Colonel H. Jones, whose courage won him the Victoria Cross; and placed flowers by the 14 graves overlooking San Carlos Bay, where British troops first stormed ashore.

With these dramatic scenes from Thatcher's sentimental journey, Argentines were uncomfortably reminded of a lost war that became a national humiliation. Argentine President Reynaldo Bignone branded Thatcher's trip "a new act of provocation and arrogance." Washington, which was not forewarned of Thatcher's gesture, was not much happier about it. Although no public comment was made, privately officials called it "pretty extreme provocation." By reminding the Argentines of their military failure, an official said, Thatcher risked reviving anti-Americanism in a country that bitterly resented U.S. support for Britain during the Falklands war. Said another U.S. official: "It's obvious the only reason Thatcher went was because she's got to run against a bad economy."

That cynical view was shared by the Prime Minister's critics at home, who insisted that she was merely trying to deflect public attention from raging unemployment (now 13.3%) and the alarming decline of the pound. Sterling dropped to an alltime low of $1.56 on foreign exchange markets briefly last week.

Whatever her motives, the Prime Minister's triumphal voyage was nonetheless a highly successful distraction. Just before her plane landed in the Falklands, the local radio station was alerted of the impending visit and broke the news to the islanders. The 900 residents of Port Stanley, now far outnumbered by the 4,000 British troops on the islands, raced outdoors into the blustery summer afternoon. Tousled by the wind, Thatcher said of her presence: "It is more than a visit. It is a profoundly moving experience." Throughout the tour, the Prime Minister repeated her pledge to safeguard the freedom of the islands and keep them British.

Laying wreath at cemetery near San Carlos

Her intransigence is not supported by opposition figures in Britain. Liberal Party Leader David Steel, on a visit to the U.S., said, "At some point, they [Britain and Argentina] are going to have to reach an agreement about peace in the region and how the islands are governed." The pro-Labor *Daily Mirror* warned, "There will be other Prime Ministers after Mrs. Thatcher. They will not all share her enthusiasms nor have the same willingness to bear the expense." The price is indeed considerable. Recapturing the islands cost the government $1.1 billion, plus $1.4 billion in damage and loss of ships and aircraft. Declared Thatcher: "To maintain peace with freedom and justice is always expensive, but less expensive than war."

Maintaining the pound may prove similarly difficult. With last week's slide, the value of sterling has dropped some 13% since Oct. 12, when the bout of jitters began. The Labor Party's shadow chancellor of the exchequer, Peter Shore, called the decline "yet further evidence of the failure and incompetence of this government's economic policies."

To stem the run on sterling, British banks last week raised base interest rates 1%, a gesture that should help encourage speculators to keep their money in Britain. As soon as she arrived from the airport, Thatcher met with a team of Treasury officials at her Downing Street office. Tired as she was, the Prime Minister was expected to apply another brisk dose of resolution to the pound's neurotic behavior. As her Treasury aides pointed out, inflation in Britain has fallen in the last year from 12% to about 6%. Government budget deficits have been brought under control, the trade balance is in healthy surplus, and unit labor costs are rising by a modest 5½% a year. Britain, said Tory Leader Cecil Parkinson, was "a very safe place to keep your money secure." If necessary, the Prime Minister will make the message clearer. After saving the Falklands, Thatcher hardly seemed likely to let the pound slip out of control.

—By Frederick Painton. Reported by Bonnie Angelo/London

GAMMA / LIAISON

The Prime Minister visiting the Royal Hampshire Regiment at Goose Green

"It is more than a visit. It is a profoundly moving experience."

It's More you.

It's long.
It's slim.
It's elegant.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

NICARAGUA

New Regime, Old Methods

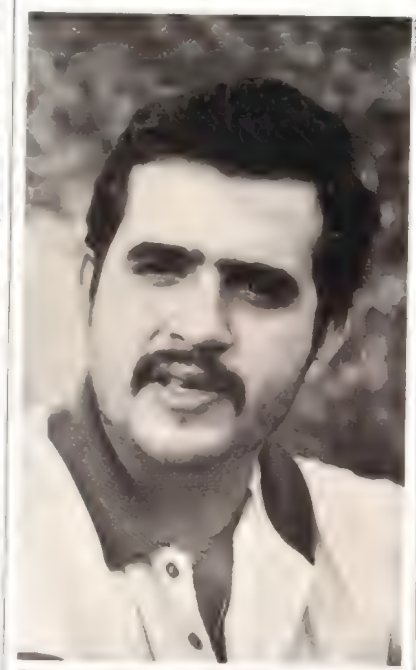
A defector's firsthand account of massacres and torture

When the Sandinistas toppled Anastasio Somoza Debayle and seized control of Nicaragua in 1979, many in the country hailed the victory as an end to the tyranny of the Somoza years. Yet over the past year evidence has surfaced showing that the Sandinistas are equally capable of repression and brutality. According to Nicaragua's Permanent Commission on Human Rights, the regime detains several hundred people a month; about half of them are eventually released, but the rest simply disappear. Roberto Guillén, 23, served as deputy chief of military counterintelligence for the Defense Ministry, but grew so disenchanted with the tactics of the government that last August he fled to join Edén Pastora Gómez, a hero of the Sandinista revolution who defected in July 1981 and is now based in neighboring Costa Rica. Guillén's parents subsequently sought refuge in the Venezuelan embassy. In an exclusive interview with Mexico City Bureau Chief James Willwerth, Guillén detailed the secret jails, torture methods and unprosecuted murders committed by the Sandinistas, including the systematic killing of Miskito Indians in the northeast department of Zelaya. Guillén's account:

In the beginning, we were trained to work against terrorists and spies from other countries. But then we were instructed to work against comrades within the Ministry of Defense. Every individual who was not in agreement with the politics of the Sandinista National Liberation Front was considered to be an excessively dangerous element. For example, people who had disagreed politically with the National Directorate [the nine-member body that oversees the ruling three-man junta] began to face trumped-up charges of theft, even murder.

Clandestine jails are organized by zone, distributed among the different security organizations. In Managua, for example, military counterintelligence has a mechanics shop eight blocks south of the Casa del Obrero, a union headquarters. Behind the store are two cells against a wall. Each cell is less than a meter wide and a meter deep and two meters high. The prisoners inside were always handcuffed, gagged and blindfolded. They were usually put in these cells for softening up, or for depersonalization. Sometimes they were foreign spies: Hondurans, Guatemalans, sometimes intelligence agents from the United States. I recall two U.S. agents who were shot. One was Puerto Rican; the other was from New Orleans. The Puerto Rican had been captured trying to get information on arms traffic between the Soviet Union, Cuba and Nicaragua. It was not so difficult to catch U.S. spies. The U.S. intelligence services always underestimated the Nicaraguan counterintelligence capacity.

In the basement of a onetime military academy in Managua, there is a dark, unventilated underground prison that can hold 20 people. At the Montelimar military base, there are several underground jails dug into the rocks. They are at sea level. At high tide, the water enters and comes into the cells up to the chest level of the prisoner.



CONTACT

Former Intelligence Official Roberto Guillén

"It was not so difficult to catch U.S. spies."

Physical torture has two forms. One consists of beatings, electric shocks, blows to the testicles, and so forth. The methods proved to be more effective by the KGB and Cuban intelligence are both more complex and simpler for obtaining information. The Soviets and the Cubans have found out that violent methods are often counterproductive. People will stick to the principles for which they fought. But if you depersonalize a person, he will lose his social standards, his principles. One method is to change the body metabolism. You shut a man in a room with no light or a lot of light 24 hours a day. You interrogate him constantly, off and on. You bring him food every two hours, saying it is mealtime. After two days you lose your sense of time. The constant food brings you to a state of desperation. The mind, upon receiving so much pressure, comes to a point where it is blocked. You are questioned constantly. The mind is so exhausted, it has no defense. There are many medical ways to make a person practically unconscious.

In a more general sense, the pressure begins the moment a man or woman becomes a prisoner. There are seats that have a very uncomfortable backrest. The individual has to maintain an erect position and he has to look straight at his interrogator. If you try to get comfortable, they'll hit you.

Another method is to put you in a small room, completely white. The only furniture is your chair, the interrogator's chair and a desk. In the middle of the wall, going all around the room, is a black stripe. As the interrogation continues, the individual begins to feel that the black line is closing in on him. Sometimes people are locked in a cell so small that they can only sit down, not stand. Then the prisoner is photographed, made to squat for a drug search of his anus. If the prisoner is skinny, he is issued a baggy uniform. If he is fat, it will be too tight. You feel ridiculous. From then on, they address you only by number. Interrogation begins, which can be either very intense or very relaxed. Your cell will always be very bright or very dark. It has no windows, only a door. It is usually designed to echo. Everything echos. You are completely disoriented.

I went to Cuba to study counterintelligence. When I returned in April of 1982, I was assigned to Zelaya Norte. After arriving there, I began to discover barbarities that were being committed against the Miskito people by reading the Ministry of Defense reports. Here is one entry which I copied in my notebook: "On Feb. 8, 1982, at 8:45 a.m., a troop of border guards fired at civilian persons on the Río Coco at the point of the community of Bilwaskarma." The report explained that the people were traveling in canoes at the moment the troops fired upon them. One man survived. Reading this, I could not understand why the chief of counterintelligence for the area had not brought this to trial. I couldn't understand also why the soldiers would kill a pregnant woman in the canoe.

The Directorate had published an article in *Barricada* [the official government newspaper] boasting that Sandinista soldiers had killed counterrevolutionaries coming out of Honduras. This was the same shooting I was reading about. The report I was reading said the people were searching for food and lived in Nicaragua. They had gone from Waspán [a town on the river] to Bilwaskarma in their canoes. I couldn't understand this. I fought against the barbarities Somoza committed against the Nicaraguan people. But as the revolutionary process increased, the level of class hatred increased. Among the officers, an attitude was created that one should kill rather than forgive.

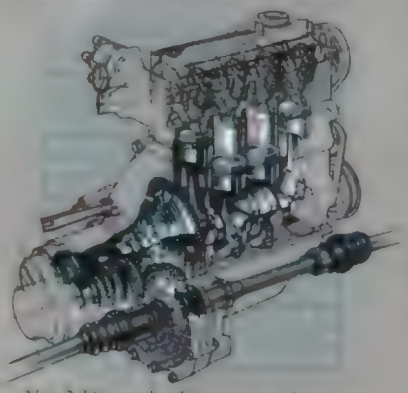
Introducing Mazda 626.

A series of front-wheel-drive road cars brilliantly conceived to set a new standard of performance, luxury, and value.

Experience the 1983 Mazda 626 Sport Sedan, Sport Coupe, and unique new 5-Door Touring Sedan.

In creating the all-new front-wheel-drive Mazda 626 Series, we set ourselves a formidable task. Superb road cars are already being produced in Europe, America, and Japan. Yet it became our goal to do nothing less than match our competitors in styling, comfort, and performance. And to surpass them in overall value.

Accomplishing this objective took four years of painstaking research and development. Testing was almost ceaseless. We froze our prototype in the wilds of Canada. We fried it in the Australian desert. And on Germany's autobahns we compared it one on one with the best that Europe has to offer.

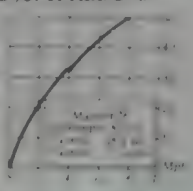


New 2-litre overhead cam engine (shown with transaxle) is lighter, quieter, more compact—and more powerful.

During this time, Mazda engineers reviewed, analyzed, and ultimately improved upon the very concept of the modern road car. The result is a totally new automobile, not a mere updating of the previous 626.

Its shape is new. The taut lines and uncluttered surfaces of the 626 are aesthetically pleasing. But due to exhaustive wind-tunnel testing, they are also aerodynamically efficient. In fact, the 626 Sport Coupe achieves a remarkably low drag coefficient of 0.34, equal to that of the Mazda RX-7 sports car.

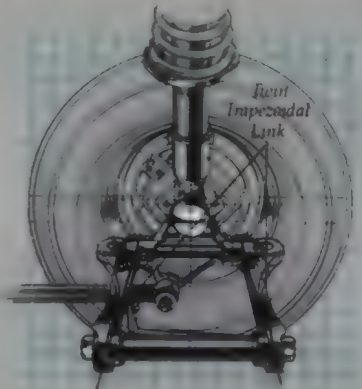
Its 2-litre overhead cam engine is new. Compared with its predecessor, internal friction at higher speeds has been reduced 20%. It has 8% fewer moving parts and is 57 lbs. lighter. It is at once quieter, more compact, and more powerful.



Its 4-wheel independent suspension is new. Our engineers evaluated 21 different rear suspension systems before choosing an independent strut design that makes use of Twin Trapezoidal Link lower arms. This part of the suspension is so unique that it has actually been patented by Mazda.

The geometry of Mazda's Twin Trapezoidal Link improves directional control by inducing the rear wheels to "toe in" when cornering or going over bumps.

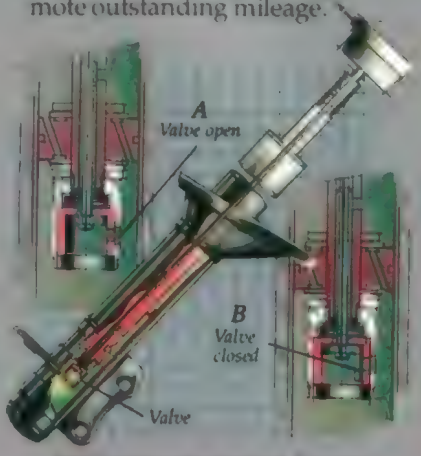
The Sport Coupe and 5-Door Touring Sedan also have a suspension feature you will find on no other car in the world: Mazda's Electronic Variable Shock Absorbers. Using buttons on the instrument panel, the driver can alter the stiffness of the shocks to suit various driving conditions.



Unique geometry of Mazda's patented Twin Trapezoidal Link rear suspension gives the new 626 superb directional control.

Its front-wheel-drive system is new. At its heart lies a masterfully engineered transaxle (a single unit that serves as both transmission and differential). Shifting is crisp and smooth. And because power is transmitted through a center bearing, the half-shafts that drive the front wheels are of equal length. This means that the major cause of "torque steer" has been eliminated.

Its fuel economy is new. Almost everything about the new 626—from its wind-tunnel aerodynamics to its low-friction engine—was designed to promote outstanding mileage.



With Electronic Variable Shock Absorbers, driver can select normal damping force (A) or one that is firmer, sportier (B). In AUTOMATIC mode, shocks stay at normal until speed rises above 50 mph—at which time front shocks stiffen for better "road feel."

Now that the 1983 Mazda 626 is here, we hope you will experience it for yourself with a test drive.

Experience its impressive handling, its lively acceleration, its quiet power, its marvelous comfort, its extraordinary list of standard features. Then consider its reasonable price.

We think you'll agree that the all-new Mazda 626 Series represents a value a cut above any other road car in the world.

1983 Mazda 626 Prices

Sport Sedan	$7595
Sport Coupe	$7895
Luxury Sport Sedan	$8895
Luxury Sport Coupe	$9295
5-Door Touring Sedan	$9895

Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Actual prices set by dealer. Taxes, license, freight, options, tires, wheels shown and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice. Availability of vehicles with special features may vary.

41 EST. HWY MPG | **29** EST. MPG EPA estimates for comparison. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less.

4-Door Sport Sedan

2-Door Sport Coupe

5-Door Touring Sedan

4-Door Sport Sedan

Mazda 626 Series. Designed to give you the comfort and convenience you expect in a world-class road car.

When we design a car at Mazda, we give a lot of thought to its interior. Ideally, it should be a roomy, comfortable, convenient living space. And that's exactly what you get inside the all-new Mazda 626.

Our attention to detail knows no limit. For example, the 626 Sport Sedan and Sport Coupe feature a driver's seat that adjusts six ways. But wait. On our Luxury models, the seat adjusts 10 ways (see illustration).

As a further measure of the 626's outstanding value, consider its extensive list of standard features. All 626 models come equipped with the following:

5-speed overdrive transmission (3-speed automatic optional) • Steel-belted radial tires • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Halogen headlamps • Electric rear window defroster • Remote trunk release • Split fold-down rear seatbacks • Tilt adjustable steering column • Quartz digital clock • Full cut-pile carpeting • Carpeted luggage compartment • Tachometer • Heater duct for rear-seat passengers • Trip odometer • Tinted glass • Remote fuel filler lid release • And much more.

For a complete list, send for our free catalog.

Mazda 626 Sport Sedan shown above with optional AM/FM MPX radio

10-way adjustable driver's seat has headrest with angle and height adjustment, seatback angle adjustment with fine-tuning capability, side support adjustment, lumbar support adjuster, seat cushion tilt mechanism, seat slide adjustment, seat height adjuster, and a unique recliner "memory."

GET THE COMPLETE MAZDA 626 STORY.

We're anxious to send you a free copy of our 32-page, full-color catalog describing the all-new 1983 Mazda 626 Series. Just send your name, address, city, state, and zip code to the following address and mention that you'd like the 626 catalog.

Mailing & Marketing Inc.
670 North Batavia Street
Orange, CA 92668
Attn: Mazda 626 Offer

mazda

The more you look, the more you like.

The Miskito populations began to rise up. The Ministry of Defense said in its propaganda that the people who were fighting us were former national guardsmen [Somoza supporters], not Miskitos. On June 5, I participated in a firefight that was said to be with guardsmen, but it was really with Miskitos. They lost no one. We lost 19 men, officers as well as enlisted men. Twenty-two more were wounded. Only I and one other man were not hurt or killed. The regional chief of staff and his escort staff ran when the fighting started. When he decided to leave, he defended this by saying that he could not afford to die like any ordinary soldier.

There were large-scale arrests of Miskitos. About 800 people were detained. A second lieutenant saw an Indian woman among the prisoners and raped her. When this was investigated, the chief of staff pardoned him and transferred him to another unit in Kambla. It was interpreted as a promotion. I was transferred to Managua in August. I was now determined to leave Nicaragua.

But on Aug. 8, state security called me to a meeting in the Ministry of Defense building at Chipote military base. There they proposed to me that I provide the logistics, the guns, trucks and soldiers to physically eliminate the 800 Miskito prisoners. The state security people said they would have to be killed, and it should look as if they died in combat. When this was discussed, I practically went into a state of shock because of the moral conflicts it caused within me. It made me sick. They wanted me to provide soldiers to dig the graves, guards to control the Miskitos while they were being shot, trucks to transport them. I don't know if this massacre actually happened or not. On Aug. 10, I left Nicaragua.

■ ■ ■

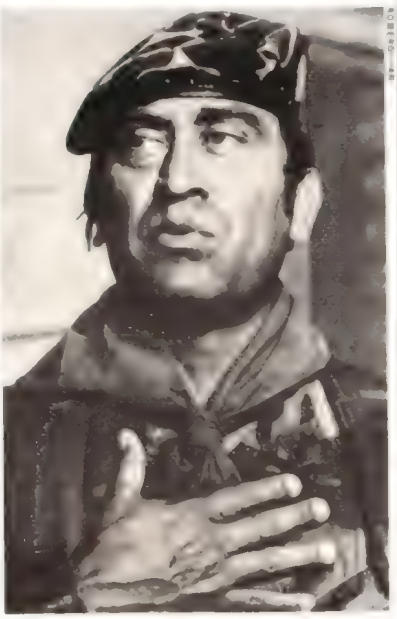
The Sandinistas fired off an accusation of their own last week. This one was aimed at Francisco Fiallos Navarro, who quit his post as Nicaraguan Ambassador to the U.S. last month after the Sandinistas banned the publication of an interview with the Managua newspaper *La Prensa* in which he expressed growing disenchantment with the revolutionary regime. Nicaraguan officials now claim that Fiallos, 36, embezzled $618,000 from the embassy's account at Riggs National Bank before his resignation, and vowed to take legal action against the onetime diplomat. Fiallos, who returned to Washington last week after conferring with anti-Sandinistan Edén Pastora Gómez in Costa Rica, proclaimed his innocence. "I deny I stole the money, completely and absolutely," he said. The former ambassador contended that the Sandinistas had trapped him into withdrawing the funds, but he was notably fuzzy about the whereabouts of the cash. At week's end a lawyer representing Fiallos was busy trying to reach an out-of-court settlement. ■

EL SALVADOR

A Battle of Military Egos

As a minor mutiny ends, the U.S. reaffirms its support

The bizarre rebellion ended as suddenly as it had begun. But when Lieut. Colonel Sigifredo Ochoa Pérez gave up his six-day mutiny against Salvadoran Minister of Defense General José Guillermo García last week, the damage had been done. The incident highlighted what many analysts feel is a troubling obstacle to U.S. aims in the embattled Central American nation: a lack of discipline on the part of the Salvadoran military. All too often, its leaders seem to be more concerned with internal rivalries than with fighting left-wing guerrillas united under the banner of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front.



Ochoa at his barracks last week

Excessive concern with internal rivalries.

The crisis began when García, who was jealous of Ochoa's increasing prominence as a successful antiguerrilla fighter, ordered the 40-year-old officer to resign his command in the northern province of Cabañas and assume duties as military attaché in Uruguay. Ochoa refused. He declared his province a "free territory," and phoned a San Salvador radio station to demand that García resign as head of the armed forces because he had shown himself incompetent in handling the country's three-year-old civil war.

U.S. embassy officials felt there was more to the dispute than Ochoa's reluctance to move to the diplomatic backwater of Uruguay. They speculated that García had wanted to transfer the popular Ochoa in order to strengthen his own political ambitions as a potential challenger to right-wing Constituent Assembly President Roberto d'Aubuisson. García has generally supported increased U.S. involvement in El Salvador and land reform, while D'Aubuisson has not. At the same time, U.S. officials feared that Ochoa, a military classmate of D'Aubuisson's, was being used by D'Aubuisson in order to force García out as Defense Minister. Some Salvadorans looked for a less complicated motive. Said a military analyst: "This is a question of two very ambitious, vain men. In the Salvadoran army, once a commander gets a little too popular, a little too visible, he gets dragged down, or else he becomes a threat. Tigers don't eat tigers; they get moved to different cages. Ochoa was too visible."

Shortly after dawn Wednesday, Ochoa came to terms with García through the mediation efforts of provisional President Alvaro Magaña and senior army officers who supported Ochoa's protest but not his tactics. In the compromise, Ochoa's reassignment to Uruguay was withdrawn. He was also promised he would not be arrested or court-martialed. Ironically, Ochoa's insubordination may earn him a prestigious assignment at the Inter-American Defense Board in Washington.

Although he has been criticized privately by both U.S. and his own military officers for his ineffectiveness as a military leader, García had been hinting that he would stay on as Defense Minister past his scheduled retirement date in February and that he might even run for President when elections are held in March 1984. Now, his authority shaken, García is expected to resign "after a prudent, face-saving time period," according to one U.S. official.

The breakdown in El Salvador's military chain of command comes at an awkward moment for the Reagan Administration. The President has until Jan. 23 to submit his semiannual certification to Congress that El Salvador's government is making progress on human rights and is carrying out land reform. Without the statement, the President must immediately cut off all military assistance. State Department officials described the Ochoa-García duel as "absolutely not germane" to the certification, and said last week that the Administration would once again rule in El Salvador's favor. Washington officials noted with satisfaction that the number of politically motivated murders was now below 200 a month, down from an average of 500 a month in 1981. Said a State Department official: "That is still a hell of a lot of killing. It is not an entirely positive picture, but a defensible one." In El Salvador's political morass, expectations remain modest. ■

CONGRESS WANTS A PIECE OF YOUR SAVINGS.

WHAT THEY NEED IS A PIECE OF YOUR MIND.

Recently, Congress quietly passed a withholding law that will cost American savers and investors the use of 10% of their interest and dividends.

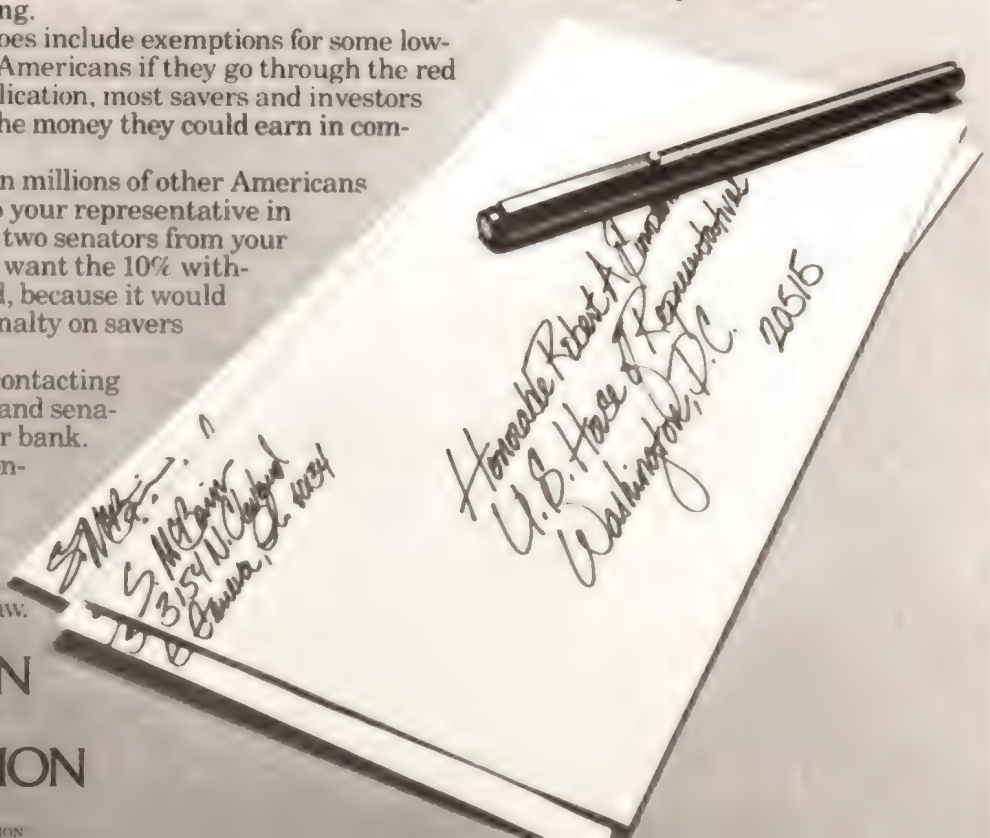
In simple terms, this new law, effective July 1, 1983, requires banks and other financial institutions to deduct 10% of the interest or dividends you earn on your savings and investments. That money then goes to the Internal Revenue Service in much the same way as payroll deductions are now handled.

The sponsors of this law have told us it was designed to catch a small minority of Americans who evade taxes on their interest and dividends. But the truth is, the law penalizes the great majority of America's savers and investors who pay their taxes faithfully. What's more, the federal government is now receiving all the necessary information to curtail tax cheating.

Though the law does include exemptions for some low-income and elderly Americans if they go through the red tape of filing an application, most savers and investors will forfeit some of the money they could earn in compounded interest.

We urge you to join millions of other Americans by writing letters to your representative in Congress and to the two senators from your state. Tell them you want the 10% withholding tax repealed, because it would impose an unfair penalty on savers like yourself.

For assistance in contacting your representative and senators, please visit your bank. If you all act now, Congress will get a clear message from the voters back home, and they will work to repeal this needless law.



AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

©1983 AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

JAPAN

To Washington via Seoul

Nakasone tries to show he is a strong and reliable ally

A Japanese soldier salutes his country's military flag during an armored parade

The scene of international camaraderie in Seoul's presidential Blue House last week was truly extraordinary. Following a formal state dinner, South Korean President Chun Doo Hwan, 51, and Japanese Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone, 64, retired for a "second session," a hard-drinking Oriental stag party. As the liquor flowed, the two leaders took turns belting out favorite songs at each other. Among Nakasone's three choices was a hit Korean romantic tune from 1961: *Noran* (Yellow) *Shirts*. For his part, Chun serenaded his guest with *Kage O Shitaite* (Searching for Your Shadows), a pre-World War II Japanese love song. As midnight approached, the party broke up with the duo embracing to the applause of their fellow revelers.

The unusual display was only one highlight of a lightning diplomatic foray by Nakasone that was intended to burnish Japan's political image, not only in Korea but also in Washington. During his 24-hour visit to Seoul, the outgoing Japanese politician who became Prime Minister seven weeks ago was laying some shrewd groundwork for his meeting with President Ronald Reagan this week. At a time of fraying U.S.-Japanese relations on such issues as regional defense spending and international trade, Nakasone was hoping to demonstrate that Japan intended to be a strong and stabilizing U.S. ally in Asia. Said a foreign observer: "Nakasone is going to Washington by first stopping off in Seoul."

Nakasone's choice of the South Korean way station was a deliberate signal to the Reagan Administration. Despite their strong mutual ties to the U.S., Japan and South Korea have long had only the chilliest diplomatic regard for each other. From the Korean side, the attitude is understandable: for 70 years, the country was systematically bullied by Japan's rising military might, including the outright Japanese annexation of the Korean peninsula in 1910. South Korea regained its independence following World War II, but even today polls indicate that Japan is the country most hated by South Koreans, ranking higher in their contempt than Communist North Korea.

The prickly relationship began to change almost as soon as Nakasone landed at Seoul's Kimpo Airport. For the first time since 1945, the Japanese Rising Sun flag was hoisted alongside South Korea's white, red, blue and black emblem atop the city's squat Capitol Building. Nakasone pledged that his country would grant $4 billion in preferential aid to South Korea and declared that "my visit may mark the beginning of a new and vital stage in our relationship." Replied Chun: "Your visit is a historic, indeed monumental, milestone in our relations." From Washington's point of view, the rapprochement has two benefits: a strengthening of ties between non-Communists on the Asian periphery and a further emphasis on mutual self-help in the region.

Naval vessels steaming in Pacific waters

In anticipation of Nakasone's visit to the U.S., his government also unveiled a package of trade-liberalizing measures, the third in 13 months. It included tariff cuts on such items as tobacco products, chocolate and biscuits. The measures will do little to shrink Japan's huge (estimated $17.5 billion for 1982) trade surplus with the U.S., but Nakasone has promised a review of such nontariff barriers as complex customs requirements and byzantine distribution systems.

Despite his efforts to set a friendly tone, Nakasone will probably hear expressions of concern in Washington on both the commercial and military fronts. Officials will explain to Nakasone that as U.S. unemployment continues to rise, so will pressure for further measures designed to protect the domestic market from Japanese imports. The Administration also feels that Japan, which spends less than 1% of its gross national product on defense, *vs.* 6.3% for the U.S., is not shouldering a fair share of the military burden in the Pacific. So far, Nakasone's efforts to boost military spending have been disappointing to Washington. In his first draft budget, presented last December, Nakasone lowered the planned purchase of U.S.-built F-15 fighters from 20 to 13, dropped one of three destroyers from its naval buildup, and reduced tank orders from 75 to 60. State Department Spokesman Alan Romberg later declared that Japan's defense commitment "falls short" of its responsibilities, although he noted that the country faces "domestic financial difficulties."

Nakasone's response to this criticism is to say that "Japan is like a supertanker. It takes effort to change the course of such a ship." But even while counseling patience, he is counting on his image as a decisive leader to win understanding in Washington. Already the Japanese bureaucracy is complaining about the speed with which Nakasone demands action, a habit that he is said to have learned from one of his idols, the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy. Having convinced the skeptical South Koreans of his good will, Nakasone may find the going easier with a politician as amiable as Ronald Reagan. —*By George Russell. Reported by S. Chang/Seoul and Edwin M. Reingold/Tokyo*

An Interview with Nakasone

"The U.S. and Japan are bound by destiny to help each other"

Despite the long hours that he is putting in at his new job, Yasuhiro Nakasone was relaxed last week in his spartan but spacious office in the 1920s-style official Prime Minister's residence in Tokyo. On the eve of his first meeting with Ronald Reagan, Nakasone, nattily attired in a well-cut gray suit and soft black leather loafers, discussed a wide range of U.S.-Japanese concerns with TIME's *Tokyo bureau chief Edwin Reingold. Highlights:*

On U.S.-Japanese friction: Japan has become the second largest economy in the free world, after the U.S., and it is inevitable that there should be friction between two such economic giants. It would be extraordinary if there were no friction. The major task for business and government leaders is how to deal with it. I see opportunities for experts in both countries to share their wisdom and resources for coexistence. In some sectors, on some subjects, it might be quite feasible to conduct joint research or joint enterprises so that we can open the way for a competitive but cooperative kind of relationship. Both of us would be advised to plan very far ahead for cooperation on high technology.

On protectionism: Protectionism motivated by short-range selfish interests will only cause a chain reaction of protective measures. This creates the grave danger of accelerating the recession into a 1930s-like depression. If that happens, Japan is the country with the most to lose. Therefore, by employing every means at our disposal, we must shatter this tide of protectionism and guard free trade. If there is a depression, the country that will be the most pleased will be the Soviet Union.

On trade: It is important to solve the problems of trade one by one. Since last May, Japan has reduced tariffs substantially, or abolished or otherwise liberalized imports on some 300 items. We have recently taken more urgent action—though you might say somewhat belatedly, somewhat tardily—on tariffs on tobacco products, chocolate and other items. We shall continue to make these efforts to solve individual problems.

On opening Japan's markets to more imports: This is the most important point. There are various standards and requirements, safety examinations and testing, that are going to be improved—drastically. I have ordered such efforts. For example, on boats there are still complex procedures for import inspections that might be taken as harassment, and I have ordered drastic measures to simplify those procedures. I have also ordered an investigation into procedures for certifying the acceptability of products at the manufacturing site overseas. By approving the factory itself, all products from that factory could be imported freely into Japan. I want to do this on every possible product. I am ordering a comprehensive study of across-the-board legislation to handle all these problems. I should have a report within a month.

MASACHIKA SUHARA

On defense: When Japan became independent [of the Allied powers in 1952], it was totally without arms and depended entirely on the U.S. But remember, I am the architect of the Defense Agency Establishment Law and the Self-Defense Forces Law [which allow for limited Japanese armed forces]. Our self-defense capability has continued to improve, and the operation of the Japan-U.S. security treaty has been undergoing changes. What Japan can do is strengthen our own capabilities to defend the Japanese archipelago, and we can and are giving the fullest cooperation in consultation with the U.S. in deploying [forces] in the most effective strategic and tactical posture. I believe Japan's own defense capabilities and U.S. capabilities, centering on the Seventh Fleet, are in a complementary relationship through our [bilateral] security treaty. The treaty itself contains language about maintaining peace and stability in the Far East. In this sense, one could say that as Japan buttresses its own defense capability, it will allow the U.S. to expand its scope or sphere of exercise or operation.

On revising Japan's antiwar constitution: The three cornerstones of the building of postwar Japan have been the peace treaty following World War II, the U.S.-Japanese security treaty and the constitution. The Communist Party and the left wing in general have argued for a policy of unarmed neutrality based on their interpretation of constitutional Article 9 [which renounces war as a sovereign right]. But the interpretation by the Liberal Democratic Party and by a majority of the Japanese people has always been that we can maintain the minimum self-defense capability, that an independent nation is entitled to maintain sufficient armed forces for minimum self-defense. There has been confusion as regards this from the days right after the war until today, so some people have been arguing that we must establish a national political consensus that we can maintain self-defense forces. People have been led to feel that any discussion of revision of the constitution is taboo. But in a free and democratic society there should be no taboos. Although I will not place constitutional revision on my political timetable, I firmly believe that we must destroy all taboos in our free democratic society.

On future relations with the U.S.: The first thing I learned from the Americans [after the war] was humanism, the fact that American soldiers had a deeply held belief in humanism beyond the battlefield toward their former foes, civilian or military. The second was their businesslike attitude and their efficiency. America was Japan's mentor or teacher. But of late the student has been showing signs of excelling the teacher, and the teacher might be getting a little jealous of the student's achievements. The student hopes the teacher will progress further and keep abreast or stay ahead of the student. The student in the meantime is rapidly depleting his energy and weakening his footing. The U.S. has been a very good teacher to Japan, and the student does not want to fight the teacher. Instead, the student hopes that the two most important nations in the free world can help each other and hand in hand build a free world. These two Pacific nations are bound by destiny, I believe, to help and collaborate with each other. Disputes and friction will continue to arise, but if you take a little longer view, all of them can be solved. Both of us should try to put ourselves into each other's shoes and continue to make sincere and consistent efforts as free-world teammates.

On Japan's international image: I want to improve things so that Japan will be able to keep its honorable place in the world community and be known as a nation of fair-minded people. ■

THE JAMES GANG

'MEET THE MEN' 'BEHIND THE LEGENDS'

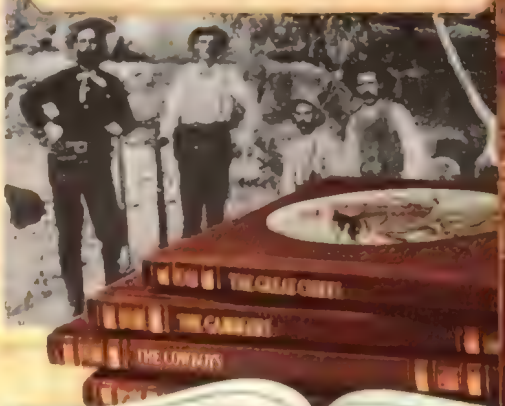
Western Hist. Dept. Denver Public Lib.

Frank *(left)* and Jesse James invented the daylight bank robbery in America and tested the idea for the first time in Liberty, Missouri, on Valentine's Day 1866.

Museum Hist. Soc.

Cole *(left)* and Jim Younger Serving with Frank James in a Confederate guerrilla unit, Cole was said to have tried out a new Enfield rifle on Yankee prisoners.

By the 1870s, Jesse James *(far left)* was secure—and vain—enough to pose for a photographer summoned to the gang's cave hideout in Missouri. For 15 years the James gang held sway, imitated, but never equaled, for notoriety and hell-bent originality.



Begin the true story of the days of six-gun justice in THE GUNFIGHTERS for 10 days FREE

How did Jesse James apply guerrilla warfare to bank robbery? Did Frank James really dote on Shakespeare? Why didn't he go to jail when finally brought to justice? The story of the James gang is more amazing than any romantic legend—just one of the things you'll discover in *The Gunfighters*. It introduces you to THE OLD WEST series with the true account of Pat Garrett and his pursuit of Billy the Kid. With the facts behind the taunts that led to the rain of bullets and buckshot at the O.K. Corral. Each volume in the series is packed with authentic detail, paintings, drawings and historic photographs. *The Gunfighters* will put you face to face with a trigger-happy assortment of hold-up men, backshooters and high-handed peace officers, from Clay Allison, who called himself a "shootist," to that pious Missourian, Hanging Judge Parker.

Enjoy *The Gunfighters* for 10 days as our guest. If you decide to keep it, you can go on to explore THE OLD WEST a volume at a time, on the same free-examination basis, including *The Soldiers*, with a minute-by-minute reconstruction of Custer's ill-fated foray to the Little Big Horn...*The Great Chiefs*, for an enlightening encounter with Geronimo, Crazy Horse and that inspired cavalry leader, Cochise... *The Forty-niners*...*The Railroaders*. You have no commitment to buy anything. You can even send *The Gunfighters* back within 10 days and end the matter right there. To see the West before the open range was fenced in for good, mail the reply card.

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME BOOKS

Run your hand over the richly ornamented cover of a volume from THE OLD WEST series, and you'll think of an old saddle worn smooth and soft by time and heavy riding. Padded covers are embossed with a Western saddle design that captures the spirit of the frontier era. Each volume includes approximately 240 pages, 250 illustrations, many rare glimpses of vanished towns, ranches and other intriguing sights.

© 1981 TIME-LIFE BOOKS INC

If card is missing, mail coupon to:

TIME-LIFE BOOKS
Time & Life Bldg., Chicago, IL 60611

CIGHX5

YES. Please send me *The Gunfighters* and start my subscription to THE OLD WEST series. I understand each volume costs $12.95 ($14.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling; each book comes for 10 days' free examination; no minimum purchase is required; and that I may cancel at any time by notifying you. When I pay for *The Gunfighters*, I will receive additional volumes, shipped one about every other month. If I decide not to buy *The Gunfighters*, I will return the complete package within 10 days, my subscription will be canceled and I will be under no further obligation.

Name _____
(Please print)
Address _____ Apt _____
City _____
State or Province _____ Zip or Postal Code _____
Signature _____

TIME LIFE

THE OLD WEST

JOHN L. ALEXANDROW CZ

Symbol of decline, highway signs spell the fate of Rust Belt mills, in this case the Pittsburgh blast furnaces of Jones & Laughlin

Big Steel's Winter of Woes

A strike threat has the companies groping for a wage deal by spring

Like mausoleums of a passing age, they stand shuttered and empty. They are the padlocked steel mills of what has come to be known grimly as the American Rust Bowl, and from the rail sidings of East Chicago to the icy waterways of western New York State, they offer mute testimony to the industrial damage that has been done by the longest economic decline in half a century.

Though signs are beginning to mount that the 18-month-old slump is at last starting to draw to a close, no sector of the economy can yet be sure of a sustained recovery; in the case of steel, the outlook is bleakest of all. More than almost any other part of Smokestack America, steelmaking finds itself struggling to survive not just the current downturn but a whole host of other, longer-lasting problems. These range from the lofty, uncompetitive wages of the unionized employees, to the antiquated state of many of the mills and fabricating plants, to the relentless pressure of foreign competitors who are themselves burdened with bulging capacity and weak domestic markets.

With unemployment hovering at 50% of the industry's 450,000-strong labor force, and industry-wide production sputtering along at a mere 29% of capacity, the plight of the nation's steelmakers is truly ghastly. During 1982, losses for the industry as a whole reached a record $2.5 billion, and though no major steel producer currently faces imminent bank-

weakest of them, including such venerable giants as National Steel (1981 sales: $4.0 billion), and Republic Steel (1981 sales: $4.3 billion) as few as six to eight calendar quarters before they run out of money.

For 1983 the sales outlook is cloudy at best. Though the U.S. Commerce Department forecasts a 25% rise in shipments during the year, to 80 million tons, that is still less than 75% of current capacity and little more than half the peak production of 150.8 million tons in 1973. More worrisome still, signs are emerging that the beleaguered and struggling industry could succumb to labor strife and perhaps even a crippling midsummer strike by the United Steelworkers of America, when the union's current three-year contract expires in August.

Such a nationwide walkout would be the first by the U.S.W. in 24 years and would come just as economic recovery is expected to begin boosting steel orders from such big-ticket industry customers as automakers and capital-goods manufacturers. Roger Smith, chairman of General Motors, which alone buys 7% of the steel industry's output, has already warned Lloyd McBride, president of the United Steelworkers of America, that unless wage talks between the companies and the U.S.W. are settled by March, GM will not hesitate to turn to Japanese and European suppliers for its steel. Other big users of steel would doubtless choose the same route to ensure supplies, in the process cutting off the steel companies from the orders they so desperately need but cannot fill.

Steel's current labor tensions date back to last spring. It was then that a bargaining group of eight leading producers, headed by U.S. Steel, first began trying to get the industry's sky-high employment costs under control. Because of excessively generous wage settlements throughout the

1970s, steelworker employment costs by the end of last year were more than $26 per hour per worker, the highest of any industrial sector of the economy.

In an effort to pare costs, the companies sought unsuccessfully, first in July and then again in November, to persuade the U.S.W. to tear up its existing work contract and accept a new three-year deal at reduced wages and benefits. The two proposed packages were hammered out in preliminary talks with McBride and representatives of the union's 173-member International Wage Policy Committee, but both foundered on the objections of local U.S.W. chiefs who refused to go along with their leaders. They found the deals, which involved a multiyear pay freeze in July and a temporary pay cut averaging 11% in November, simply too harsh to be accepted.

U.S.W. members also feared that any savings resulting from the so-called givebacks would have been used by the companies to diversify out of steelmaking altogether. The local chiefs, who overwhelmingly refused to ratify either of the two deals, warned for example that the companies would simply invest the money in such nonsteel fields as banking, consumer goods and natural resources, all of which have already attracted investment by various steelmaking firms.

Struggling to block yet a third rejection of a wage-concessions package, McBride last week held closed-door talks with company representatives in an effort to come up with a package of givebacks that his union members could accept. In a formal 31-page statement, the U.S.W. leader spelled out their view: "We must guard against the possibility that the relief we negotiate may not serve its intended purpose of job preservation. One measure to ensure that it does is an enforceable commitment by the companies that they will not permanently shut down any plant during the duration of the agreement. Further guarantees are also necessary that the companies invest the resulting savings in plants and facilities where our members work, and not divert to other corporate ventures."

Meanwhile, the U.S.W.'s Wage Policy Committee, which generally supports the giveback approach, was also maneuvering to head off the chances of a strike. Meeting in Pittsburgh last week, the group revised the union's contract-ratification procedures in a way that chops almost in half the number of U.S.W. local presidents permitted to vote on new contracts. The move is meant to encourage a concessionary new contract by indirectly limiting voting to members likely to support givebacks.

Whatever the outcome of the wage negotiations, steelmen face equally formidable long-term problems. While foreign producers have shifted over increasingly to highly efficient "continuous casting" techniques for steelmaking, U.S. firms still rely heavily on much more costly and labor-intensive processes. Though U.S. companies had been planning to spend upwards of $7 billion during 1982 on new investment to upgrade their plants, plunging sales have so severely crimped their cash that most new capital-expenditure plans have now either been put on hold or abandoned entirely.

Meantime, low-cost foreign-made steel has kept flooding into the U.S. market, eroding sales for U.S. producers and further tightening the industry's cash squeeze. Last autumn U.S. steelmakers won concessions from European producers, who agreed to limit exports to the U.S. to about 5.5% through 1985. But analysts warn that a slowdown in European exports is more than likely to be offset by rising imports from market-hungry producers elsewhere.

Protectionist trade barriers are clearly no answer to the industry's woes. But as the vital signs of a recovering economy at long last begin to work their way through business in the months ahead, steelmen need at all costs to avoid the sort of calamitous strike that would knock their companies flat as well as send imports leaping. Only after the industry has struggled back to profitability can it have any hope of solving its deeply rooted long-range problems. For now, at least, the challenge facing Big Steel is measured in months, not years. *—By Christopher Byron. Reported by David Beckwith/Washington and Bruce van Voorst/New York*

Minimills, Maxiprofits

Making money in the steel business these days is about as easy as rolling an I beam uphill. Nonetheless, at least two firms are still forging profits: Nucor Corp. of Charlotte, N.C., and Chaparral Steel Co. in Midlothian, Texas. In the first nine months of 1982, Nucor earned $13.4 million on sales of $379 million. Chaparral cleared $11 million last year on sales of $160 million.

Nucor and Chaparral are leaders in a new class of companies that make steel in what are called minimills: small, low-cost plants that utilize state-of-the-art technology and, in most cases, nonunion labor. These factories contain none of the costly blast furnaces used to transform raw materials into steel. Instead, they take scrap steel, melt it down and reshape it into new forms. The minimills fashion small, specialized steel products rather than huge beams and sheets. Nucor's steel can be found, for example, in reinforcing rods for concrete walls, traffic barricades and lawnmowers.

Since it entered the minimill business only 14 years ago, Nucor has built seven plants in South Carolina, Texas, Nebraska and Utah. President Kenneth Iverson links his company's success to its modern equipment and employee-incentive program. Depending on how much steel the workers produce, they are paid bonuses as large as 200% of their base salaries. Says Iverson: "People think that because we're in the South and are nonunion, our workers make less, but we reward high productivity." He contends that in 1981 the average blue-collar worker at Nucor made $30,000, in contrast to $28,500 at the large steel companies. But that Nucor worker, Iverson maintains, churned out about 850 tons of steel during the year, while employees at the big firms averaged only 350 tons.

The emphasis on cost cutting extends from the plant floors to the executive offices in Charlotte. "We have no company cars, no jet, no hunting lodges," says Iverson, "and everybody, including me, travels economy class." The "executive dining room" is a delicatessen in a nea by shopping center.

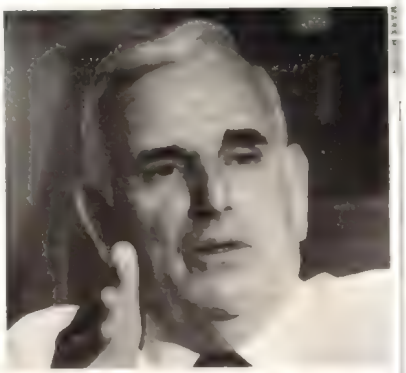
Chaparral built its single minimill seven years ago. Says Chairman Robert Rogers: "Our biggest advantage is probably that we didn't know anything about the industry when we started. We scoured the world for the best technology." After the plant was built, Chaparral continued to send out employees in search of new production techniques. Last year the company exchanged a ten-man steelmelting crew for a similar group from a Japanese firm. For five weeks the Chaparral team studied the fine points of Japanese steelmaking. Says Gordon Forward, the company's president: "We want to beat them at their own productivity game."

Chaparral's Rogers Nucor's Iverson

Boeing Buckles Up for Takeoff

Its thrifty new jets may be just what hard-pressed airlines need

If the people of Seattle have some of the best-educated cab drivers in the world, they owe it all to the Boeing Co. During the past two years, caught by the worst downturn in U.S. airline history (estimated 1982 industry losses: $500 million), the giant plane builder has reduced its work force by 14,000 as its production of new commercial aircraft dropped to half of its capacity. But now, thanks to some sharp maneuvering, Boeing's prospects are looking brighter. In the past six months, the company's stock has shot up from 15 to 36⅞, and investment analysts still think it is a buy. Boeing Chairman T.A. Wilson is less effusive than the analysts but still upbeat. Says he: "It will take some time for the airlines to start making money again. But we expect the traffic to grow."



Chairman T.A. Wilson and the bustling 767 assembly line in a vast Seattle plant

Says United: "If you had a favorite airplane, this one's going to take its place."

Right now, the trunks are keeping Boeing busy filling orders for its new wide-bodied 767. Boeing has sold 177 of the $46 million, twin-engine planes so far, and will produce five a month this year, which will keep the assembly line moving efficiently until business picks up enough to allow the industry to buy more. United Air Lines, the first carrier to fly the 767, has taken out newspaper ads proclaiming: "If you had a favorite airplane, this one's going to take its place."

That goes for airline executives as well as travelers. Passengers, who have been crammed into planes as if they were suitcases, like the extra leg room, wider seats and the 50% increase in overhead storage space. The carriers, which now include TWA, American and Delta, like the new plane's low operating costs. Narrower than the mammoth 747, the 767 carries 210 passengers and is versatile enough to be used for 1,000-mile flights, as well as transcontinental routes. Thanks to new engines and wings, and the use of lighter composite materials, United says that the 767 is 30% to 54% more fuel efficient than the older planes it replaces. Boeing claims that airlines can save up to $2.5 million annually for every 767 they fly.

Boeing is also beginning to profit from the industry's twin problems of overcapacity in big airliners (as many as 100 747s, DC-10s and L-1011s are grounded because they cannot be filled), and the fare wars sparked by the Airline Deregulation Act of 1978. While the trunks have been slugging it out in expensive discounting duels for a shrinking number of passengers on such popular routes as New York–Los Angeles and Miami-Chicago, small regional airlines, known in the industry as "bumblebees," have been making fat profits serving medium-size cities abandoned by the major carriers. Now the trunks want some of that business back, and to get it they need smaller planes. The most popular: Boeing's new twin-engine 110-passenger 737-200, a fuel-efficient improvement over the older 727s that it usually replaces.

Since most airlines do not have the money now to buy the airplanes they need, Boeing is offering some innovative financing. Last month the company announced that Delta Air Lines will lease 33 new 737-200s for 15 years; that will ensure that Boeing can keep production lines warm and the work force in place until orders spring back, and it will enable Delta to start battling those bumblebees more effectively. As part payment, Boeing will take eleven of Delta's surplus Lockheed TriStar wide bodies and try to resell them overseas.

The shift to smaller airliners has also saved McDonnell Douglas' commercial-aircraft division, which is long on cost-efficient smaller planes but has not been able to sell one of its star-crossed DC-10s in two years. In November, the company announced a $1 billion contract to sell 30 new 142-passenger DC-9 "Super 80s" to Alitalia, Italy's national airline.

When passenger traffic picks up, Boeing will be ready with its newest twin-engine plane: the 757. Certified just last month, the $37 million airliner carries 185 passengers. So far, 123 of these smaller planes have been ordered. Boeing's Wilson sees the 757 as the company's strongest card in the long run, because it is intended to replace the middle-size, medium-range jets that make up some 72% of the U.S. airline fleet. Says he: "I would not be surprised to see the 757 as the best seller we have ever had."

Meanwhile, the aerospace giant expects to ride out the rest of the recession in lean but solid shape. Military contracts for AWACS (the special radar-equipped 707s that give advance warning of air attacks), air-launched cruise missiles and other systems, which account for 25% of total revenues, will help. Boeing is scheduled to deliver 189 new planes this year, compared with 177 in 1982. That is still 68 planes fewer than the 257 delivered in 1981, but Boeing has shown that tight cost controls and efficient new computer-aided design and manufacturing equipment enable it to operate profitably at reduced capacity: during the first nine months of 1982, the company earned $201 million, half of it from commercial aircraft. Says Wilson: "We've battened down the goddam hatches, and we are going to survive." Before long, he may even be hiring back some of those overeducated cab drivers. —*By Janice Castro. Reported by Joseph J. Kane/Seattle and Stephen Koepp/New York*

Grits with Sushi

Japanese tires in Tennessee

Most American workers consider competition from Japanese imports at least partly responsible for pushing U.S. industry into its worst downturn since the Great Depression. But last week a group of grateful blue-collar workers in LaVergne, Tenn., a tiny factory town outside Nashville, welcomed the Japanese as saviors. Bridgestone Tire Co. of Japan bought LaVergne's truck-tire plant from Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. for $52 million. In a ceremony to mark the occasion, Satoshi Kishimoto, a Bridgestone executive who will be the plant's general manager, greeted 200 of his new employees with a cheery "Hi, you all." After he helped plant four tulip poplars, Tennessee's state tree, to commemorate a new "era of unity," the workers erupted into a rousing ovation.

Kishimoto, left foreground, and Powell, right, help plant a symbolic tulip poplar at the factory

At one stormy session, the union leader became abusive and brought up Pearl Harbor.

They had reason to cheer. The number of union production workers employed by Firestone at the factory had dwindled from a peak of 850 in early 1980 to 260. Bridgestone intends to keep on all current employees and recall 170 laid-off workers, probably by next week. The company will invest $35 million over the next five years to retool the factory with efficient new equipment and perhaps quadruple the current tire output.

Bridgestone's foray into U.S. production is an important milestone for a fast-rising firm that has long pursued global prominence. It was founded in 1931 by Shojiro Ishibashi, who, to help ensure international recognition, christened the company with an inverted English translation of his own name: *ishi* means stone, and *bashi* means bridge. After half a century of phenomenal growth, Bridgestone (1981 sales: $3.3 billion) exports 50% of its production and is the world's fourth largest tire manufacturer, behind Goodyear, Michelin and Firestone.

While Bridgestone builds a large share of the tires on Japanese cars and trucks bound for the U.S., it has only a small fraction of the American replacement-tire market. With protectionist sentiment against imports on the rise, Bridgestone Chairman Kanichiro Ishibashi, son of the founder, decided that the surest way to boost American sales was to produce tires in the U.S. Initially, Bridgestone officials talked of building a new plant, but Firestone Chairman John Nevin, who has been streamlining his firm, persuaded the Japanese company last February to buy the tire factory at LaVergne.

Agreement still had to be reached, however, between Bridgestone and the plant's union, United Rubber Workers Local 1055. The workers were leery at first because of the reputation Japanese companies have for opposing unions. The Japanese were bewildered by the American system of assigning workers the best jobs and working hours strictly by seniority. Says Kazuo Ishikure, Bridgestone's U.S. manufacturing president: "Seniority is the backbone of the U.S. labor contract. But in Japan, the executives can move workers between shifts or between jobs and departments quite freely."

By August, Bridgestone and the union's leaders reached an impasse. At one session, Local 1055 President Tommy Powell got abusive, brought up Pearl Harbor and told the Japanese to get out. They did. Powell, accustomed to American negotiations in which heated exchanges merely result in both sides going out for coffee and coming back for another round, was soon shocked to learn that the Bridgestone executives had flown back to Japan. A week later, after Firestone threatened to shut down the LaVergne plant, Powell wrote an apologetic letter to Bridgestone asking the company to come back. Finally, in September, the two sides struck a deal. Bridgestone agreed to a continuation of essentially the same wage levels and seniority system called for in the union's contract with Firestone. The workers were willing to accept greater automation at the plant.

Bridgestone hopes that its new employees can become more creative on the factory floor. Says Norihiro Takeuchi, Bridgestone's U.S. corporate secretary: "American workers are used to doing what they are told by their superiors. That's it; that's their job. We expect production people to think about how they can improve what they do. We want to tap their talents; we encourage them to utilize their dormant brains." When Takeuchi suggested to Powell that he use his brain to come up with ways to enhance the working environment at LaVergne, the union leader broke into a broad good-ole-boy grin. And never mentioned Pearl Harbor again. ■

China Trade

Tough talk on textiles

Ever since 1977, when the U.S. began importing men's knit shirts, men's and women's trousers, other apparel and textiles from China in large quantities, the volume has been rising sharply. During the first eleven months of last year, China sold $827 million worth of textiles to the U.S., up 30% from 1981. The country ranks as the fourth-largest textile exporter to the U.S., behind Taiwan, Hong Kong and South Korea. Unlike those other three, which have agreed to limit the growth rate of their major textile shipments to 1% per year, China has balked. It argued that, since it runs an annual trade deficit of $600 million with the U.S., it should be allowed a growth rate closer to 6%. That is anathema to U.S. textile producers and labor organizations; they claim that U.S. manufacturers are being undercut by low-wage producers in Asia.

For the past five months, U.S. and Chinese officials have sat through four rounds of discussions in Peking to replace the two-year accord on textile shipments that expired Dec. 31. When the U.S. warned that it would unilaterally impose its own quotas if an agreement could not be reached, Chinese officials promptly threatened retaliation (possibly with cutbacks on imports of American agricultural products). Last week the talks finally collapsed, and the new one-sided quotas went into effect. On leaving Peking, Peter Murphy, the chief U.S. negotiator, tried to strike an optimistic note. Said he: "The Chinese are not yet anywhere within a range that we could accept. We remain hopeful that in the end we will reach agreement." ■

LLOYD WILLIAMS: Hunter Safety Instructor and Outdoor Skills Specialist for the Missouri Department of Conservation; Member of the National Rifle Association.

"The major purpose of my job is to promote the idea of firearms safety. If I can reach kids before they develop bad habits and teach them safe attitudes, I'll have accomplished a lot. But I also stress conservation, respect for wildlife and proper use of the land. All the things that go into making safe hunters and better sportsmen.

"That's why I joined the NRA. They help me to do my job by providing guidebooks, handouts — even films, that encourage responsible hunting. It all boils down to teaching young people to respect nature. After all, when you love the outdoors as much as I do, you want to make sure it'll be around a long, long time."

I'm the NRA.

NRA works with fish and game agencies throughout North America to train hunter safety instructors. Instruction materials and assistance in organizing and conducting training sessions as well as hunter clinics are provided by NRA. If you would like to join NRA and want more information about our programs and benefits, write Harlon Carter, Executive Vice President, P.O. Box 37484, Dept. LW-27, Washington, D.C. 20013.

Paid for by the members of the National Rifle Association of America

Deserted Store

Woolworth's president quits

First, F.W. Woolworth Co. (projected 1982 sales: $7.3 billion) decided to lop off its unprofitable Woolco discount stores and to pull out of Britain. Next, Woolworth Chairman Edward Gibbons, 63, died suddenly in October. Then Bruce Allbright, 54, whom Gibbons had hired just one year earlier to run Woolco and the U.S. Woolworth stores, returned to Dayton Hudson Corp. Finally, the upheaval at Woolworth reached a climax last week when its highly regarded president, Richard Anderson, 47, also walked out the door. He was immediately replaced by Harold Sells, 54, who had been senior vice president.

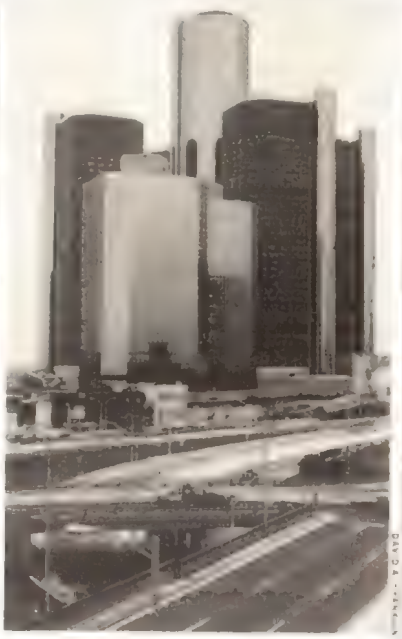
Anderson's departure for Melville Corp., a specialty retailer that he joined as executive vice president just one day after quitting Woolworth, seems to suggest that Gibbons' approach to retailing at Woolworth may not survive him. He became chairman of Woolworth in 1978, and is generally credited with having brought fresh ideas to the 103-year-old company and having recruited and promoted imaginative managers. Among the standouts were Anderson and Allbright, both protégés of Gibbons, who helped him steer the variety store chain into new types of retailing. Their approach was often more aggressive than that of veterans of Woolworth's traditional five-and-dime business.

Anderson

The showdown apparently came in November, when the board passed over Anderson to name John Lynn the new chairman. Lynn, 61, who joined Woolworth as a management trainee in 1941 and most recently was vice chairman, is considered part of the old guard.

Woolworth watchers fear that the loss of executives of the caliber of Anderson and Allbright could be severely damaging to the company. They are afraid that the big retailer, which has been in a three-year profit slide, will become timid about expanding promising operations like Kinney Shoe Corp. and its Foot Locker unit, and reluctant to move fast into new specialty areas. On Wall Street, Woolworth stock fell 1⅝, to 24⅛, the day Anderson's resignation was announced. The shares closed the week at 23⅞.

Woolworth management could reveal its thinking soon. The company shut the last of its 336 Woolco outlets last weekend, and is finally rid of a substantial profit drain. The slimmed-down firm must now decide whether it intends to expand in new ways or remain at the same old stand. ■



The teetering house that Henry Ford built

Towering Debts

Renaissance Center defaults

"Renaissance Center stands as a symbol of what is possible when people who live and work in a city combine their efforts toward a common goal." So said Michigan Governor William Milliken five years ago of Detroit's new $357 million cluster of five glass towers, a 32-acre complex aimed at reviving the city's decaying downtown area. Now Ren Cen stands as a symbol of hard times. The center defaulted last week on its mortgage debt of more than $200 million by failing to make a scheduled payment of $10 million.

Built by a consortium led by Henry Ford II, Ren Cen consists of a 73-story hotel and four 39-story office buildings. Since it opened in 1977, the center has lost $140 million, prompting the Detroit *Free Press* to call it "perhaps the country's largest white elephant." Ren Cen first fell behind on its mortgage in 1980, but managed to renegotiate its payment schedule. Nonetheless, as unemployment in Detroit surged, the center remained in the red. Some 40% of its space for retail stores is empty; 95% of its office area is occupied, but only at deeply discounted rents.

Last April Ren Cen's owner, Ford Motor Land Development, announced that it was selling the center for $500 million. But the buyers, Chicago Lawyer Theodore Netzky and two partners, failed to raise money to close the deal and are still looking for investors. The mortgage holders, four insurance companies and Ford Motor Credit Co., are meeting to consider options other than foreclosure. ■

The Big Burp

Sparking up tired oilfields

Carbon dioxide is a clear gas that puts the bubbles in pop and beer and makes drinkers burp. The fact that it can do as much for tired oil wells, and thereby rejuvenate them, has made CO_2 one of the most promising ingredients in the U.S. energy mix. Indeed, oil firms are now sinking more than $1.5 billion into a pair of pipelines to deliver CO_2 from southern Colorado to declining Texas oilfields, even though falling oil prices threaten to squeeze the ventures' profits.

The two efforts are the largest CO_2 projects ever. In one, Exxon Corp. and Atlantic Richfield Co. are the major investors in a $350 million, 405-mile underground line that is to begin piping the gas this spring. In the second, Shell Oil Co. and Mobil Oil Corp. are building a 500-mile system that will cost a total of about $1.2 billion. That system, in which Continental Resources Co. also has an interest, is to be finished in the third quarter of next year. The Shell-Mobil project alone could coax out an extra 280 million bbl and boost output by about 13%.

The energy firms remain confident that the lines will pay off, despite dropping oil prices, which now average about $30 per bbl. from Texas fields. The profit outlook is enhanced by provisions in the windfall profits legislation that include a 30% tax rate on oil recovered through the new method, compared with 70% on most oil discovered before 1979.

Carbon-dioxide injections are just one of a panoply of methods for pepping up senescent wells. All have arisen because conventional pumping can extract only about one-third of the contents of a field before the flow stops. When oil prices were still rising, experts predicted that enhancing techniques could more than double U.S. recoverable reserves, which now stand at about 30 billion bbl. But some current projections are for an increase in reserves of closer to 50%. That would still be enough to keep U.S. wells flowing into the middle of the 21st century. ■

Education

Bleak View from the Ivory Tower

Ph.D. candidates in the humanities face a degree of uncertainty

Mark Horowitz, 33, is a candidate for a Ph.D. in Tudor history at the University of Chicago, where graduate-school tuition is more than $7,000 annually, and the doctorate requires an average of six years of work. In 1980 Horowitz took a full-time public relations job for the university's business school to support himself and his family. With about a year's work left on his degree, Horowitz labors on his dissertation in his spare time and still hopes to become a professor. The prospects are not good. As the student population shrinks, and tenured faculty members cling to their jobs, Horowitz can look forward to a string of one- or two-year academic appointments, paying between $15,000 and $23,000 a year. Admits Horowitz: "You've got to be a hopeless romantic to get a Ph.D. in the humanities today."

While job-minded college graduates have been flocking to business and law schools for the past decade, fewer and fewer have been devoting themselves to scholarship, particularly in the humanities. Nationwide the number of doctorates awarded in the humanities has dropped from 5,049 in 1972 to 3,745 in 1981. At Harvard, for example, a total of 1,765 students applied to graduate programs in the humanities in 1969, and 251 enrolled. Last year the number of applications was down to 776, and only 82 matriculated.

Part of the problem is the high cost (up to $40,000) of a Ph.D. One out of every two graduate students is borrowing money from the Guaranteed Student Loan program and going into considerable debt. The number of federal fellowships for Ph.D. candidates decreased from about 50,000 in 1968 to fewer than 10,000 today. Says University of Chicago President Hanna Gray: "Someone attempting to get a Ph.D. is facing a very large commitment, a large financial investment and an uncertain job market."

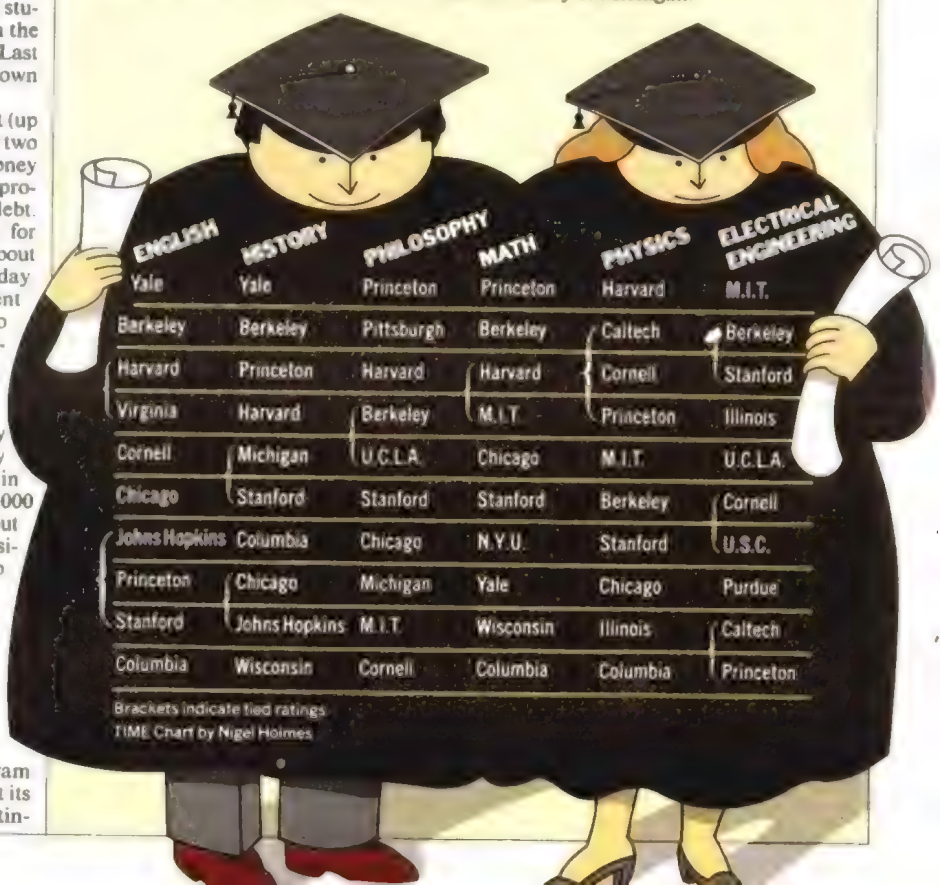
Doctoral programs expanded at a fierce pace in the wake of the baby boom of the '50s and '60s. While only 107 institutions granted doctorates in 1940, 326 award them today. Some 30,000 new Ph.D.s graduate each year, but only a projected 100,000 academic positions will be available from 1980 to 1995.

Confronted with these figures, many universities have been cutting back large programs and ending marginal ones. Columbia eliminated Egyptology, the University of Michigan closed its geography department, and the State University of New York at Albany is phasing out its Ph.D. program in French literature. Duke decided that its education department was not distinguished enough and shut it down. As they sort and cull, most universities are committed to maintaining what they do best. "You don't destroy one of the greatest classics departments in the world because there is not a great demand for Latin teachers," maintains Richard Sutch, chairman of the graduate council at the University of California at Berkeley.

The University of Chicago has been a leader in searching for ways to preserve graduate programs, and for good reason: its grad students outnumber its undergraduates 2 to 1 (6,000 to 2,962), even though enrollment in advanced-degree programs has decreased 41% since 1969. A commission issued a report last May calling for a "broader conception of graduate education" that would make the Ph.D. "less exclusively a vocational degree for academic teachers." The report also recommended that the formal course work take two years instead of three. Although the university has increased aid to

The Brightest and the Best

Ever fascinating, if almost undefinable, is the status rating of the nation's major universities. The Conference Board of Associated Research Councils, composed of a number of learned societies, this week offers a tentative guide to scholarly excellence. In the chart below, which covers six of the 32 disciplines that were evaluated, TIME combines the board's ratings on two basic criteria of the 16 used in the study: the quality of the faculty, and how well the program trains students. Because of the difficulties of making overall comparisons, the board decided against picking the top institutions. In TIME's interpretation of the board's two key criteria, the University of California at Berkeley is rated as the leading engineering school, followed by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Stanford, and the California Institute of Technology tied with the University of Illinois. In the liberal arts and sciences, Berkeley edged out old rival Harvard, which was followed by old rival Yale, Stanford and the University of Michigan.



ENGLISH	HISTORY	PHILOSOPHY	MATH	PHYSICS	ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
Yale	Yale	Princeton	Princeton	Harvard	M.I.T.
Berkeley	Berkeley	Pittsburgh	Berkeley	Caltech	Berkeley
Harvard	Princeton	Harvard	Harvard	Cornell	Stanford
Virginia	Harvard	Berkeley	M.I.T.	Princeton	Illinois
Cornell	Michigan	U.C.L.A.	Chicago	M.I.T.	U.C.L.A.
Chicago	Stanford	Stanford	Stanford	Berkeley	Cornell
Johns Hopkins	Columbia	Chicago	N.Y.U.	Stanford	U.S.C.
Princeton	Chicago	Michigan	Yale	Chicago	Purdue
Stanford	Johns Hopkins	M.I.T.	Wisconsin	Illinois	Caltech
Columbia	Wisconsin	Cornell	Columbia	Columbia	Princeton

Brackets indicate tied ratings
TIME Chart by Nigel Holmes

There Is Only One.

Still the only cigarette that delivers the taste of 'Enriched Flavor'™ smoking.

It broke all the traditional rules of cigarette-making by concentrating on the tobacco end–not the filter end–of smoking.

MERIT. The cigarette that made history by delivering the taste of leading brands having up to twice the tar.

It's the first and only 'Enriched Flavor'™ cigarette.

We made it for you.

Nothing halfway about it.

MERIT

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'81

THE CAR:

New Renault Alliance. We set out to build the best small car in the world.

Affordable European technology. Our goal was an alliance of technology and affordability. Our achievement is Alliance, a fine European sedan–built in America–for the price of a four-passenger econobox.

Comfort for five. Alliance has eight inches more rear seat hip room than Escort. To comfortably ride five, not four. And with the front seats on pedestals, rear seat passengers can slide their feet forward and enjoy the ride.

Inspired performance. Front-wheel drive. Fully independent suspension. Power front disc brakes. Rack and pinion steering. Electronic ignition. All are standard.

Alliance's 1.4 litre engine is electronically fuel injected. Small wonder, then, that Alliance produces such outstanding mileage.**

52 EST HWY | 37 EPA EST MPG**

Alliance 2-door

$5595*

Built in America.

Now 11.9% Annual Percentage Rate

Qualified buyers can now finance any new Renault, Jeep or AMC model at this new low rate. Jeep Wagoneer excluded. Applies to vehicles delivered through Mar. 31 or ordered by Feb. 28. Void where prohibited. Dealer contribution may affect price.

RENAULT

American Motors

THE AWARDS:

Motor Trend experts name Alliance 1983 Car of the Year.

Finalists were judged for styling and design, quality, comfort, ride and drive, handling, fuel economy, performance and dollar value.

"The Renault Alliance is the best blend of innovation, economy, and fun-to-drive we have seen in almost a decade. Moreover, it represents a uniquely successful blend of outstanding European engineering and American manufacturing know-how."
–Tony Swan, Editor
Motor Trend Magazine

And the European version of Alliance was named Europe's 1982 Car of the Year by 52 journalists from 16 countries.

Alliance DL 4-door

SAFETY IS A SNAP

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for the Alliance 2-door. Price does not include tax, license, destination charges and other optional or regionally required equipment. **Compare 1983 EPA estimates for the Alliance 2-door with estimated MPG for other cars. Your actual mileage depends on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage and CA figures will probably be lower.

graduate students from $4.7 million in 1980 to $8.8 million for this year, the commission advocated more support for post-doctoral fellows while they hunt for teaching positions. Chicago has begun to place students in part-time jobs with business and cultural programs to give them broader experience.

Universities increasingly count on the corporate world to absorb the glut of Ph.D.s. Such universities as Harvard, Pennsylvania, Stanford, Virginia, Texas and U.C.L.A. have set up programs to retool humanities Ph.D.s for jobs in the business sector. Says Ed Escobedo, director of career planning at Stanford: "Humanists can do just about anything. They possess writing abilities, administrative abilities and the ability to work with values." Since 1978, New York University has been conducting summer crash courses in accounting, finance, economics and marketing for scholars from all over the country. Of the 271 graduates, nearly all have got jobs in the business sector. Few express regrets about leaving academia.

As graduate-school programs shrink, many deans and professors worry about the need to foster scholarship. Theodore Ziolkowski, dean of graduate studies at Princeton, argues, "It's extremely important that some of the graduate schools in the U.S. maintain the continuity of all of the academic disciplines, from Sanskrit and esoteric forms of mathematics to 'hot' subjects like computer science and biochemistry." Although enrollment in graduate programs has remained steady at Stanford, Graduate Dean Gerald Lieberman admits, "We are afraid that the best minds will go into fields where they see attractive job opportunities, such as medicine, business and engineering. There has to be a genuine concern about who is going to be the faculty of the future."

The news is not all bad, however. Some graduate-school administrators believe the decline in students has begun to stabilize. Says Gwynne Blakemore Evans, Harvard English professor emeritus: "People now enter this profession with their eyes very much open. They know the job situation, so they are perhaps a more dedicated group." In addition to drawing on their own resources, universities are turning to foundations to help students financially. Starting this spring, the New York–based Mellon Foundation will provide fellowships of up to $7,000 for 100 graduate students in the humanities.

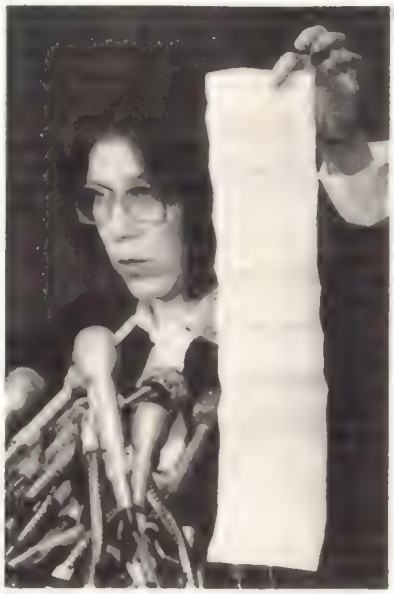
Columbia's President Michael Sovern thinks the worst may be over for aspiring humanities professors. He points out that in 1991, when many of today's undergrads will be completing their Ph.D.s, there should be jobs opening up as the current bloc of tenured faculty members retires. Predicts Sovern: "The people who begin their Ph.D.s about now will be coming up for tenure at a golden moment." —*By Ellie McGrath. Reported by Jay G. Merwin Jr./New Haven and J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago*

Medicine

Effective, but How Safe?

The FDA considers approving a controversial contraceptive

Its advocates argue that it is the best available method of birth control: not only is the drug nearly 100% effective, but it has to be taken just four times a year. Depo-Provera has been used by 10 million women over the past 15 years in more than 80 nations, including some in Western Europe. It has been approved by the World Health Organization, the American College of Obstetrics and Gynecology and the International Planned Parenthood Federation, which has widely distributed the drug in Third World countries. Despite its popularity overseas, however, Depo-Provera is not approved as a contraceptive in the U.S. Reason: the Food and Drug Administration fears that not enough is known about the drug's long-term side effects. Last week, at the behest of the Upjohn Co., which developed and markets the drug, a special FDA-appointed panel conducted a five-day hearing to see if Depo-Provera should finally be made available to American women.



Drug Foe Cowan with Depo-Provera data

Debate over the risk of cancer.

Like the birth-control pill, Depo-Provera works by disrupting the female hormonal cycle that normally leads to ovulation. The drug, which is injected, is a synthetic version of the hormone progesterone, similar to one of the two main ingredients of the birth-control pill. It does not, however, contain estrogen, and therefore does not seem to share the most serious drawbacks of the Pill: increased risk of abnormal blood clots and heart attacks. Depo-Provera can have less serious side effects that persist as long as it is in the bloodstream. Among them: weight gain, loss of sex drive, menstrual irregularities and, frequently, complete cessation of menstrual bleeding. According to Upjohn Research Manager Gordon Duncan, none of these problems are serious enough "to preclude its use as a contraceptive."

Upjohn has been haunted, however, by its own early tests of Depo-Provera in animals. In a seven-year, controlled study using beagles, two out of 16 dogs developed breast cancer. Results from a ten-year study using 52 rhesus monkeys were equally alarming: two of the animals developed cancer of the endometrium (the lining of the uterus). Upjohn's own scientists concluded in 1978 that the cancer was "likely related to treatment with Depo-Provera." Later that year the FDA refused to allow Upjohn to market the drug as a contraceptive, though it is approved for treating certain diseases.

Since then, Upjohn has challenged the validity of its own tests. According to company scientists and a number of outside experts, both beagles and rhesus monkeys are highly sensitive to progesterone and are more likely than humans to develop cancer in response to it. Depo-Provera partisans further claim that there has been no increase in the rate of cancer among women taking the drug in countries where it is approved. Says Gynecologist Elizabeth Connell of Atlanta's Emory University: "It appears to be as safe or perhaps safer than oral contraceptives or intrauterine devices."

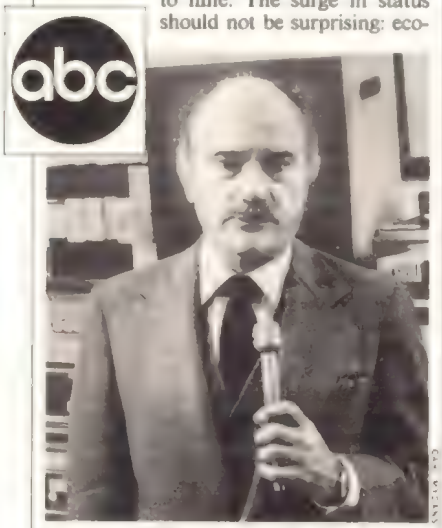
Opponents of Depo-Provera are unconvinced. Questions raised about the animal studies are "highly conjectural," says Dr. Robert Temple, acting director of the FDA's Office of New Drug Evaluation. "The FDA does not approve animal carcinogens for prolonged use in young, healthy people." Temple also points out that it may take 20 years for cancer to show up in women taking the drug. He is joined in his concerns by a number of other government scientists and by such organizations as Consumer Advocate Ralph Nader's Health Research Group and the National Women's Health Network. The latter group has collected about 150 case histories of women who claim to have suffered ill effects from taking Depo-Provera and, according to Director Belita Cowan, it has plans to sue Upjohn.

After the panel of inquiry makes its recommendations, FDA Commissioner Arthur Hayes will face a difficult choice: deciding whether the known benefits of Depo-Provera are worth risking its possible unknown dangers. ■

The Dismal Science Hits a Nerve

Network economics coverage is expanding, but is it better?

When Washington journalists were polled in 1979, the economics beat ranked a lowly eleventh in prestige among 13 categories of reporting. Today it is a prime assignment, especially in television, where the world of budgets and finance was long written off as hopelessly dull and nonvisual. Since the beginning of 1980, the number of network reporters and commentators covering economics news has increased from five to nine. The surge in status should not be surprising: economics has become hot politics and important news. The most dramatic battles on Capitol Hill during the Reagan Administration have involved taxes and budgets. In the view of many journalists, the President has asked to be judged primarily on his stewardship of the economy. Says CBS News Vice President Edward Joyce: "The President called the nation's attention to these issues, as is proved by the very prevalence of the word Reaganomics."



The best: ABC Economics Editor Cordtz
Spotting "wrong jobs in the wrong places."

For all their enthusiasm, the network news staffs still have a hard time telling an economics story except in terms of its impact on individuals. Further, they often fail to recognize that their propensity for human interest, and seemingly for bad news more than good, can have unintended political consequences. Which story more truly reveals the state of the economy and the performance of Reaganomics: the drop in inflation from 12.4% in 1980, the year before President Reagan took office, to about 5% in 1982, a change that is often conveyed flatly and numerically? Or the simultaneous rise in unemployment from 7.4% to 10.8%, a development that lends itself to anecdotes and dramatic interviews with the jobless?

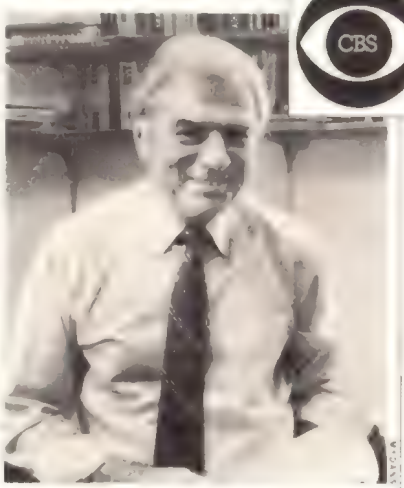
In March, the President testily questioned whether it was "news that some fellow in South Succotash has just been laid off, that he should be interviewed nationwide?" The networks have continued to say that it was. Among the most persistently critical analysts of Reaganomics is Commentator Bill Moyers of CBS. In April, Moyers reported and narrated a documentary called *People Like Us*. It portrayed four families as innocent victims of social welfare cuts, despite Reagan's contention that the truly needy were still protected by a "social safety net." White House Communications Director David Gergen angrily charged that the documentary hit "below the belt," and that some of Moyers' examples were misleading. CBS stood by the program, and Moyers has continued to jab at Reaganomics in his *Evening News* commentaries. In December, for example, he began an analysis with these assertions: "This country is in trouble. People are hurting. The people who govern us acknowledge the dangers, but they continue to act at odds with reality."

Moyers is not the only TV figure to prompt complaints from the Administration. On Election Night, Gergen telephoned CBS White House Correspondent Lesley Stahl to condemn remarks made by her and her colleagues that the results were a referendum on Reaganomics and that it was likely to be "a Democratic night." Ten days later, Reagan complained to conservative Columnist James Kilpatrick that TV coverage of the economy was persistently unfair. Said Kilpatrick, paraphrasing Reagan: "CBS in particular, he remarked, seemed determined to distort the economic picture by excessive concentration on the bad news."

To conservatives especially, much of network reporting, and not just at CBS, can seem highly editorialized. The Administration contends that defense expenditures help stimulate the economy. ABC's Economics Editor Dan Cordtz countered, in a report, that a major military buildup would provide "the wrong jobs in the wrong places." ABC closed its evening news program a few days before Christmas with a montage of children on Santa's knee in Beaver County, Pa., asking not for toys but for jobs for their unemployed fathers.

On occasion NBC has also been harshly judgmental. Its portrait of the President at mid-term included an appraisal of Reaganomics by Correspondent Mike Jensen, who came close to calling Reagan's stewardship a failure. Jensen summed up: "It soon became apparent that something was wrong. Business got steadily worse. Factories closed. Layoffs. Bankruptcies. All we can really count on is that President Reagan will be guided by an optimism that not everyone shares."

The networks are not necessarily hostile to Reagan. Rather, they are motivated by competition for the largest possible audience and thus face a self-imposed pressure to give their stories emotional impact. The Institute for Applied Economics, a business advocacy group based in New York City, reviewed 491 hours of network news aired between July 1981 and June 1982. It found that "stories selected to inform the public on the nature of Reaganomics were typically human interest interviews with victims of recession," and cited 37 examples.



Consumer oriented: CBS Reporter Brady
Boiling down to "whether you make money."

Yet all three networks are expanding their serious economics coverage. Each now employs three reporters or commentators on the subject to serve both evening and morning news programs. Each airs more prime-time documentaries than ever before on business and finance, even though the programs are unlikely to rival the movies of the week for ratings points. A few weeks ago, ABC profiled a subject that would have been unthinkably arcane before the onset of the recession: the arbiter of the nation's money supply, the Federal Reserve System. Correspondents Cordtz and Mike Connor blamed the recession not mainly on Reagan but on the Fed's tight-money policy that had been introduced to stem inflation. Indeed, ABC asked whether the independent Fed should be more closely controlled by elected Government.

YOU NEEDN'T MISS OUT ON PERMANENT PROTECTION JUST BECAUSE YOU THINK YOU CAN'T AFFORD THE PREMIUMS.

When it comes to purchasing life insurance, most people appreciate the advantages of permanent whole life protection. Yet some people feel they can't afford the premiums.

That's why Metropolitan has recently designed a new life insurance plan that makes permanent protection more affordable for more people. It's called Economical Premium Life, or E.P.L.,* our whole life policy with premium adjustment.

Metropolitan's E.P.L. gives you a substantially lower initial premium than most other permanent whole life plans. And you still get full guaranteed cash value and guaranteed protection.

Your E.P.L. initial premium is guaranteed for the first two years. Each year after that, while it could increase, it may go even lower. However, your premium can never exceed the guaranteed maximum rate.

E.P.L. is just one of a full line of Metropolitan plans designed to fit your specific needs. To determine if E.P.L. is right for you, just call your Metropolitan representative. Our trained professional will show you how to obtain all the protection you need for a lot less than you think.

Metropolitan Insurance Companies

METROPOLITAN REALLY STANDS BY YOU.

Life/Health/Auto/Home/Retirement

© 1983 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., N.Y., N.Y. Metropolitan Insurance and Annuity Co., N.Y., N.Y. *Available in most states.

On Christmas night, CBS aired a symposium among reporters and business executives exploring why each side mistrusts the other, and asking whether the network overemphasizes negative news. NBC, since 1980, has aired three shows on the abstruse topic of competition between the U.S. and Japan for productivity and export trade.

With increasing frequency, network reporting aims toward a necessarily simplified but often illuminating explanation of events. ABC's Cordtz, a former writer for FORTUNE and the *Wall Street Journal* who is recognized even by rival network executives as the best on the beat, specializes in giving viewers a primer on how things work. In one stock market story, for example, he included a step-by-step description of how a share of stock is bought and sold; in a report on the downturn in retail sales, he ticked off the roles of Government, business, foreign buyers and consumers in reviving the economy. His colleagues at ABC include Connor, a former *Wall Street Journal* reporter, and Stephen Aug, a former Washington *Star* business editor who delivers morning news briefs at express-train speed. Admits Aug: "There is a lot you do not have time to say, and sometimes the best you can hope for is to leave the viewer with an impression of what you have said."

The pioneer since 1971: Levine of NBC

They have to initiate new people each time.

CBS has Jane Bryant Quinn, who also writes for *Newsweek*, Ken Prewitt, a reporter for MONEY, and *Evening News* Correspondent Ray Brady, an alumnus of the business-oriented *Forbes* and *Dun's Business Month* who nonetheless tends to stress the impact of economic trends on the ordinary viewer. "He is much more consumer oriented than anyone else on the beat," says a senior CBS News executive. Contends Brady: "You can boil most economic phenomena down to whether you do or don't make money."

In addition to Commentator Alan Abelson, who is editor of the business publication *Barron's Weekly*, NBC has Reporters Jensen, a New York *Times* alumnus, and Irving R. Levine, a longtime correspondent in Moscow and Rome who pioneered the beat starting in 1971. Levine is sometimes regarded by critics as behind the times, perhaps because he rarely uses flashy graphics. He urges an administrative change, already undertaken at rival ABC, that would, he says, greatly improve coverage: designation of a pool of specialized producers (ABC has five) to work on economics. Says Levine: "Not having to initiate a new person into basic understanding each time would increase my productivity enormously."

Print reporters who cover economics, and Government officials with fiscal duties, continue to see the networks' coverage as underprepared and thin. Says one reporter: "Their biggest problem is that network correspondents cannot say, 'I do not know what this development means.' They should learn that they do not have to take the conventional interpretation as fact." A related complaint is that TV reporters tend to overemphasize the significance of a single statistic, like one month's index of leading economic indicators, or an unrepresentative situation, like the unemployment rate in Youngstown, Ohio. Perhaps in part out of professional rivalry, print reporters also claim that their TV colleagues rarely break new ground. Says a *Wall Street Journal* writer: "I do not feel that watching the nightly news is a necessary part of my day."

Even the critics, however, concede that there has been undeniable improvement over the past couple of years. The new availability of computer-generated graphics has allowed reporters to illustrate, and therefore air, stories unsuited to ornamentation with stock footage. In addition, there has been a salutary rediscovery of the chart.

Stories purely about businesses, other than news items on layoffs or bankruptcies, are still infrequent. But one worthy exception was a series last week by CBS on "deindustrialization," or the disappearance of jobs in heavy manufacturing. Reporters Ed Rabel, Bernard Goldberg and Linda Douglass tellingly depicted the rise in productivity and entrepreneurial spirit among Third World competitors of Western manufacturers. The series disputed, moreover, the optimistic observation of a similar report by ABC's Richard Threlkeld a few weeks ago. Describing the retraining of jobless former auto workers in California, Threlkeld said: "These labor pains we are feeling are the economy giving birth to the 21st century."

Threlkeld, Rabel, Goldberg and Douglass, interestingly, are not regularly assigned to economics stories. But increasingly the networks are scheduling more coverage of commerce and finance than even the expanded specialty staffs can handle. Sums up NBC's Frank: "Economics is creeping into everything. All of our reporters need to acquire economic literacy." —*By William A. Henry III.*

Reported by Janice C. Simpson/New York

Milestones

BORN. To **Olivia Hussey,** 30, comely British actress who beguiled a generation in Franco Zeffirelli's film *Romeo and Juliet*, and her husband, Japanese Rock Star **Akira Fuse,** 35: their first child, a son; in Los Angeles. Name: Maximilian

DIED. Ichiro Nakagawa, 57, Japan's youngest, most militantly right-wing 1982 prime-ministerial aspirant and a persistent champion of nuclear arms development for his country; by his own hand (he hanged himself with his kimono sash); in Sapporo. A colorful country boy who swaggered into the Diet's lower house in 1963, Nakagawa ten years later helped found the *Seirankai*, a secretive ultratraditional group whose 31 members helped one another gain clout in the ruling Liberal Democratic Party, including two Cabinet positions for Nakagawa. But after finishing fourth and last in November's election for the party leadership, he slumped into an exhausted depression.

DIED. General David M. Shoup, 78, Commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps from 1960 to 1963; of heart disease; in Alexandria, Va. During World War II, he won the Medal of Honor for his bravery during the battle of Tarawa, one of the bloodiest of the Pacific war.

DIED. Nikolai Podgorny, 79, the Soviet Union's President from 1965 to 1977 who traveled the world on ceremonial missions, projecting the preferred Soviet image of stolid gray; in Kiev. The son of a foundry worker, Podgorny had a lackluster early career as a bureaucrat in the Ukraine before being brought into the Politburo in 1960 and into the Secretariat of the Central Committee in 1963. As Nikita Khrushchev's loyal protégé, he seemed his probable successor, but following Khrushchev's 1964 ouster, Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev elbowed Podgorny into the largely powerless presidency and ultimately jettisoned him altogether.

DIED. Meyer Lansky, 81, Florida-based mobster long regarded as the financial genius of U.S. organized crime; of cancer; in Miami Beach. Graduate of a Prohibition-era gang, the Russian-born Lansky became a top adviser to Mafia Leader Lucky Luciano. He later held the gambling franchise for Havana and, as the Mob's leading banker, had the task of laundering, investing and concealing its growing treasure. In the early days, Luciano used to marvel at the ability of his studious Jewish colleague to fathom the nuances of the Sicilian mind.

DIED. Ben Benn (*né* Rosenberg), 98, Russian-born painter who assimilated modern artistic trends into a style of prodigal buoyancy; in Bethel, Conn. Benn, who came to the U.S. as a teen-ager, delighted in the urgency of the senses, of colors and surfaces, which he celebrated in long, loose, singing brush strokes.

Jeep® brings excitement up & interest rates down.

11.9% MEANS $158.87 PER MONTH!*

Right now Jeep Corporation is helping make 11.9% financing available to qualified buyers on new Jeep vehicles.** That makes Jeep CJ even more affordable at only $158.87 a month.

That's a low 11.9% on tough Jeep Pickups, spacious Cherokees and exciting CJs and Scramblers. 11.9% to drive monthly payments down on America's most versatile 4-wheel drive lineup.

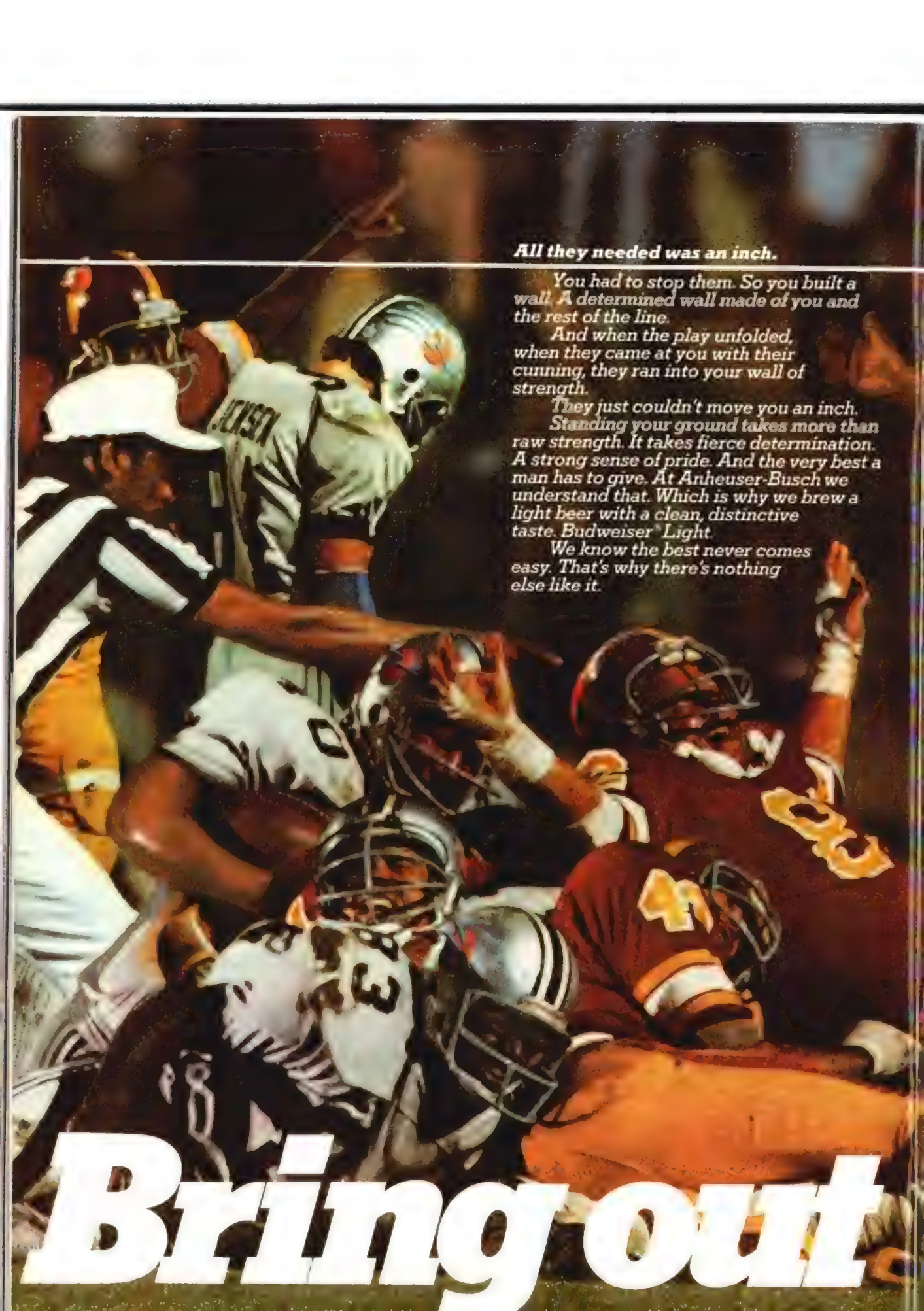
Visit your participating Jeep Dealer and get in on the excitement.

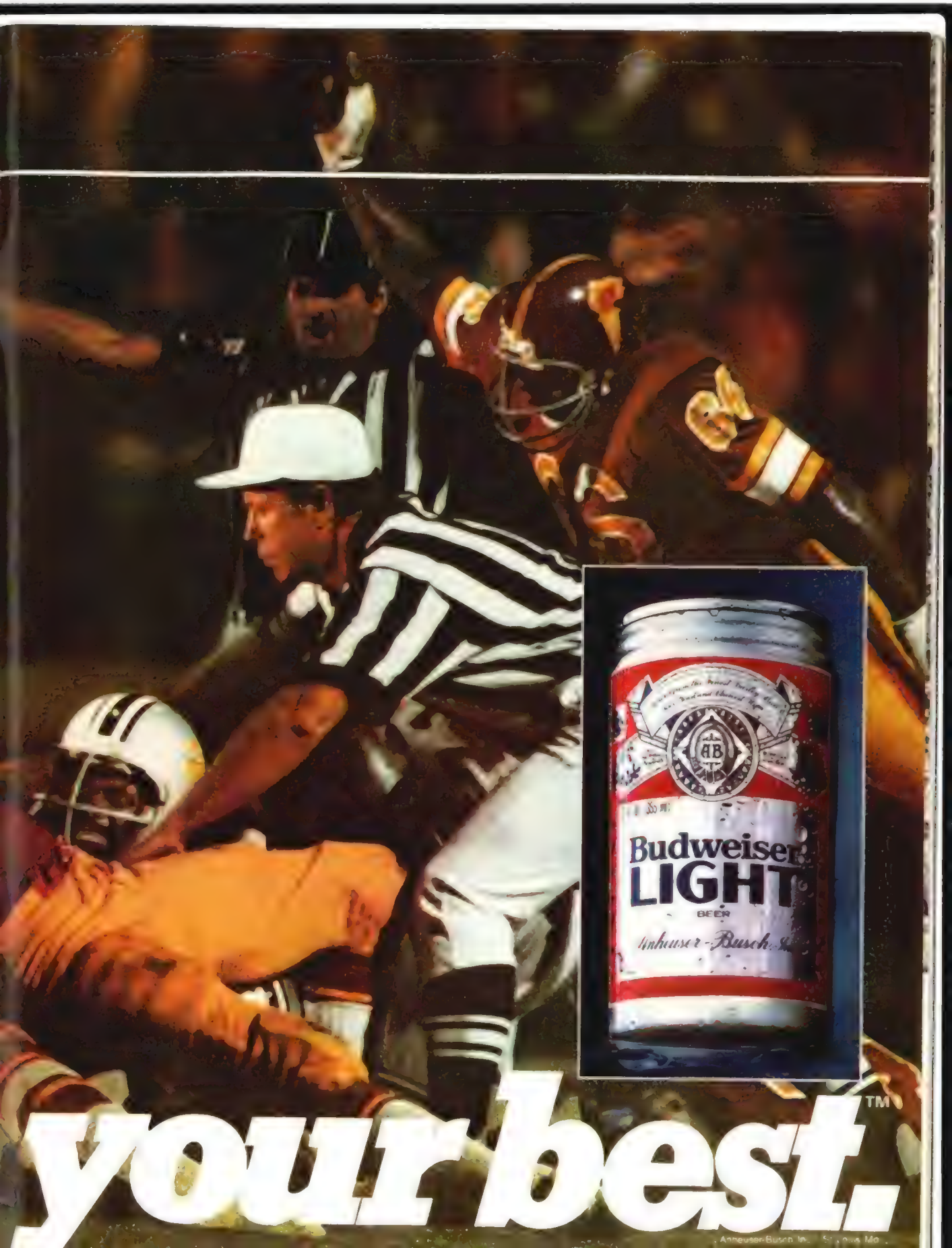
Why drive a car when you can afford a Jeep?

Jeep Corporation

At over 1,500 Jeep Dealers.

*Monthly payment based on 1983 Jeep CJ-7 listing for $6995, excluding options, with 20% down and 48 monthly payments. Excludes Wagoneers. Vehicles must be factory ordered by February 28, 1983, or delivered from dealer inventory by March 31, 1983. Dealer contribution may affect price.


All they needed was an inch.
You had to stop them. So you built a wall. A determined wall made of you and the rest of the line.
And when the play unfolded, when they came at you with their cunning, they ran into your wall of strength.
They just couldn't move you an inch.
Standing your ground takes more than raw strength. It takes fierce determination. A strong sense of pride. And the very best a man has to give. At Anheuser-Busch we understand that. Which is why we brew a light beer with a clean, distinctive taste. Budweiser® Light.
We know the best never comes easy. That's why there's nothing else like it.
Bring out


Budweiser
LIGHT
BEER
your best.™

Dirt Shrine: South, 1982, a ceramic with typical Rauschenbergian imagery fired into the glaze

The Arcadian as Utopian

Rauschenberg's rhapsodic energies fill four Manhattan shows

At 57, Robert Rauschenberg is back; but then, the rumors that he had gone away were greatly exaggerated. It is almost 30 years since his "combine" paintings—rebus-like assemblies of every imaginable waste object, from beach tar to stuffed chickens, from electric fans to auto tires, slathered in abstract expressionist paint drips—burst upon the American art world. Nearly two decades, a lifetime for some artists, have elapsed since his first prize at the Venice Biennale (back when the Biennale mattered) heralded the "imperial" entry of American art into Europe. The unwanted reward of a career like Rauschenberg's is premature old-masterhood, followed by a cooling in the audience. This happened in the late '70s, when a lull was felt in his work.

But for an artist of Rauschenberg's large and rhapsodic energies, no pause lasts very long. There are now, by the latest count, four Rauschenberg shows running in Manhattan. Sculpture, combines and a 100-ft.-long photomontage based on a recent trip to China are being shown in three spaces run by Leo Castelli and Ileana Sonnabend downtown in SoHo; uptown, at the Museum of Modern Art, a set of collages from the China journey is on display. They are all pendants to a larger project, the Rauschenberg Overseas Cultural Interchange (ROCI), whereby he intends to travel and exhibit a changing nucleus of works in some 20 countries, while working on new projects with local artists and craftsmen. The initial incarnation of the ROCI show is planned as a 150-piece retrospective that will include some of the 491 collages he made at the world's oldest paper mill, still operating in Anhui province.

It is clear from the New York shows that out of this pharaonic enterprise, Rauschenberg has been producing some of the best work of his career. Some of it involves materials quite new in his *oeuvre*, most notably clay. The star piece in the show at Castelli is *Dirt Shrine: South*, 1982, a pseudo combine in which all the disparate elements (tire track, painted chain, stone, bamboo ladder) were made from fired ceramic in Japan. The characteristic montage of Rauschenbergian imagery—a sumo wrestler holding a tiny alligator, schools of fish, a dump truck, and other elliptical images of ancient and modern Japan, mostly derived from photographs—is fired into the glaze. The result, a hybrid of traditional and new technologies, looks both archaic and slick.

He has also produced, in the spirit of old-master quotation that ran through his silk-screened work in the early 1960s, a suite of variations on well-known paintings: Botticelli's *Venus*, that hardy standby of the Pop sensibility the *Mona Lisa*, and Gustave Courbet's rosy, meaty image of two lesbians—one of them Whistler's mistress—sprawled in amorous sleep. At times, as in *All Abordello Doze 3*, 1982, the degree of interference by overprinting, cutting and juxtaposition almost buries the motif in a landslide of variations, and yet Rauschenberg's close, laconic grasp of form saves the effect from chaos. The montage of alien images, clamoring for attention, cancels the peculiar voyeuristic steaminess of Courbet's original.

The insouciant constructions at Sonnabend are mainly plywood structures of boxy shape, printed with a gauzy farrago of images that have been veiled in overpainting or muslin and endowed with a delectable shimmer of well-being. These works demonstrate that Rauschenberg is at heart an arcadian, obsessed with emblems of uncorrupted nature and their parallels in culture.

When some darker or more aggressive image is thrust into this sunny matrix, it gains the force of contrast. Occasionally, Rauschenberg has to invoke the violence he fears. In the Sonnabend show, it is done with a piece entitled *The Lurid Attack of the Monsters from the Postal News Aug. 1875*, 1982. It consists of a long narrow box, printed and overlaid with the usual strings of gauzy metaphors. Along its top are four rusty arches that turn out to be old crosscut-saw blades, bowed upward, thrusting their iron teeth at you; they look as though they might whang loose at any moment and do real damage to incautious onlookers. The whole affair is mounted, like some weird military machine, on a little pair of wheels; these are the point of balance, and only an ounce or two of pressure is needed to make the thing tilt; it is as carefully balanced as a

All Abordello Doze 3, 1982: variations saved from chaos by a close, laconic grasp of form

When it comes to good nutrition, a lot of people don't want to take chances. Because they realize how important good nutrition is to good health.

But while getting balanced meals is important, it isn't easy. It takes planning. And many people don't have the time.

That's why so many people today take supplements. They're a simple, inexpensive way to make sure you're getting recommended levels of essential vitamins and minerals. Vitamins and minerals that convert food to energy, build tissues, and help your body resist disease. All of which contribute to good health.

There's a wide variety of products available. To find out what they can do for you, talk to your doctor or pharmacist.

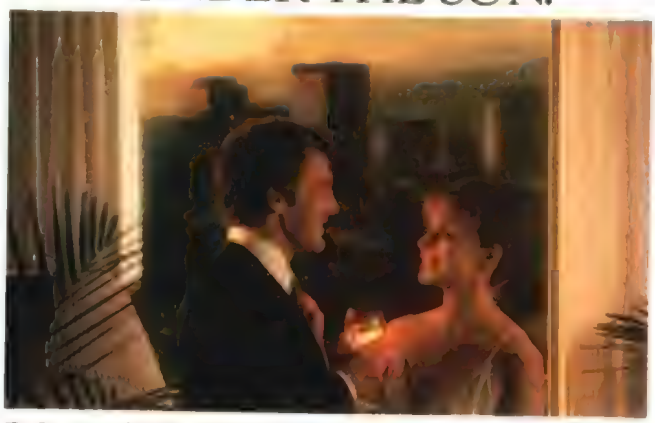
Remember, appropriate levels of vitamins and minerals are essential for good health. Isn't it worth a few extra cents a day to protect yourself?

Don't take chances. Take a supplement.

ROCHE®

RCD 4012

WHERE TO FIND LUXURY UNDER THE SUN.



On Los Angeles' West Side. Minutes from the airport. Surrounded by Beverly Hills, Century City and the beaches.

Relax in our spacious, elegantly appointed guest rooms. Dine in our four excellent restaurants. And experience the impeccable service and endless amenities that merit the coveted AAA Five Diamond rating.

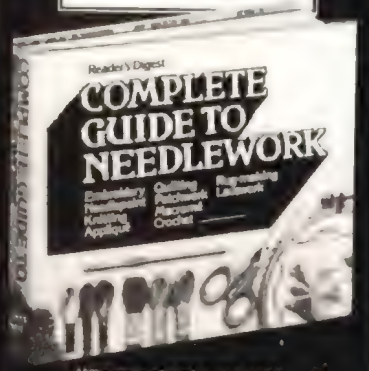
Call your travel agent or (800) 228-3000. Or call us direct (213) 277-2000.

WESTIN HOTELS
CENTURY PLAZA

Do it right.

10 separate needlecraft skills packed into one expertly written, lavishly illustrated volume

Reader's Digest



Wherever books are sold
Reader's Digest
DISTRIBUTED BY RANDOM HOUSE, INC.

The best meeting facilities in Los Angeles are at the airport.

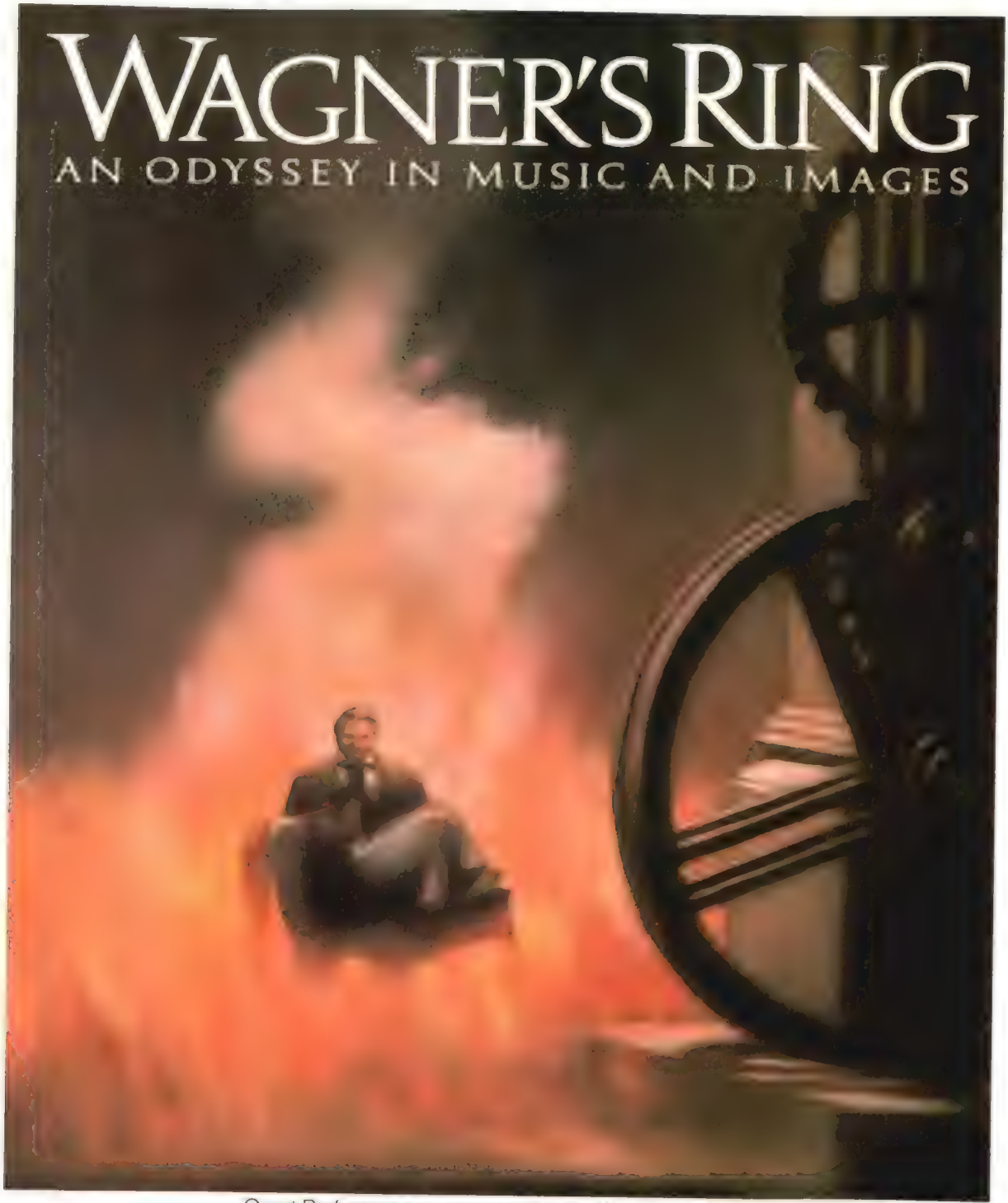
Consult the new Sheraton Plaza La Reina your new corporate headquarters. With our unique Seminar Room, tiered and equipped for special training sessions and our elegant boardroom with its own private reception area along with 94 other meeting rooms. And we make business go even smoother with our extensive audio-visual facilities, secretarial, notary and catering services and stylish restaurants. Meet at the Sheraton Plaza La Reina. Business never looked better.

Sheraton Plaza La Reina
SHERATON HOTELS AND INNS, WORLDWIDE
6101 WEST CENTURY BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CA 90045
(213) 642-1111 OR TOLL FREE (800) 325-3535

BE INSTRUMENTAL IN MUSIC.

The arts have always counted on Business for support. Please help again. For more information on what you can do, call or write to the BUSINESS COMMITTEE FOR THE ARTS, INC. 1501 Broadway, Suite 2600 New York, New York 10036 (212) 921-0700

Support the arts for America's sake.



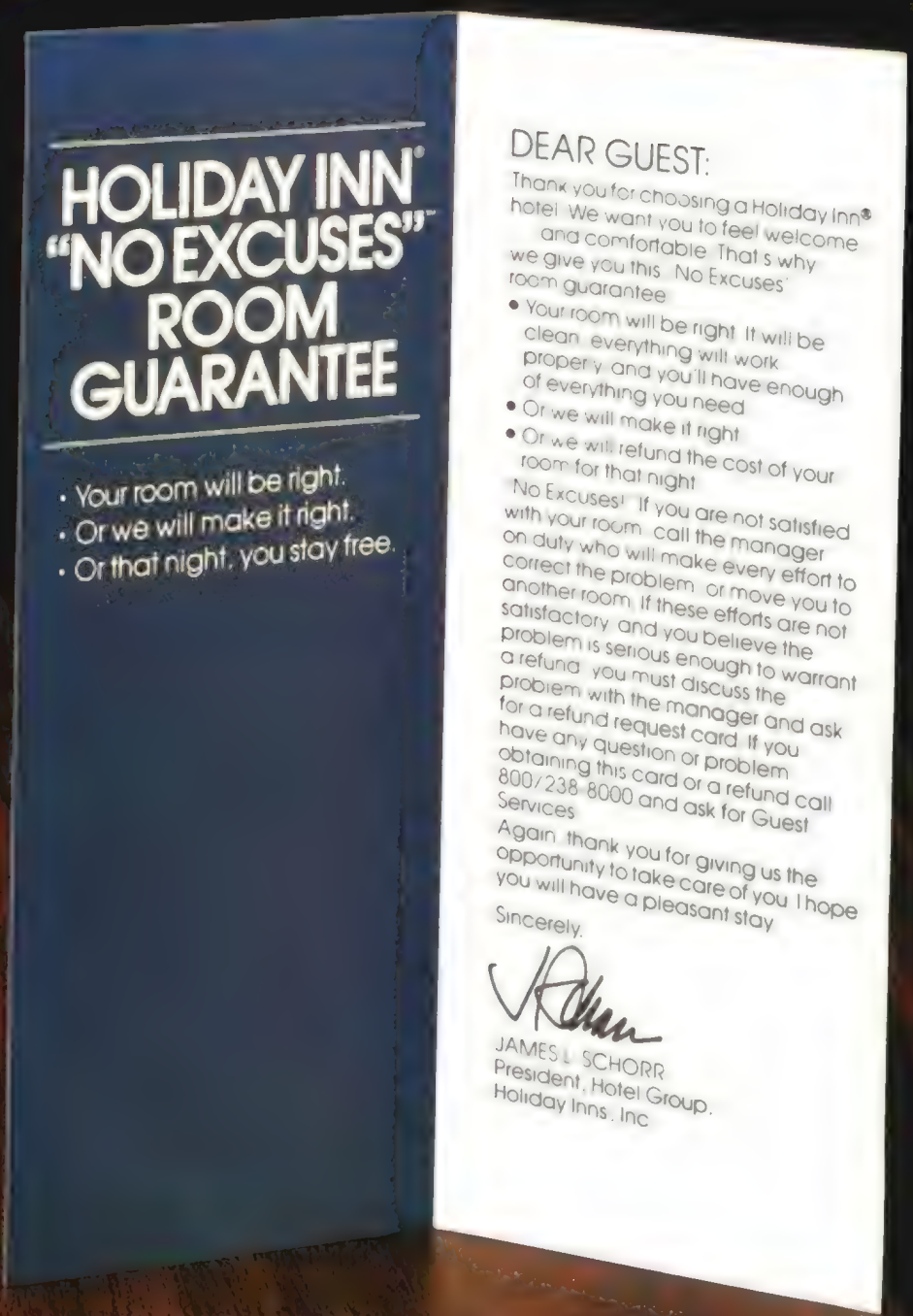
Great Performances presents the timeless tale of gods and man, of power and love–illuminated by music of genius. See the complete Bayreuth Centennial Production of Richard Wagner's magnificent operas.

DAS RHEINGOLD		DIE WALKÜRE		SIEGFRIED		GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG	
complete opera	Jan. 24	Act I	Feb. 21	Acts I & II	Apr. 11	Act I	June 6
		Acts II & III	Feb. 28	Act III	Apr. 18	Acts II & III	June 13

Great Performances, Mondays at 9 PM on your PBS Station

EXXON

YOU DON'T GET THIS GUARANTEE FROM ANY OTHER HOTEL CHAIN.



YOU'LL FIND IT IN EVERY HOLIDAY INN ROOM.

model glider. Absurdity, threat, delicacy and extreme tension are packed into the image in a way that is Rauschenberg's and Rauschenberg's alone.

It goes without saying that Rauschenberg's work is full of messages to the art world; it always has been. Its present phase does not come across as a challenge to "established taste," for the simple reason that in current art no such thing exists. In any case, Rauschenberg's subtle, outward-facing temperament rejected the expressionist posture a long time ago. Nowhere in these shows does one get a whiff of the exacerbated self. Instead, his work presents, over and over again, the poetic rigor that comes from collaboration. Rauschenberg has always liked to work with other people, shifting the artist's monologue into a conversation. The works he did with the Chinese papermakers and the Japanese ceramicists display a further development of this: a labile, cunning relationship with older crafts, a kind of flexibility that enables him to alternate between mastery and studenthood.

***Truth*, 1982, one of the collages made in China**

A cunning relationship with older crafts.

Rauschenberg's acts of appropriation have an innocent cast, being gestures of homage. Look, the work declares in a most unchildlike way, in the world we have this, and this, and this; now let art try putting this next to *that*, and see what changes. This *bricolage* is a game with a serious subject: freedom. What it changes, if anything, will not be the world itself, and anyone who supposes that Rauschenberg's ROCI project will cause nations to shelve their mutual distrust will be left, to put it mildly, waiting. But art is a form of fiction—projected, in Rauschenberg's case, upon history—and utopian fancy is one of its modes. In the ROCI project one may eventually see the flowering of Rauschenberg's mature identity: the arcadian as utopian, spinning a poetry of affirmation out of an opaque and hideously conflicted time. —**By Robert Hughes**

Mementos include ceramic mask, salt and pepper shakers, figurine, sticker and electric lamp

Living

The Manufacture of Marilyn

Monroemania is worldwide, and tacky tributes proliferate

Marilyn Monroe occupies an unquiet grave. The 20th anniversary of her death has set off a worldwide orgy of necrolatry. While she continues to inspire plays, books and lyrics, the beautiful blond whom Norman Mailer called "the sweet angel of sex" is being all but drowned in a flood of tacky tribute. Boutiques and stores from San Francisco to Rome have found an apparently inexhaustible market for such mementos as life-size cardboard stand-ups, 3-D posters, calendars, bed sheets, shopping bags, masks, hot-water bottles ("Take me to bed. I will keep you warm"), piggy banks, pepper shakers, ashtrays, pillboxes (a cruel touch), shower curtains and, yes, negligees.

French adolescents, who were unborn in her heyday, flock to a Marilyn boutique in Paris' Latin Quarter and mimic the bouffant hairdos and casual dress styles of *"La Marieleen."* A line of Monroe dolls planned by a New York City manufacturer will include a $6,000, 16-in. porcelain model that is described as a replica of the star, with a fur coat and diamond earrings. It will make its debut next month at the American Toy Fair in New York. Last week, "Remember Marilyn" shops at Bloomingdale's New York–area department stores began offering a line of Monroe-inspired blouses, sweaters and tight pants. Says Bloomingdale's Vice President Kal Ruttenstein: "The '50s are a source of inspiration to young people. Kids think of the way Monroe appeared on the screen and don't deal with the tragic elements of her life."

Another product of Remember Marilyn Year is a musical, *Marilyn!*, which is already in rehearsal for a March opening in London's West End. "There was something about her I was in love with," admits the show's director-choreographer Larry Fuller, 44, who made the dances for *Evita* and *Sweeney Todd*. Marilyn will be played by Stephanie Lawrence, who portrayed Monroe last fall on a BBC show and who will quit the title role of *Evita* for the new part.

Though Monroe left an estate valued at more than half a million dollars, with continuing income from movie royalties, there is speculation that her interests have been mishandled since her death. The major beneficiaries of her will—notably the late Lee Strasberg, the Method acting coach, who was a father figure to the actress, and a clinic selected by Monroe's psychiatrist, Marianne Kris—had received paltry sums. Then, just in time for the 20th anniversary of her death last August, a Los Angeles lawyer-agent, Roger Richman, won the right to represent the Monroe estate as the sole licensing agent for Monroebilia. Richman is currently tracking down marketers of bric-a-brac and is now reportedly charging those new to the Monroe business 6% of gross in return for the right to use an "official" M.M. logo. He will not reveal his agent's fee, but notes that "there is no regulation for those dearly departed." (Some manufacturers have separate agreements with 20th Century-Fox, which has claimed franchise rights to clothing used in movies that Monroe made for them.)

Richman, whose other interests include the merchandising of Elvis Presley collectibles, has not managed to restrain the manufacture of vulgar, blatantly exploitative junk. In *After the Fall*, a play about a Monroe-esque bombshell, Dramatist Arthur Miller, her real-life third husband, has the stage husband warn the heroine: "It's not the money they take; it's the dignity they destroy." True, even 20 years later. ■

ULTRA LIGHTS: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
FILTER: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Making your mark.

Remember when you couldn't draw a straight line? Then a great high school art teacher changed your life. You showed the talent. You put in the work. And now you're getting ready for your first gallery show.

You're tasting success and it sure tastes good.

VANTAGE.
THE TASTE OF SUCCESS.

Great Taste with Low Tar. That's Success!

Spoofing *The Pirates of Penzance*

Mocking *Dreamgirls* and *Hello, Dolly*

Show Business

Scream Girls and Gypsies

Forbidden Broadway *fills the house by poking fun at the hits*

If Jennifer Holliday has left the New York cast of *Dreamgirls*, then who is that large woman belting out one of her songs at Palsson's Supper Club on West 72nd Street? But wait a minute. The tune is the same, but the lyrics are just a little off.

And I am tellin' you I'm not singing
Anybody can sing and chant
I much rather scream and rant
Yes I'm a scream girl . . .
Compared to my raspy trills
Louis Armstrong is Bev'ly Sills

If the wicked words do not explain what is going on, the laughter from the audience does. As it celebrated its first anniversary last week, *Forbidden Broadway* was standing-room only, one of the hottest tickets in town. Many people come for updates: 60% of the material is different from when the show opened. This parody of the real Broadway is imitating the hits in more ways than one: a Los Angeles company will open at the Comedy Store in April; there may be other productions in Boston and San Francisco and a cable show too. In a time when big-budget musicals open and close almost instantaneously, *Forbidden Broadway*, which was started with only $2,000, looks like a long-run hit.*

The reason is obvious: the show is high-proof, often lethal fun. Before the evening is through, the talented five-member cast has toppled icons up and down the Great White Way, everybody from those women of the year, Lauren Bacall and Raquel Welch, to those women of every year, Ethel Merman and Mary Martin. In a crater-deep voice, Nora Mae Lyng, 30, imitates Bacall in *Woman of the Year*:

I'm one of the girls
Who sings like a boy.
My voice is as low
As the tunes I destroy.
I'm one of the ladies
Who sings like a bass.
The only things worse
Are the lines on my face . . .

But Welch should not feel too smug, because minutes later Chloé Webb, 24, takes her on as well.

"My film career stopped," she sings to the tune of *New York, New York*.

My Vegas act flopped
I had no other choice at all
Broadway, New York

The instigator of all this deviltry is Gerard Alessandrini, 29, a deceptively mild, cherubic-looking singer-composer who admits to having a lifelong crush on the musical theater. Though it may not seem so at first hearing, *Forbidden Broadway* is actually a love letter to the real thing. "Some people have said to me that there's a lot of anger in the material," says Alessandrini. "If so, I didn't realize it. What I hope comes through is our appreciation of Broadway. I'd gladly switch places with any of those people we spoof."

In fact, he has tried. The only one of the cast who has ever made it to Broadway is Bill Carmichael, 28, who played in *Peter Pan*. The others, including Piano Player Fred Barton, 24, are Broadway gypsies, young aspirants hoping for a break.

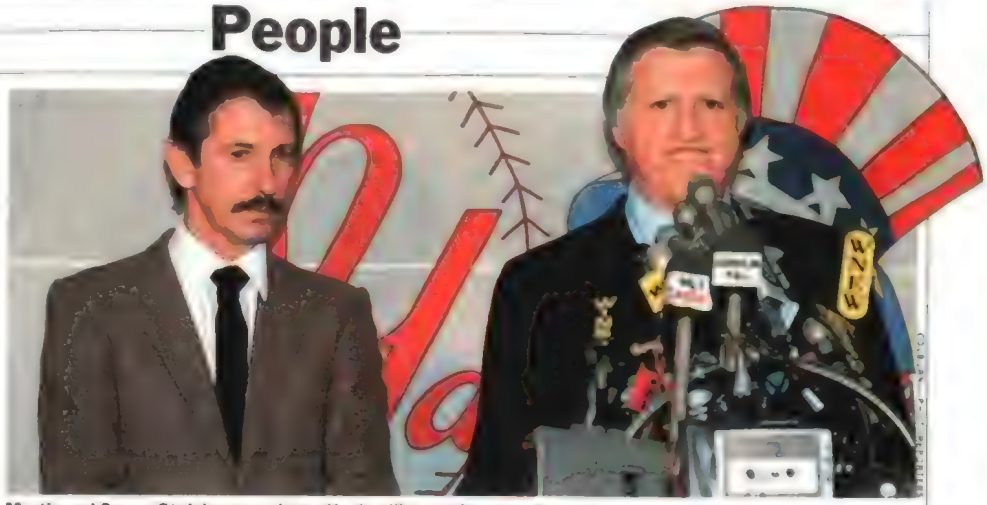
Alessandrini started his imitations as a high school student in Boston when he won the lead in *Oklahoma!* by impersonating Gordon MacRae. He later moved to Manhattan, where he landed a job at Lincoln Center—as a waiter in Avery Fisher Hall's Allegro Café. He wrote parodies in his spare time and worked up a routine with his friend Lyng. After polishing their material, they opened their show at Palsson's last January. It was an almost immediate sellout, and inevitably many of the stars came to hear how they fared. Most loved the show, although Merman felt obliged to note that she had never elbowed Martin to the other side of the stage, as Lyng does to Webb.

Some stars wanted in. Carol Channing, for instance, seemed disappointed that she was not included, and before she could say, "Well, hello, Dolly," she was. "Oh no, Carol, oh no, no, no, Carol," sing Alessandrini and Carmichael. "Don't you do *Hello, Dolly* once again." Other stars even gave advice. Ann Miller went backstage in her white mink to say that the wig Webb wears did not quite match her own. She offered to send her hairdresser to make sure it was right.

Forbidden Broadway has had a few bombs. "I once played Sandy, the dog in *Annie*, and was really terrible," admits Alessandrini. But bad numbers are quickly thrown out, and Alessandrini adds new songs to reflect what is happening downtown. Besides the skit from *Dreamgirls*, there is a takeoff on *Nine*, and *Cats* will soon enter the list. Composer Andrew Lloyd Webber will undoubtedly be howling with delight, like everyone else. Has anyone been wounded enough to sue for libel? "Not yet," says Alessandrini, who feels required, like any prudent man, to add: "Knock wood." —**By Gerald Clarke.**
Reported by Elaine Dutka/New York

*Another bright, irreverent Manhattan cabaret act, with some show-business takeoff, is *Upstairs at O'Neal's*, which opened on West 43rd Street, in Times Square, last October.

People



Martin and Owner Steinbrenner dust off a familiar routine at last week's press conference

In the film *Frances*, a studio mogul leans toward **Jessica Lange**, 33, playing the troubled actress **Frances Farmer**, and proffers a word of advice. "You're an actress, and your job is to act, tootsie." The studio boss knew his stuff. In *Tootsie*, Lange floored almost everyone with her smoky vulnerability. And so, with two of the most highly praised performances of the past year, she is an odds-on favorite to garner two Academy Award nominations next month, the first double designate in four decades. Back on

Lange: a double Oscar threat?

the arm of her longtime beau **Mikhail Baryshnikov**, 34, Lange finds that her most challenging current role is warding off rumors that she has become a temperamental star. "I wish all the people so up in arms and offended by my behavior had met Frances," says Lange. "She tore people to pieces. I'm like a lamb compared with her."

■

Bubbling over with enough "relationship" and "starting over" clichés to fill a week of Phil Donahue shows, New York Yankees Owner **George Steinbrenner**, 52, last week announced "a new era for the third time." And with that flourish of Rotary Club optimism, he introduced as the Yankees' new manager **Billy Martin**, 54. "I'll be handling all the trades," said Martin stagily, playing off the pair's old Lite beer ad. "What do you mean?" Steinbrenner blustered. "I'm handling all the trades . . . And if you don't like it, you're fired." The canned comeback from Martin, whom Steinbrenner has dumped twice before: "You haven't even hired me yet." The born-again manager has a reported five-year, $2.5 million contract, but if he cannot inject some pennant fever into last year's fifth-place finishers, George no doubt will bounce Billy ball once more.

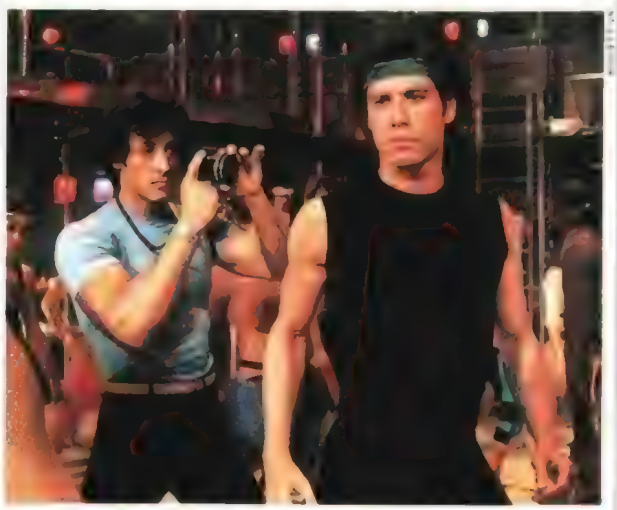
■

A low-budget 1977 sleeper that was based on a magazine article, *Saturday Night Fever* took in some $145 million at the box office. For his long-planned sequel, Producer **Robert Stigwood**, 48, persuaded **John Travolta**, 28, to repeat his role as Tony Manero in *Staying Alive*. The star agreed, but on the condition that he be allowed to map out the film's story line. Not missing a trick, Stigwood also hired **Sylvester Stallone**, 36, to direct the film. As Travolta and Stallone have planned it, *Staying Alive* will move Tony up six years and into Manhattan, where he lands a Broadway chorus job and—are you ready?—a chance at the lead. Travolta also graduates from white acetate suits to warmup outfits that show off his director's influence better. Six days a week for four months prior to filming, he followed the rigorous training schedule that Stallone used to hone his body for *Rocky III*.

■

As "conductor for life" of the fabled Berlin Philharmonic, **Herbert von Karajan**, 74, long ago grew accustomed to governing his orchestra with an autocratic hauteur that was seldom challenged. So the conductor expected no back-chair back talk when he named **Sabine Meyer**, 23, as the new solo clarinetist, and only the second female member in the philharmonic's 100-year history. But an overwhelming majority of the 118-member orchestra voted to oppose Von Karajan's protégée as "unsuitable" because of her alleged weakness as an ensemble performer. Outraged, the conductor coolly informed his musicians that henceforth he would fulfill only his contractual obligations (half a dozen or so performances a year) and would cease doing most of the concert tours and recording sessions that provide the orchestra members with the bulk of their incomes. The standoff has Berliners contemplating the very real possibility of an end to 44 years of beautiful music from the maestro and the philharmonic.

—By E. Graydon Carter



Stallone and Travolta on either side of the lens for *Staying Alive*

On the Record

I.F. Stone, 75, journalist: "The first President I shook hands with was Calvin Coolidge. In those days the President would shake hands with any high school class that arrived in Washington. There was so little for him to do. Reagan is very similar to Coolidge."

Judith Martin, 44, the columnist "Miss Manners," on not wanting to kiss fellow TV talk-show guests: "It's a form of name dropping. I simply come out and say, 'How do you do?' very stiffly. It drives them crazy—and it's not without malice."

Quattro Turbo

4000 Sports Sedan or Diesel

5000 Turbo Diesel

GT Coupe

Audi offers more high-performance German luxury cars than anyone. Surprised?

Audi In a sea of newly minted "performance" cars, automakers are suddenly extolling the pleasures of "varroom."

Performance is, once more, "in."

At Audi, it was never "out."

After decades of refining performance automobiles, our engineers in Germany find all this amusing.

To those discerning car buyers, the most sophisticated high-performance luxury cars continue to come from Germany.

The most complete line of which comes from Audi, for 1983. The recent addition of the 5000 Turbo Diesel, the Quattro Turbo and GT Coupe illustrates Audi's commitment to performance.

Without hyperbole, we can say that no luxury Sports Coupe can compete with our Quattro Turbo.

Ask those rally drivers who have tried to, in America and in Europe. The Quattro Turbo's powerhouse tandem of all-wheel drive and turbocharged five-cylinder engine has led to eight straight victories in SCCA competition in the United States—following one stunning victory after another in Europe.

Turbocharged engine power is also readily available in our 5000 flagship line. The 5000 Turbo Gas and the 5000 Turbo Diesel. Two full-sized, high-performance German luxury cars with turbo exhilaration. A rare blending of elegance, power and remarkably quick reflexive handling.

In a mere 7.5 seconds, the 3000-pound 5000 Turbo can bring you comfortably to 50 miles an hour. Even the Turbo Diesel is a top performer with its 2.0-liter, five-cylinder power plant.

When we introduced our GT Coupe, it was named, without question, by the editors of *Road & Track* "Best Sports Coupe For The 80's."

We weren't surprised. It is one of the few genuine Grand Touring Coupes. And the only front-wheel drive, five-cylinder Coupe in the world. Aerodynamically designed, it thrives on tight, hairpin curves.

Some of the most enjoyable performance driving you'll ever do will be in our 4000 Sports Sedan. It is extremely agile, the steering very light. Front-wheel drive. Four-cylinder, 1.7-liter engine.

Available as a two-door, four-door, or '82 diesel model, the 4000s offer many exciting features as standard equipment and have a low starting base price of only $10,205.*

No matter which Audi you buy, you get the high level of luxury you expect from motor cars in this class. Because, here in Ingolstadt, Germany, we engineer thoughtful luxuries into every Audi. For example, a few of the luxurious appointments available in certain Audi models include air conditioning, power windows, central door/trunk locking system, sumptuous seats (genuine leather available) and AM/FM stereo/cassette radio.

Simply stated, in a luxury Audi, performance means something today. Because it always has.

For your nearest Porsche Audi dealer or details on the Audi Delivery in Europe Program, call toll-free (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

PORSCHE+AUDI

Audi: the art of engineering.

Through the Looking Glass

Fantastic imagery abounds in two new films of Wagner

Film ought to be a lively medium for opera. The cinema can broaden a production's scope while narrowing its focus, providing the viewer with a fresh, if necessarily arbitrary, perspective that can simultaneously combine straightforward storytelling with implicit commentary. Watching a filmed opera should be like attending a performance with an omniscient, highly opinionated fan.

It hasn't worked out that way. Directors have generally been content either to substitute handsome actors for the singers supplying the sound track or simply to shoot a stage production. A breakthrough came in 1975, when Ingmar Bergman produced a charming *The Magic Flute* that began in a replica of Stockholm's 18th century Drottningholm Court Theater and from time to time moved beyond the confines of the stage. Even more ambitious was Joseph Losey's mesmeric *Don Giovanni* (1979), expansively set amid the Palladian splendors of northern Italy.

Now come two radical settings of Wagner. German avant-garde Film Maker Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's 4¼-hour *Parsifal* is a heavily symbolic interpretation that, among other extraordinary devices, uses the composer's own face as a set. French Theater Director Patrice Chéreau's complete *The Ring of the Nibelung* (starting Jan. 17 on PBS with a documentary and continuing a week later with *Das Rheingold*) is a brash, iconoclastic view that sets the four-opera cycle in the mid-19th century, when Wagner wrote it. The videotaped Bayreuth *Ring* succeeds triumphantly, while *Parsifal* is a spectacular failure.

Syberberg's problem is symbols: there are too many of them for even a work as complex as *Parsifal* to support comfortably. "I have tried to keep Wagner's work intact," says the director, "but at the same time to make a film about Wagner, about ourselves and about the future." That is at least one thing too many. As he did in his 7½-hour *Our Hitler*, a perplexing, impassioned examination of German culture, Syberberg employs symbols the way others use props; in fact he uses them *as* props. In *Parsifal*, some of the actual terrain is derived from Wagner's death mask; the prominent nose becomes a rocky outcrop, the nostrils a cave. The final scene takes place in a vast ruined forum, which is contained within one of the composer's richly brocaded jackets.

Capitalist god: Wotan (McIntyre) in *Die Walküre*

The heaviest symbolism, however, is Freudian, understandable in an opera about a sacred fraternity of chaste knights who guard the Holy Grail against a lustful, profane world. Syberberg revels in the obvious sexual metaphors of the spear and the wound that will not heal; the wound, which is supposed to be in Amfortas' side, is a disembodied thing that lies ulcerating on a bed next to the suffering knight. Most startling of all is the changing of Parsifal from a man (Michael Kutter) into a woman (Karen Krick) at the moment he rejects the erotic advances of the temptress Kundry (Edith Clever). This apparently signifies Parsifal's transformation from a callow youth to a hero, as Krick's grim, Joan of Arc visage emphasizes. Yet the device, like so many others in the film, is arbitrary. Wagner's opera is merely a pretext for the director, a frame on which to hang a murky, convoluted and, finally, not very original cultural thesis. The performance is led with surprising authority and eloquence by the little-known Swiss conductor Armin Jordan and features splendid singing by Tenor Reiner Goldberg as Parsifal and Mezzo Yvonne Minton as Kundry.

Freudian hero: the two faces of Parsifal in Syberberg's film

The *Ring* is more sophisticated and more imaginative. In selecting Chéreau, Bayreuth Festival Director Wolfgang Wagner, the composer's grandson, gambled that the French *enfant terrible* would inject bold ideas into the family opera enterprise. He was right. Chéreau began by setting the legend during the social upheaval of the Industrial Revolution. His Rhine maidens are a trio of prostitutes frolicking by a hydroelectric dam, and his Wotan is decked out as a rich capitalist. In 1976 audiences were outraged, but by the end of the run in 1980, when the production was filmed, the *Ring* was hailed with an hour of bravos at the final curtain.

The Chéreau *Ring* is perhaps even more effective on TV than in the opera house. What is sacrificed in scenic grandeur, such as the looming pile that is Valhalla or Hunding's chilly glass-paned palace, is gained in unorthodox but expressive detail that may be overlooked in the theater. In Wotan's sorrowfully reflective second-act monologue in *Die Walküre*, Bass-Baritone Donald McIntyre stands before a full-length mirror; tearing off the patch that covers his lost eye, Wotan searches for his soul and finds only an emptiness that foreshadows the twilight of the gods. For all its mythic dimensions, the *Ring* is basically a family tragedy, just the thing for the intimacy of the small screen. Conductor Pierre Boulez presides over a transparent reading of the score that is as untraditional in its light texture as Chéreau's staging; no wonder the first audiences thought the French had sacked the Festspielhaus.

Now it is 6½ years later: Chéreau's *Ring* seems less outrageous than adventurous, and it has influenced succeeding productions of Wagner at Bayreuth. Syberberg's daring *Parsifal*, on the other hand, is likely to become a curiosity. Truly cinematic opera remains a Grail-like goal, waiting for its own Parsifal to redeem the promise of artistic salvation. —*By Michael Walsh*

Don't Gamble with Your Retirement!

Make sure your IRA smooths out big ups and downs in interest rates.

Don't be misled. Just because someone is offering high interest earnings today for your IRA and Keogh deposits, it doesn't necessarily mean you'll accumulate more money by the time you're ready to retire.

More important to you, is the method that will be used for determining your earnings if interest rates ride a roller coaster in the future. Should the wide swings of recent years continue, how your earnings are adjusted to these changes could affect the growth of your dollars far more than the interest rate in effect at the time you make a deposit.

That's why you should know about the new IRA Current Yield Annuity (CYA) now offered by The Bankers Life of Des Moines. It's a unique way to smooth out today's big swings in interest rates so that your earnings gradually adjust to the current cost of money.

Unlike other IRA's, a part of previous years' contributions, plus all interest earned during the past year, is reinvested annually over the next several years at the then current rate.

You are protected, as a result, against any sharp decline in interest earnings. And, conversely, if interest rates go up, all "new money" plus a portion of previous years' deposits and earnings draw the new, higher rate.

Consider the advantage this offers over other investments that lock you into a fixed rate for many months or years. Especially when The Bankers Life CYA current deposits are now earning substantially more than most money market yields. Also, you get the usual annuity features of partial withdrawals and guaranteed minimum on accumulation.

And only an annuity can give you a guaranteed monthly income for as long as you wish!

So before you decide where to place your IRA or Keogh investment, make sure you understand how earnings will be credited to your account in future years. If you're not protected by an adequate adjustment for changes in interest rates, you owe it to yourself to check into CYA.

For more information about CYA, call your local office of The Bankers Life of Des Moines, or mail the coupon below.

THE BANKERS LIFE

BANKERS LIFE COMPANY, DES MOINES, IOWA 50307

The Bankers Life, Consumer Services TA
Des Moines, Iowa 50307

Please tell me more about CYA for IRA and Keogh deposits.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____

Imaginative Necessities

IRONWEED *by William Kennedy; Viking; 227 pages; $14.75*

Writers tend to resent it when their work is labeled regional, and with good reason. The term, once honorably used in the U.S. to identify the literatures of a young and far-flung nation, has fallen on hard times. Thanks principally to the homogenizing effects of television and jet travel, regionalism now suggests narrowness and parochialism, a boondocks mentality afflicting authors too timid or dumb to make it in the big city. Such connotations are, of course, unfair; a novel set in Manhattan's East Side, for example, can be many times more provincial than a tale from the hills or the hollows. The question is one not of constricted locale but of the breadth and depth of a writer's vision.

It now turns out that Novelist William Kennedy, 54, has been a secret regionalist, in the best sense, for years. This discovery has been slow in coming because Kennedy disclosed his attachment to a single place, Albany, N.Y., only piecemeal. *Legs* (1975) was a mixture of facts and fiction concerning the latter days of Gangster Jack ("Legs") Diamond. Albany figured in this novel chiefly as the scene of the mobster's last grab for power and as the place where, on Dec. 18, 1931, his enemies finally put enough bullets in Diamond to kill him. In *Billy Phelan's Greatest Game* (1978), Kennedy returned to the 1930s and Albany, this time out of imaginative rather than factual necessity. This novel portrayed a fictional and vivid demimonde of conniving politicians, ward heelers, petty gamblers and barflies, all caught up in a bizarre kidnaping and extortion plot in the fall of 1938. One of the characters, Martin Daugherty, is a newspaperman who has chosen to work in the city where he was born: "His column was frequently reprinted nationally, but he chose not to syndicate it, fearing he would lose his strength, which was his Albany constituency . . ."

That description now seems autobiographical. For Daugherty's creator, another lifelong resident of Albany, has shown again how certain talents flourish best in native soil. *Ironweed* dovetails with its predecessor. The scene is still Albany, the time still 1938. It is Halloween, and Billy Phelan's father Francis is back in his old haunts, meeting ghosts and goblins from his scary past.

Francis is a bum and a lush. He would not be in Albany at all if the local Democratic machine were not offering deadbeats $5 for every time they register as voters. Francis does so 21 times before he gets caught and the politicians reneg. He now owes his lawyer, who once worked for Legs Diamond, $50 for getting him off on a technicality. That means looking for a job that will spring him from a place he can hardly bear to be.

For Francis has made a career out of running away from Albany. Born there in 1880, he is first forced out 21 years later, after fatally beaning a scab motorman with a rock during a strike of trolley-car workers. Escape gives him a taste for life on the lam. He returns to Albany when it is safe for him and marries, but he hits the road in the summers to play minor league baseball and eventually, in 1912, to become third baseman for the Washington Senators. He lasts three years and goes home again to his wife and three children. Trying to change his infant boy's diaper, Francis accidentally drops and kills him. "I couldn't face that," Francis says, and abandons his family for good.

JOYCE BARONIO

William Kennedy: how talents flourish in native soil

This history emerges gradually during two days while Francis roams the familiar old streets, as spectral as the memories that hound him. His peregrinations can be plotted on an old city map: "He walked north on Broadway, past Steamboat Square . . . He passed the D & H building and Billy Barnes' Albany *Evening Journal* . . ." Francis runs into his son Billy, now grown, and learns something new about that long-ago fatal accident: "He tells me the wife never told nobody I did that. Guy drops a kid and it dies and the mother don't tell a damn soul what happened." Puzzling over this information, he drops in on his wife. He meets a grandson, talks baseball with him and takes a bath to clean up for a family supper. The affair is tense but successful, and within a few hours Francis is back on the streets and looking for a bootlegger.

Characters without wills of their own are usually bad bargains in fiction, able to play nothing but victims. But Kennedy shows Francis as both helpless and thoroughly responsible for his own condition. This aging drunk is quite capable of exercising volition; the problem is that his choices are crazed. He has taken on the burden of caring for an aging hobo named Helen Archer. Francis finds her warm places to sleep before looking out for himself. He would like to think of this behavior as virtuous, but honesty forces him to admit that he has bummed "not because there was a Depression but first to help Helen and then because it was easy: easier than working."

The '30s are receding into mythology, where the heroic unemployed are martyred on the altar of false and tyrannical economics. Like most myths, this one is generally plausible and specifically false. Kennedy's fiction returns dignity to the little fellow, the common man or woman, those quite capable of fouling up their lives during the best of times, not to mention the worst. *Ironweed* stands handsomely on its own, but *Legs* and *Billy Phelan's Greatest Game* are being issued in paperback to accompany its publication. Those who wish to watch a geography of the imagination take shape should read all three and then pray for more. —*By Paul Gray*

Excerpt

"Francis found the grave without a search. He stood over it and reconstructed the moment when the child was slipping through his fingers into death. He prayed for a repeal of time so that he might hang himself in the coal bin before picking up the child to change his diaper. Denied that, he prayed for his son's eternal peace in the grave. It was true the boy had not suffered at all in his short life, and he had died too quickly of a cracked neckbone to have felt pain: a sudden twist and it was over. *Gerald Michael Phelan, his gravestone said, born April 13, 1916, died April 26, 1916. Born on the 13th, lived 13 days. An unlucky child who was much loved . . .*

'I remember everything,' Francis told Gerald." "

AN OFFER SO GOOD, IT TOOK 3 SPOKESMEN TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT.

Get the Intellivision® game cartridge of your choice free by mail from Mattel Electronics.® Simply buy any three games between December 26, 1982 and March 4, 1983. And you needn't buy all three games at once. Then, choose your *free* game from the entire library of exciting Intellivision game cartridge titles.

FREE MATTEL ELECTRONICS® INTELLIVISION® CARTRIDGE

By mail from Mattel Electronics® with the purchase of any three Intellivision® Cartridges

Here's how to get your Free Intellivision Cartridge

1. Purchase any combination of three Intellivision® or IntelliVoice™ Cartridges between *December 26,1982 and March 4, 1983.*
2. Completely fill in this mail-in certificate and mail along with the *printed bottom end flap from three Intellivision® Cartridge boxes* and your original dated cash register receipts to: *Free Intellivision® Cartridge, Offer, P.O. Box 1290, Pico Rivera, CA 90661.*
3. To qualify for the *Free Intellivision®* Cartridge by mail, all of the above items must be sent in their original form. No reproductions will be accepted.
4. Offer good only in U.S.A. Any sales tax must be paid by customer.
5. Offer void where prohibited, taxed, or otherwise restricted.
6. Offer limited to one *Free Intellivision®* Cartridge for every three Intellivision® Cartridges purchased.
7. *All requests must be received by March 14, 1983.* Mattel is not responsible for lost, late or misdirected mail.
8. Allow eight to ten weeks for receipt of the Intellivision® Cartridge. Delivery period may be longer on new cartridges.
9. Offer subject to availability of the Intellivision® Cartridges. No rainchecks or other price product guarantees made by retailers will be honored.

MAJOR LEAGUE SPORTS NETWORK
01 NFL* Football
02 U.S. Ski Team* Skiing
03 Boxing
04 PBA* Bowling
05 PGA* Golf
06 NBA* Basketball
07 Major League* Baseball
08 Auto Racing
09 Tennis
10 NHL* Hockey
11 NASL* Soccer

SPACE ACTION NETWORK
12 Space Hawk*
13 Star Strike*
14 Astrosmash*
15 Space Armada*
16 Space Battle*

GAMING NETWORK
17 Royal Dealer*
(Available Soon)
18 Las Vegas Poker & Blackjack
19 Horse Racing
20 Las Vegas Roulette

ACTION NETWORK
21 Night Stalker*
22 Sub Hunt*
23 ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS* Cartridge △
24 Frog Bog*
25 TRON Deadly Discs**
26 Armor Battle*
27 Snafu*
28 Sea Battle*
29 Triple Action*
30 TRON Maze-A-Tron**
(Available Soon)
31 Lock 'N' Chase*†
32 Sharp Shot*
33 Shark! Shark!*

STRATEGY NETWORK
34 Utopia*
35 Reversi*
36 ABPA* Backgammon
37 Checkers
38 USCF* Chess

CHILDREN'S LEARNING NETWORK
39 The Electric Company Word Fun**††
40 The Electric Company Math Fun**††

INTELLIVOICE (Intellivoice Modules Required)
41 Space Spartans*
42 B-17* Bomber
43 Bomb Squad**
44 TRON Solar Sailer**

Each cartridge sold separately.

* Trademarks used under license from designated owners.
** Trademark of and used under license from Walt Disney Productions.
△ ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® is a Trademark owned by and used under license from TSR Hobbies, Inc. This cartridge is approved by TSR Hobbies, Inc. the publisher of the "Fantasy Role-Playing Games" sold under the trademark ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS®. © 1982 TSR Hobbies, Inc. All Rights Reserved.
† Trademark of DATA EAST Inc. used under license.
†† © 1981 Children's Television Workshop Inc.

Number and name of FREE INTELLIVISION® cartridge selected

No. Name

1st choice ☐☐
2nd choice ☐☐
3rd choice ☐☐

Name
Address
City
State Zip

MATTEL ELECTRONICS®
INTELLIVISION®

© Mattel Inc. 1982 All Rights Reserved US

Mystery Tour

BLUE HIGHWAYS
by William Least Heat Moon
Little Brown; 421 pages; $17.50

"In the United States there is more space where nobody is than where anybody is," wrote Gertrude Stein. "That is what makes America what it is." It is also what makes American travel writing what it is: a constantly rewarding genre in the right hands. William Least Heat Moon has great hands.

Separated from his wife and laid off as a teacher of English at a Missouri college, the young part-Sioux begins a 13,000-mile journey around the country's perimeter. In an Econoline van called Ghost Dancing, the author shuns the 42,500 miles of interstate highways in favor of meandering two-lane roads, represented on older maps by blue lines. Here Least Heat Moon thinks he could "live the real jeopardy of circumstance. It was a matter of dignity."

William Least Heat Moon
Celebrating Nameless and Dime Box.

Through Nameless, Tenn., Dime Box, Texas, and Othello, N.J., *Blue Highways*, illustrated with the author's photographs, presents a cast of kooks, codgers and geezers, closely observed and tenderly treated. Bill and Rosemary Hammond are welding together a 77,000-lb. steel boat in their Brooklyn Bridge, Ky., backyard; stolid Trawler Captain Tom West of Cape Porpoise, Me., goes home from the sea to console himself with television; Father Anthony Delisi in Conyers, Ga., reveals that Trappists have contemporized their mealtime readings aloud. He tells the author, "We just finished *Nicholas and Alexandra*. We began *Understanding Media* not long ago but voted it out."

The pilgrim has a sharp and jaundiced eye for "the plastic-roof franchises" of eight-lane America. Its most dangerous inhabitants are truckers. "When I watch drivers trying to recuperate on coffee and chili, and look at faces with eyes bloodshot from 'pocket-rockets,' and witness their ludicrous attempts to be folk heroes, I get very nervous the next time I see one pushing 40 tons 70 miles an hour at me." At last, some comfort comes on the bluest of highways. Searching for the burial place of an ancestor near Franklinville, N.C., Least Heat Moon struggles at night through miles of brush to discover it submerged in a reservoir. "I went down to it and washed away the thicket and sweaty dust. In my splashing, I broke the starlight. And then I too drank from the grave."

There are wounds that will not yield to mileage, and in time the series of landscapes wears away the psyche. At Rolla, N. Dak., the exhausted driver notes: "In a hotel room in the geographical center of North America, a neon sign blinking red through the cold curtains, I lay quietly like a small idea in a vacant mind." But the mood is as quirky as a backroad. Nearing the end of his journey, he thinks of his circular route: "There on the map, crudely, was the labyrinth of migration the old Hopis once cut in their desert stone. For me, the migration had been to places and moments of glimpsed clarity. Splendid gifts all." In *Blue Highways*, Least Heat Moon has collected those treasures at every intersection. —*By J.D. Reed*

Basic White

HOSPITAL: THE HIDDEN LIVES OF A MEDICAL CENTER STAFF
by Michael Medved
Simon & Schuster; 319 pages; $14.95

*St. Elsewhere, M*A*S*H, General Hospital:* need one list all the books, movies and TV shows that turn medicine into melodrama? Yet this *Hospital* is different. *The Hidden Lives of a Medical Center Staff* skillfully assembles interviews with 28 men and women at Memorial Medical Center, the fictitious name used to disguise a major teaching hospital in the San Francisco area. Michael Medved *(What Really Happened to the Class of '65)* has induced Memorial's physicians, nurses, technicians and even the janitor to unload about their jobs, themselves and each other. He has given them pseudonyms and heavily edited their contributions to produce a compelling pace and tone.

As a result, *Hospital* reads sometimes like 28 characters in search of a plot and sometimes like one collective voice talking to a psychotherapist. Details of depression, marital misery and frustration abound. Medved cites studies indicating that the rate of drug addiction among American physicians is 30 to 100 times that of the general population; 47% of responding doctors reported that their marriages were unsatisfactory, and 13% of male M.D.s said they had sex with patients.

Even so, sex is not what they really care about. The main preoccupation is with death, from the most traditional internist to a Montana-raised ex-Marine who has become an Orthodox Jewish male nurse. To Jack Buckman, director of emergency medicine, death is an opponent that must be beaten every time: "If it ever happens that somebody comes into the emergency department alive and awake and 15 minutes later he's dead, the physician taking care of him better have a goddam good reason why it happened."

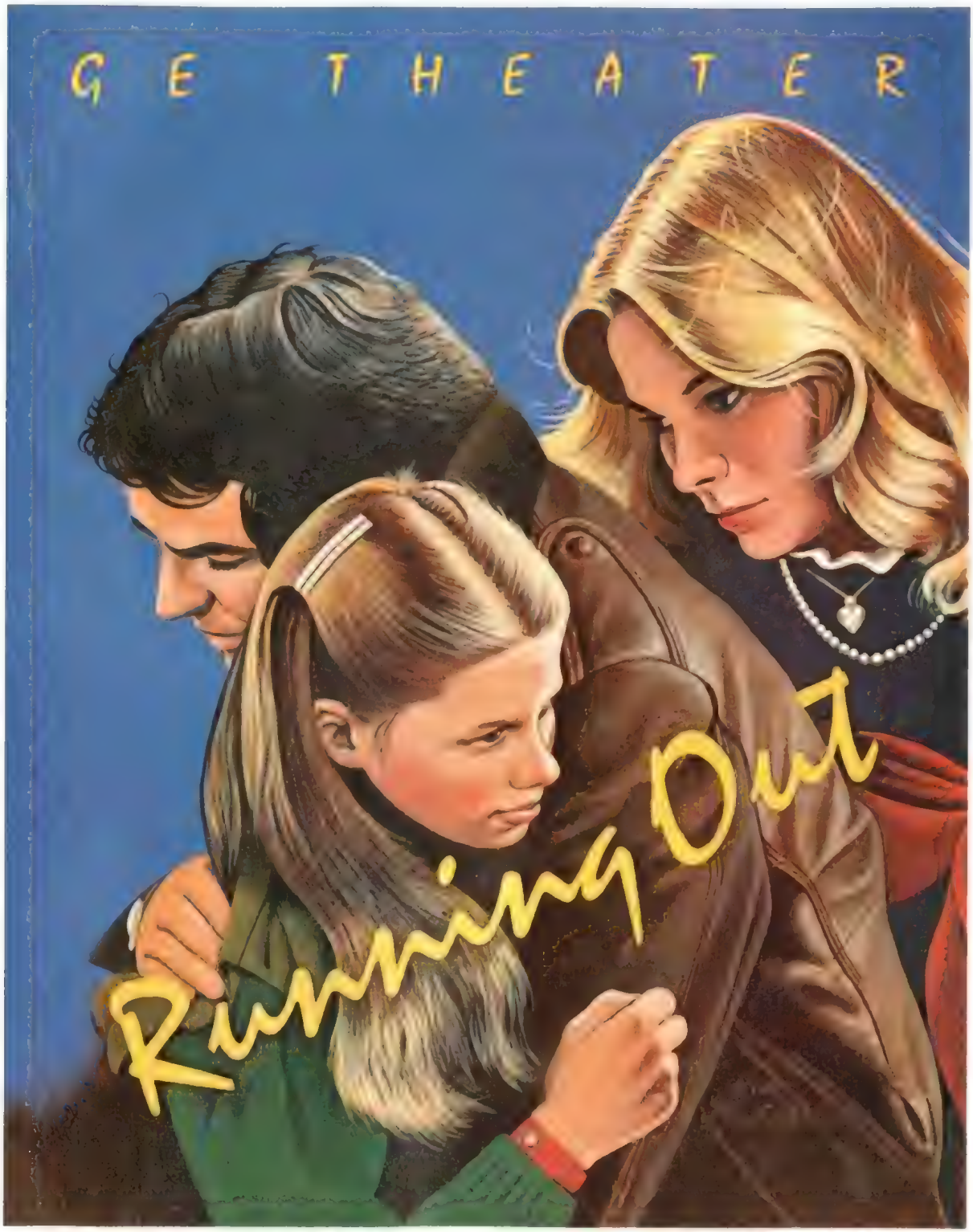
Cancer specialists cannot afford such bravado. Most of their patients do not recover. "When you see as many people as I do," says Arnold Brody, "you collect quite a stable of sick friends. Then they start knocking off. It's like losing a friend every month . . . Year after year after year."

Medved's people are fiercely assertive about their individualities. Yet, surprisingly, many hold the layman's stereotypes about the medical profession: surgeons are coldhearted, cardiologists are techno-

Michael Medved
Characters in search of a plot.

philes, psychiatrists are intellectuals, and young nurses are lusty. They are also quick to see their own worst traits in colleagues: selfishness, excessive competitiveness and arrogance. This is particularly true when the doctors were formerly husband and wife.

In another sense, these men and women in white are indissolubly wed to each other and to the reader. It is not hard to see why. Most people begin and end in a hospital. They are born and give birth there, and they will probably die there, intubated and twilighted by drugs. The patient is always a kind of prisoner, arrested by accident or manacled to his genetic linkage. But as Medved's thorough probings indicate, the doctors, nurses and attendants are not wardens. They are far more authoritative: they are descendants of an ancient caste of magician-priests who, despite exposés and malpractice suits, still exert a vital influence on our bodies, to say nothing of our imaginations. —*By R.Z. Sheppard*



Jenny grew up knowing only her father.
Her father spent 12 years trying to forget her mother.
Now Jenny's mother is back.

Starring Deborah Raffin and Tony Bill · CBS-TV
Wednesday, January 26 · Check local listings for the time.

WE BRING
GOOD THINGS
TO LIFE.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Cutlass Supreme.

Today, a car should be well-designed in more ways than one. That's the Olds point of view behind the new 1983 Cutlass Supreme. So, first and foremost, it's designed to do the town. Plus, it's designed to offer you your choice of engines, too—both V6 and V8, gasoline and diesel. Along with its tradition of remarkable resale value. Fact is, if you'd bought a new 1979 Cutlass Supreme Coupe with a standard engine, chances are, you could sell it today and get back about 90% of what you paid.* Cutlass Supreme. Stylish, sensible, and smart. By design.

Oldsmobile

Have one built for you.

Let's get it together... buckle up.

Some Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details. *Based on national average retail prices reported by N.A.D.A. Guide. Taxes, finance and destination charges not included.

Computers

The New Hardware Made Easy

A poet's pun-filled primer leads the list of bestselling guides

To a neophyte adrift in a computer store, it may seem a beacon of simplicity, sanity and humor. Amid all the intimidating machinery and densely technical literature, its plain white cover asks disarmingly, "What *are* those television-typewriters anyway?" Inside, it offers quaint woodcuts, turn-of-the-century ads and plenty of soothing printed words. No wonder that *The Personal Computer Book*, at $9.95, has become the fastest-selling computer guide on the market and has made its author, an erstwhile poet and promoter of Transcendental Meditation, something of an overnight celebrity. Peter McWilliams, 33, who wrote, printed and published the book, is currently negotiating with Universal Press Syndicate for a nationwide column on computers and preparing for a twelve-city publicity tour. Some 70,000 copies of his primer have been sold since its publication in November. The B. Dalton chain sold 1,623 copies in one week alone.

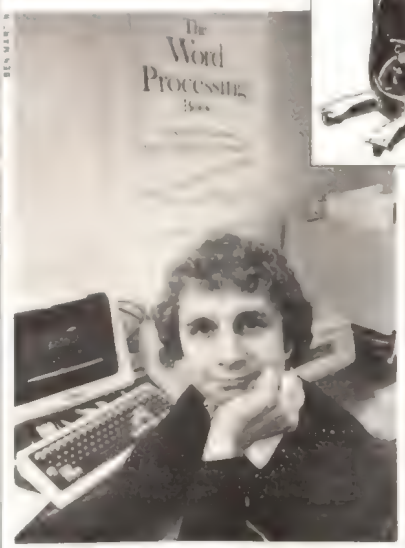
McWilliams' *TPCB*, now being distributed by Ballantine, is not the only computer book that is thriving. *Computers for Everybody* (dilithium Press; $6.95) has sold an estimated 47,000 copies since its release in October. *Apple II User's Guide* (Osborne/McGraw-Hill; $16.95) has sold some 200,000 copies since March 1981. In a year that is being described as the worst for the publishing industry since the Great Depression, computer books are one of the few bright spots, with approximately 2,500 titles accounting for more than 4 million sales. Nearly 3 million Americans bought computers last year, and as many as 6 million are expected to take the plunge this year. Since publishers estimate that new computer owners will buy up to ten books a year, it does not take a computer to recognize the scope of the market. Says Joyce Copland, director of marketing at Addison-Wesley Publishing Co.: "You could probably print napkins with the word computer on them and sell them like crazy."

The first computer books, like Adam Osborne's 1975 classic, *Introduction to Microcomputers* (Osborne/McGraw-Hill; $12.50), were aimed at computer hobbyists, explaining the inner workings of the hardware down to the smallest transistor. These were quickly followed by books of software programs, like the popular *BASIC Computer Games* (Workman; $7.95), which provide page after page of prewritten computer codes that the reader can copy and run on his own machine. Now, as the domain of computer buyers expands, the bestsellers tend to be either step-by-step guides for new users, usually geared to specific machines, or introductory texts like McWilliams', which are intended for the computer illiterati who have not yet bought a machine. The author claims a special distinction for his efforts. "Mine," he says, "are the only books on the market that are funny."

McWilliams has been publishing his own writing for 16 years, starting with a book of love poems he wrote to avoid doing term papers at Allen Park (Mich.) High School ("This poem is a kiss for your mind"). At 19 he dropped out of Eastern Michigan University to make his fortune as "the paperback Rod McKuen." In 1975, at 25, he hit the bestseller lists with *The TM Book*, a Q.-and-A. guide to Transcendental Meditation for the skeptical and the fearful ("No funny clothes? I can still eat Big Macs?").

After an unsuccessful venture in the greeting-card business, in which he used excerpts from his poems for the texts, McWilliams moved to Los Angeles and purchased his first computer, a North Star Horizon. *The Word Processing Book*, his first effort in the computer field, was researched in 18 months, written in four, and published last May under the Prelude Press imprint (named after his car, a Honda Prelude). Five printings and 100,000 copies later, he set off on *TPCB*. The tone for both works was set early. "I was looking for illustrations for what was a rather dry book on word processing," he recalls. He found an old woodcut of a mechanical rabbit and decided to run it over a deadpan caption describing its parts and concluding: "That should certainly clarify the operation of personal computers." Says McWilliams: "Once I decided to put that in, it was all downhill."

The heavily illustrated pages of *TPCB* are filled with puns and gags, like his remark that a computer's "yes/no circuits" are capable of saying no "faster than Debby Boone." A truncated section on the Apple II computer, which McWilliams does not admire, is padded with nine pages of anti-Apple cartoons and jokes. In his cavalier "Brand Name Buying Guide," the quirks and quips run so thick as to render the section practically useless. His characterization of the first Apple computer (priced at $666.66) applies to him: McWilliams was "born with a case of the cutes from which [he] has yet to recover." Yet he demystifies the RAMs and ROMs of microjargon and has found a painless and appealing way to advance the cause of computer literacy. So much so that his success has provided a subject for his next book: a guide to computers for the small businessman, based on his flourishing five-employee, three-computer operation. —*By Philip Faflick. Reported by Robert T. Grieves/New York*



Author McWilliams and explanatory diagram

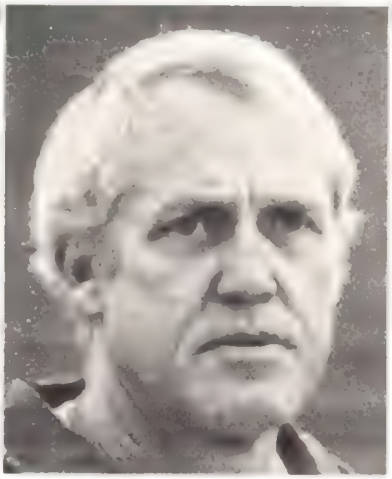
Born with an incurable case of the cutes.

Surviving the Super Bowl

To the victors go the spoils, usually spoiling the victors

If the Super Bowl is the ultimate game, why is there another one next year?
—Dallas Cowboy Philosopher Duane Thomas, whose 1971 wisdom surpassed understanding

As the four surviving teams in the National Football League's Super Bowl tournament press on toward the ultimate game, the question is whether anyone ultimately survives at all. The last three Super Bowls were won by the Pittsburgh Steelers, the Oakland Raiders and the San Francisco 49ers, none of whom made it back even to the play-offs the following year. John Madden, who celebrated the 1977 Super Bowl with Oakland after eight years of trying, slipped the next season and quit coaching the year after that. He says, "The real pressure is having to do it again and again."



Burned out and drained: Vermeil resigning, left, and Walsh during 1982 season

Arrogance, greed and jealousy enough to weary any coach.

Bill Walsh of the 49ers and Dick Vermeil of the Philadelphia Eagles, the N.F.L. Coaches of the Year last year and the year before, knew about pressure before they got to their Super Bowls, but learned about futility there. Walking away from his $250,000 job last week, Vermeil, 46, expressed something of the toll that accrues from 24 years of X's and O's, using that corporate phrase "emotional burnout." But Walsh's portrait of himself after the 49ers' 41-37 loss to the San Diego Chargers Dec. 11 is more achingly descriptive. "I was totally drained," he says, "physically, mentally and emotionally. It took everything I had. There was nothing left of me. I knelt down for the prayer, and as I went to get up from one knee, I couldn't. When I made it back to the coaches' room, I broke down sobbing."

Here is a bright man who, a year ago, in his 27th coaching season but only his third year as a head coach in the N.F.L., was artistically helping to reshape his sport. Last week he was fervently hoping to locate an aspiring head coach skilled enough to allow Walsh, at 51, to leave the field in good conscience and concentrate on the comparatively serene work of general managing. "Hard, executive work," he allows, "with long hours here and there, and a certain amount of travel. But no experiences like San Diego." Should he be unable to find or convince the right man, he will soldier on a while.

Part of Walsh's weariness has to do with calling essentially all of the plays in some 260 games since 1969 for the Cincinnati Bengals, San Diego Chargers, Stanford University and the 49ers. Seasons can get away from a football coach. "The changing trees, the colors in the fields, amazed him," Carol Vermeil said of her husband's simple wonder during the eight-week strike. "You know, I think that he thought all fields were green with white stripes on them." And so can years get away. "How does an eleven-year-old qualify for a driver's license?" Madden remembers asking his wife once when his signature was requested on their son's learner's permit. "John," she said softly, "he's 16."

There are other things that coaches seem to be losing track of. Players, for instance. Rich salaries, not to mention the recreational use some of the money is put to, have weakened the coaches' control and resolve. It seems nothing can test a coach's heart and stomach quite like coming back from a Super Bowl year. Walsh defines the 49ers' failure as "basically an inability to handle success." Though there were some injuries, and only one game was lost by more than a touchdown, he starts the list of downfalls with "arrogance."

The team that lost only three games in a full 19-game season last year won only three in a struck nine-game season this year. The offense was O.K., though what little running the 49ers had last season dwindled even more. Quarterback Joe Montana was fine. Wide Receiver Dwight Clark was splendid. However, the defense tumbled from second in the N.F.L. to 21st.

"Self-satisfaction took over a number of our players," Walsh says plainly, "a feeling that they could now relax. Greed set in. Jealousy of stars too. Resentment toward new players joining the team. 'After all, they were never champions.' That sort of thing. Also, and maybe mostly, an attitude that said: 'Don't worry, I'll turn it on in time. I did it before.' Our first game against the Raiders [a 23-17 loss], you could really see it. 'I'm the champ. I'll pull it out. Here comes a typically close San Francisco victory.' But then, what's this? A fumble here, a holding penalty there. 'Uh-oh. We lost.' "

At least one young player who started the Super Bowl was fired because of drugs: Linebacker Craig Puki talked of it publicly and has since come back with the St. Louis Cardinals. What element of the 49ers' story has to do with drugs? "Drugs are an element of every story today," Walsh says quietly, and he wonders if age and money haven't more to do with it than football. N.F.L. coaches are perplexed by the pervasive subject. Commissioner Pete Rozelle's longstanding line that professional football players have no greater drug problem than does society has been amended lately to read perhaps they do. Probably the most respected disciplinarian in the league, the Miami Dolphins' Don Shula, keeps seeing one old star after another off to the penitentiary.

Walsh has accompanied athletes to drug rehabilitation centers. It is an unusual, or maybe an unfeeling, coach who has not. "But I don't know whether the sensitive coach is any improvement over the old hard-rock guy who would line up all the cocaine users and shoot them," says Walsh. "Neither one seems to do much good." Most of the coaches know little about cocaine. But they understand it has an effect on sleep and nutrition, and at practice they can guess which players have been up all night. "I can pick them out," Walsh says. "One, two, three, four—it's not the biggest part of football's story, just the saddest part."

As they prepare for the Super Bowl or any other game, the coaches' handiest cliché is that they don't worry about the things they can't control. It's not true. —*By Tom Callahan*

Alive and Well in Europe

Three good reasons to consider reading subtitles again

As laughs, tears and special effects carried Hollywood to one of its most popular years in the U.S. and abroad, European film makers were finding it harder to attract attention, especially in the American market. The "art houses" of the 1960s, where a United Nations of cinema once reigned, now play host to mainstream movies from the suburbs of Los Angeles. Critics' groups, which had regularly knighted Ingmar Bergman and Federico Fellini, now bestow their awards on Steven Spielberg and Sydney Pollack. With many American critics, moviemakers and moviegoers on a slumming spree, the intellectual cachet of European films has been broken. But there is still cinematic ingenuity to be found outside the U.S., and sometimes even in U.S. movie theaters. Three encouraging examples:

TIME STANDS STILL

1963. High school. *Don't Be Cruel* and *Tutti Frutti*. Philip Morris cigarettes. Fast times and slow dancing. Rebels without cause. Budapest. (Huh?) It would seem that what Jean-Luc Godard called the Coca-Colonization of Europe made an early conquest of Eastern Europe too, worming not just into jeans but into dreams. The ecstasy of fear flashes on a teen-ager's face as he dares to sass a sadistic teacher, and one can trace the punk-heroic contours of James Dean. Seven years after the Soviet-crushed revolution, Hungarian youths want only to escape, if not to America then into its music and attitudes. But escape is an adolescent fantasy; maturity comes to these engaging kids when they realize they are stuck where they are, glued to themselves and their society.

Soth and Ronyecz in *Time Stands Still*

Rebels without a revolutionary cause.

Director Peter Gothar displays the teasing visual intelligence of the very brightest film-school graduate. He is forever calling attention to his devices, such as putting his camera on roller skates, pixilating the images, and then, at the last moment, flummoxing the viewer's expectations with an ingenious twist. Like just about every Hungarian movie that reaches the U.S., *Time Stands Still* is a handsome piece of work, with suffused lighting and a gray, ominous mist that hangs over the characters like a nuclear cloud. But there is verve sparking all of Gothar's calculation, and his young actors (notably Sandor Soth and Maria Ronyecz) prove as adept at miming edgy idealism as any gang outside Hollywood High. A few weeks ago, *Time Stands Still* was deemed best foreign-language film of 1982 by the New York Film Critics Circle. It is certainly one of the sleekest and easiest to enjoy. —***By Richard Corliss***

THE STATIONMASTER'S WIFE

"Hanni, my love—you whore, you dirty bitch, you devil, you trashy wench, you poor darling sweet saintly Hanni!" Xaverl Bolwieser (Kurt Raab), a Bavarian stationmaster, has every reason to curse and care for his wife Hanni (Elisabeth Trissenaar). She sets his nights ablaze with her Lorelei beauty and passion, but she doesn't really love him. She loves making love, and so she exercises her power in one of the few ways open to a woman in 1920s Germany: by becoming an entrepreneur of lust. Promiscuous as a prancing stud, possessive as any hausfrau, Hanni drives "Fatty" Bolwieser to the twin dominatrices of drink and despair. Called to court, the cuckold testifies to his wife's fidelity while she dallies with two of the village's men on the make. Logically enough, the court later throws Bolwieser in jail—four years, for perjury—and Hanni, the modern woman tired of her little boy lost, sues him for divorce.

Writer-Director Rainer Werner Fassbinder, who died last June at 36, was a cauterizer of the German body politic. In the 1977 telefilm (reduced from three hours to 110 minutes for theatrical release), he portrays Hanni and Xaverl not simply as predator and willing prey but as victims of both economic hypocrisy and puritan prurience. Nor is the viewer exempt: he must peek at Hanni's lovemaking through frosted train windows and the billowing lace curtains of the middle class. The leading actors are exemplary: Trissenaar, porcelain-skinned and angel-faced and scarily self-possessed, and Raab, the perpetual slow schoolboy horrified by the games adults play. —***R.C.***

Noiret and Huppert in *Coup de Torchon*

COUP DE TORCHON

Cordier's duty is to protect the innocent; the trouble is, as he ruefully observes, no one is innocent any more. In the circumstances, the policeman's unhappy but bitterly logical lot is to help people accomplish efficiently the evil to which they aspire. In the course of this process, many will manage to do themselves in; the rest will find themselves in such a weakened condition that they will be easy prey for even the laziest lawman. In *Coup de Torchon* (Clean Slate), Director Bertrand Tavernier has had the good sense to cast Philippe Noiret, the underplayer's underplayer, as his seemingly indolent and ineffectual gendarme. Not so much as a knowing smirk crosses his angelic avenger's face as he sets most of his relatives and friends (including his mistress, played by Isabelle Huppert) on their self-destructive courses. When Cordier draws the bottom line on his moral accounting, two petty criminals, his mistress's brutal husband, his own shrewish wife and her doltish nephew-lover have all been neatly written off as dead liabilities. He can now face the calamity of World War II with his own small set of books balanced.

Tavernier (*The Clockmaker; The Judge and the Assassin*) has enhanced the chilling irony of Jim Thompson's Southern-gothic novel *Pop. 1280* by setting it in the blazing heat of French colonial Africa, circa 1938. His script, written with Jean Aurenche, has a way of sneaking brutal truths home in comic forms that range from the bon mot to the shaggy-dog story. The film is all very dislocating: the audience does not expect to see black comedy played out in bleached-white settings or to find the soul of an existential epigrammatist lurking under a rumpled bush jacket. It is also tough, smart and marvelously unpredictable. —***By Richard Schickel***

Essay

A Red Light for Scofflaws

Law-and-order is the longest-running and probably the best-loved political issue in U.S. history. Yet it is painfully apparent that millions of Americans who would never think of themselves as lawbreakers, let alone criminals, are taking increasing liberties with the legal codes that are designed to protect and nourish their society. Indeed, there are moments today—amid outlaw litter, tax cheating, illicit noise and motorized anarchy—when it seems as though the scofflaw represents the wave of the future. Harvard Sociologist David Riesman suspects that a majority of Americans have blithely taken to committing supposedly minor derelictions as a matter of course. Already, Riesman says, the ethic of U.S. society is in danger of becoming this: "You're a fool if you obey the rules."

Nothing could be more obvious than the evidence supporting Riesman. Scofflaws abound in amazing variety. The graffiti-prone turn public surfaces into visual rubbish. Bicyclists often ride as though two-wheeled vehicles are exempt from all traffic laws. Litterbugs convert their communities into trash dumps. Widespread flurries of ordinances have failed to clear public places of high-decibel portable radios, just as earlier laws failed to wipe out the beer-soaked hooliganism that plagues many parks. Tobacco addicts remain hopelessly blind to signs that say NO SMOKING. Respectably dressed pot smokers no longer bother to duck out of public sight to pass around a joint. The flagrant use of cocaine is a festering scandal in middle- and upper-class life. And then there are (hello, Everybody!) the jaywalkers.

The dangers of scofflawry vary wildly. The person who illegally spits on the sidewalk remains disgusting, but clearly poses less risk to others than the company that illegally buries hazardous chemical waste in an unauthorized location. The fare beater on the subway presents less threat to life than the landlord who ignores fire safety statutes. The most immediately and measurably dangerous scofflawry, however, also happens to be the most visible. The culprit is the American driver, whose lawless activities today add up to a colossal public nuisance. The hazards range from routine double parking that jams city streets to the drunk driving that kills some 25,000 people and injures at least 650,000 others yearly. Illegal speeding on open highways? New surveys show that on some interstate highways 83% of all drivers are currently ignoring the federal 55 m.p.h. speed limit.

The most flagrant scofflaw of them all is the red-light runner. The flouting of stop signals has got so bad in Boston that residents tell an anecdote about a cabby who insists that red lights are "just for decoration." The power of the stoplight to control traffic seems to be waning everywhere. In Los Angeles, red-light running has become perhaps the city's most common traffic violation. In New York City, going through an intersection is like Russian roulette. Admits Police Commissioner Robert J. McGuire: "Today it's a 50-50 toss-up as to whether people will stop for a red light." Meanwhile, his own police largely ignore the lawbreaking.

Red-light running has always been ranked as a minor wrong, and so it may be in individual instances. When the violation becomes habitual, widespread and incessant, however, a great deal more than a traffic management problem is involved. The flouting of basic rules of the road leaves deep dents in the social mood. Innocent drivers and pedestrians pay a repetitious price in frustration, inconvenience and outrage, not to mention a justified sense of mortal peril. The significance of red-light running is magnified by its high visibility. If hypocrisy is the tribute that vice pays to virtue, then furtiveness is the true outlaw's salute to the force of law-and-order. The red-light runner, however, shows no respect whatever for the social rules, and society cannot help being harmed by any repetitious and brazen display of contempt for the fundamentals of order.

The scofflaw spirit is pervasive. It is not really surprising when schools find, as some do, that children frequently enter not knowing some of the basic rules of living together. For all their differences, today's scofflaws are of a piece as a symptom of elementary social demoralization—the loss by individuals of the capacity to govern their own behavior in the interest of others.

The prospect of the collapse of public manners is not merely a matter of etiquette. Society's first concern will remain major crime (*see* Cover Story), but a foretaste of the seriousness of incivility is suggested by what has been happening in Houston. Drivers on Houston freeways have been showing an increasing tendency to replace the rules of the road with violent outbreaks. Items from the Houston police department's new statistical category—freeway traffic violence: 1) Driver flashes high-beam lights at car that cut in front of him, whose occupants then hurl a beer can at his windshield, kick out his tail lights, slug him eight stitches' worth. 2) Dump-truck driver annoyed by delay batters trunk of stalled car ahead and its driver with steel bolt. 3) Hurrying driver of 18-wheel truck deliberately rear-ends car whose driver was trying to stay within 55 m.p.h. limit. The Houston Freeway Syndrome has fortunately not spread everywhere. But the question is: Will it?

Americans are used to thinking that law-and-order is threatened mainly by stereotypical violent crime. When the foundations of U.S. law have actually been shaken, however, it has always been because ordinary law-abiding citizens took to skirting the law. Major instance: Prohibition. Recalls Donald Barr Chidsey in *On and Off the Wagon:* "Lawbreaking proved to be not painful, not even uncomfortable, but, in a mild and perfectly safe way, exhilarating." People wiped out Prohibition at last not only because of the alcohol issue but because scofflawry was seriously undermining the authority and legitimacy of government. Ironically, today's scofflaw spirit, whatever its undetermined origins, is being encouraged unwittingly by government at many levels. The failure of police to enforce certain laws is only the surface of the problem; they take their mandate from the officials and constituents they serve. Worse, most state legislatures have helped subvert popular compliance with the federal 55 m.p.h. law, some of them by enacting puny fines that trivialize transgressions. On a higher level, the Administration in Washington has dramatized its wish to nullify civil rights laws simply by opposing instead of supporting certain court-ordered desegregation rulings. With considerable justification, environmental groups, in the words of *Wilderness* magazine, accuse the Administration of "destroying environmental laws by failing to enforce them, or by enforcing them in ways that deliberately encourage noncompliance." Translation: scofflawry at the top.

The most disquieting thing about the scofflaw spirit is its extreme infectiousness. Only a terminally foolish society would sit still and allow it to spread indefinitely. —*By Frank Trippett*

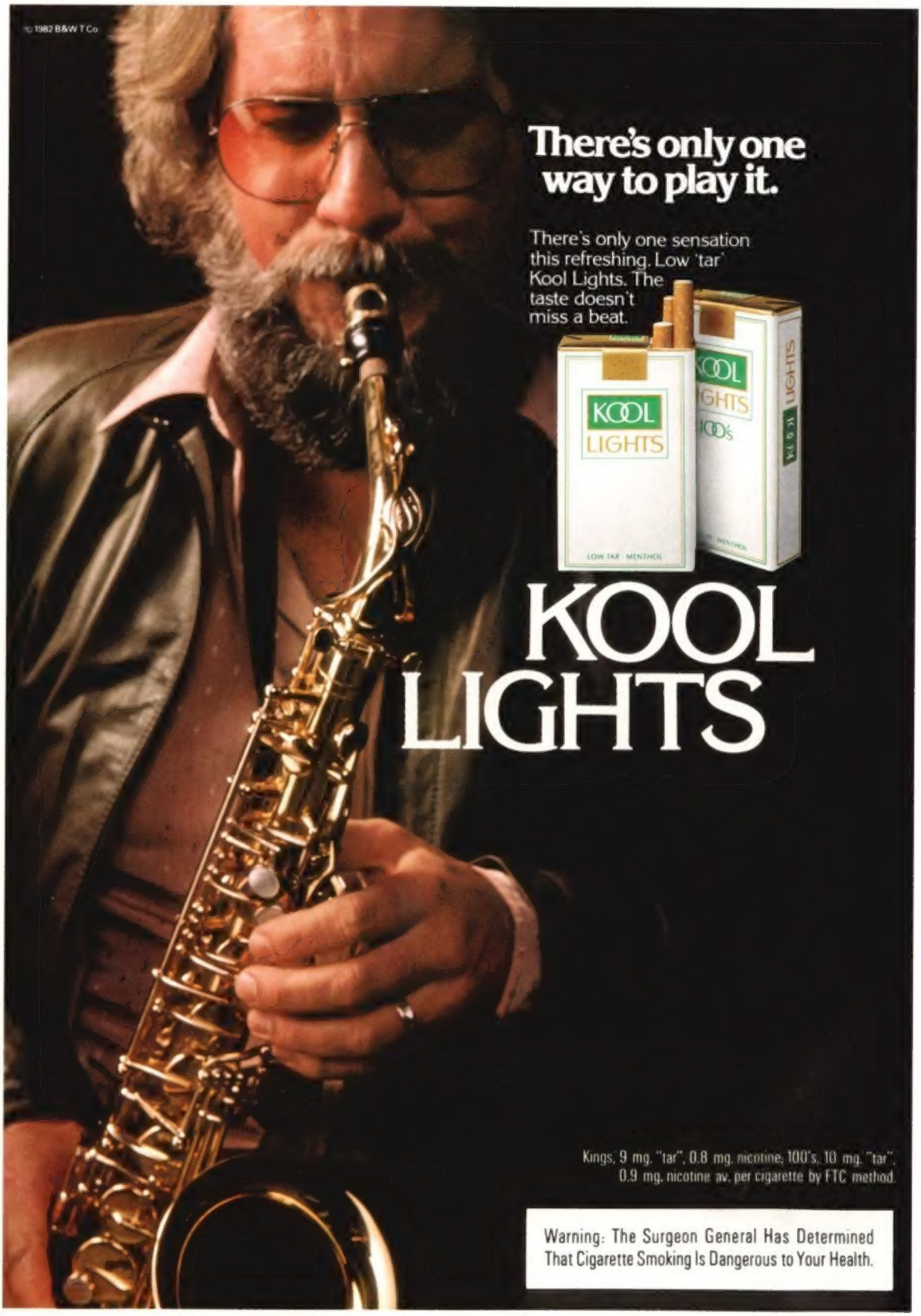
Illustration for TIME by Alexa Grace

To build a wherry, the men of the Outer Hebrides need a strong hand, a gentle touch and nary a blueprint. Which is hardly surprising. They have generations of Scottish shipwrights behind them. And some, over half a century of practice. The good things in life stay that way.

DEWAR'S "White Label" never varies.

Authentic
The Dewar Highlander

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF
©1983 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.


© 1982 B&W T Co.
There's only one way to play it.
There's only one sensation this refreshing. Low 'tar' Kool Lights. The taste doesn't miss a beat.
KOOL
LIGHTS
KOOL LIGHTS
Kings: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.